

DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



Eng. & by J. H. Rindge

J. A. Wood

THE

GUIDE

TO THE
BUSINESS.

REV. B. W. UGGSAM.

THE

BOSTON.

H. V. DEGEN & SON,

242651



J. H. Wood

THE
GUIDE
TO
HOLINESSES.

EDITORS:
REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM.

VOLUME XLIII.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY H. V. DEGEN & SON,
NO. 21 CORNHILL.
1863.

242651

1881

1881

1881

1881

INDEX TO VOLUME XLIII.

FROM JANUARY TO JULY, 1863.

A Beautiful Simile.....	10	Holiness.....	151
A Night Vision Illustrating Faith. (S. G. S.)..	17	Sweet to Live, Sweeter to Die.....	151
A Testimony for Jesus. (An English Correspondent.).....	21	Testimony from the Brink of the River.....	151
A Letter by John Bradford, the Martyr.....	46	Holiness in Relation to Revivals. (Wilkesbarre.).....	152
A few Words about Purity of Heart.....	80	How our Friends offer Their Sympathy.....	153
A Re-union in the Allen St. M. E. Church, N. Y.....	109	Encouragement in our Work.....	153
A Psalm. (Rev. D. Williams).....	116	Holiness in Baltimore.....	154
A Beautiful Thought.....	120	How to retain the Grace of Entire Consecration.....	154
A Holy Life. (E. J. R.).....	121	An Hour with New Books.....	154
A Witness for Jesus. (Hannah Smith.).....	127	Music.....	158
At the Last.....	136	Grace Destroys the Dominion of Sin.....	185
An Old Scotch Christian's Cheer.....	136	Editorial Correspondence.....	186
A Complete Offering.....	165		
Be set by God. (E. L. C.).....	118	Fervent Prayer will Prevail.....	76
Be not Deceived. (Phebe P. Daley.).....	44	From Mrs. Palmer. Revival in Leeds, Eng... ..	82
Crown of Life. (Mrs. E. Dyer.).....	84	Fountain Head.....	137
Christmas Morning.....	85	Faith, Hope, Charity.....	147
Christ at the Well. (E. L. E.).....	90	Faith. (Esther A. C. Barber.).....	176
Christian Sympathy.....	112	God in the Heart. (Archbishop Leighton).....	22
Christian Experience. (A. H. G.).....	113	Growth in Grace. (Rev. Jown W. Mansfield).....	40
Clinging to Jesus. (S. G. S.).....	120	Going Home. (E. M. Stevens.).....	48
Christ still saves His People from their Sins. (C. E. S.).....	146	God Loves Me; or, the Mystery Solved.....	54
Christian Intercourse.....	149	God Ever Good.....	142
Christian Experience. (C. E. Stedman.).....	166	How to be a Happy Christian. (Edward E. Rogers.).....	16
Can I be Holy?.....	173	How to be Miserable.....	17
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.		Highland Jessie.....	18
The Blind Boy's Sunday School Hymn.....	31	Have Faith in God.....	103
The Proof of Love. (E. L. E.).....	95	Highland Jessie again.....	111
Watching for Pa.....	95	Happiness of Perfect Love.....	111
Not too Young to Die. (Edward E. Rogers.).....	156	How Far may we Trust the Lord.....	117
Charlie and the Robin's Song.....	156	Home.....	122
Did He Die for Me?.....	157	His Blood.....	128
Trust.....	157	Holiness. [Alvan Rose.].....	182
The Wounded Bible Class Scholar.....	157	Holiness to the Lord, or, a Minister's Experience.....	135
A Singular Thought for a Child.....	157	How shall I grow in Love?.....	139
The Pious Soldier Boy.....	157	If we suffer with Him, we shall also Reign with Him. (Phebe P. Daley).....	57
Fruit After Many Days.....	158	I wish I was in Heaven.....	58
One of Jesus' Lambs.....	158	Is All upon the Altar? (W. A. C. Winoms.)..	73
Little Willie.....	187	I move into the Light.....	79
De Profundis. (E. J. R.).....	49	It is the same Voice.....	123
Directions for the Attainment of Holiness. (J. A. Wood.).....	148	I shall be Satisfied.....	180
Entire Sanctification. (Rev. D. Wakefield.)...	2	Jesus will Take me Home. (M. D. J.).....	73
Evidences—Five Minutes' Work. (W. C. D.)..	56	Jesus Christ is better than a Mother. (A Student.).....	107
Entire Sanctification. (Rev. S. A. Milroy.)....	161	Joy.....	170
EDITORIAL.		Let Christ come in. (Henry Ward Beecher.)..	15
Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Three.....	28	Leaning on Thee.....	53
A Night with the Angel of the Covenant....	28	Letter to Rev. J. Wesley from Mrs. Ruth Hall.	104
Prayer for our Country.....	29	“ “ “ “ “ Mr. J. Brown.....	105
Wednesday Meeting in Boston.....	30	“ “ “ “ “ Mrs. A. Bolton.....	106
A Corner with the Publishers.....	30	“ “ “ “ “ Wm. G. Shadford.....	106
The Best of Books.....	31	Letter of Archbishop Leighton.....	116
The Discoveries of Obedience.....	60	Lines to my Friend S. J. J. (P. P. Daley.)....	134
The True Office of Trouble.....	61	Let me Dream of Heaven.....	176
Bishop McKendree on Perfect Love.....	61	Loss and Gain.....	184
The Year of Jubilee.....	62	My own Cross again.....	43
Dr. and Mrs. Palmer.....	62	Married to Christ. (Rev. Geo. Lansing Taylor.)	67
A Few Words about Books.....	63	Mrs. Nellie Baldwin.....	77
Self Denial.....	91	Murmuring at Providence.....	122
The Week of Prayer. (Rev. A. Atwood.)....	93	MUSIC.	
Broadcast.....	93	Nearer, My God to Thee.....	32
Why they prize the Guide.....	94	Land in Sight.....	64
Glimpses of Inner Life.....	94	The Clear Flowing Fountain.....	
To Correspondents.....	95		
Double Number.....	150		
God not ashamed of His People.....	150		

Waiting by the River.....	159	The Properties of Faith. (Rev. Thomas Brooks.).....	23
Very Little Things are We.....	159	Tuesday Meeting, 54 Rivington Street, New York.....	25, 55, 84, 110, 174
Little Ones Listen.....	160	The Primitive Church, and the Cause of its Success. (Rev. Wm. McDonald.).....	33, 65
Rock of Ages.....	160	Three Rules for a Holy Life.....	39
Heaven is my Home.....	188	The Cloud of Christian Witnesses.....	50
Night and Morning.....	45	The Darkness and the Light.....	54
Never fail us. (Bishop Heber.).....	57	The Post of Duty.....	57
Not Firmness of Mind.....	112	The Condescension of Jesus.....	59
Nearer.....	119	The Three Wishes.....	59
Not the Sinner, But Satan.....	149	The Way Christ led me to Himself.....	71
Our Enemies Within.....	20	To the One Panting for Light.....	85, 141
Over the River.....	53	To U. E. T.....	87
On the Importance of going on unto Perfection. (Rev. B. W. Gorham.).....	67, 101	The Book of Canticles.....	112
O Jesus, I love Thee. (R. Burgess, V. D. M.).....	108	The Christian's Beloved.....	118
Onward and Upward. (R. V. A.).....	124	The Disciple as his Master.....	124
O Lord, Thy Work Revive. (Edward E. Rogers.).....	142	The Way I was Led. (A. D.).....	125
Pardon and Tears.....	75	Trust in God.....	128
Paul against Paul. (Mrs. M. M. Boardman.).....	49, 79	The Christian's Standard. (Rev. W. Reddy.).....	129
Personal Experience. (Albert Conkling.).....	52	The Blind City Missionary in Cincinnati.....	131
Perfection. (Rev. B. W. Gorham.).....	67	To Parents.....	140
Primitive Church—Causes of its Success. (Rev. Wm. McDonald.).....	97	The Finished Garment.....	143
Promises without date.....	112	The Bible.....	170
Principle commands Respect.....	143	The Best Way to Take up a Collection. (Jacob Myers.).....	171
Pillars of Marble.....	182	The Higher Life. (R. Burgess, V. D. M.).....	171
Rev. J. A. Wood.....	1	The Offenders Peril. (Clark P. Hard.).....	172
Reflection.....	57	The Christian Traveller.....	175
Rest Yonder.....	111	The Way to a Full Salvation. (Richard Youmans.).....	179
Rules for Young Christians.....	142	The Conversion of Children. (E. E. Rogers.).....	181
Revival in Fall River.....	146	Truth.....	182
Sacrifice.....	183	The Guide an Aid. (B. S.).....	184
Self Examination.....	6	Under the Cross.....	140
Sweet Will of God.....	128	Virtue the Security of Society.....	147
The Lord my Trust.....	6	Veiled and Unveiled.....	178
The Alpine Cross.....	10	Wesley on Christian Perfection.....	19, 154
The Doctrine of Christian Perfection. A Sermon. (Rev. B. W. Gorham.).....	10, 36	Words to Parents.....	75
The Beatific Vision. (Mrs. Palmer.).....	14	Woman's Freedom in Worship. (P. L. U.).....	114
The Line of Demarkation between the Higher Religious Life and Fanaticism. (J. F. Crawford.).....	19, 133	Why Christ left no Image.....	122
		With the Heart Man Believeth.....	144
		What he Lived for.....	180
		What shall be my Angel Name. (L. L.).....	184

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

JANUARY, 1863.

REV. J. A. WOOD.

The engraved portrait, with which, in accordance with our custom, we introduce a new volume, is an excellent and highly finished likeness of Rev. J. A. Wood, of the Wyoming Annual Conference. Bro. Wood has already been favorably introduced to our readers by his very interesting experience, and to many of them by his valuable, and widely circulated volume, entitled "Perfect Love." This work has met with a warm reception among the lovers of holiness, and has received the highest testimonies from the religious press, and from some of our most judicious ministerial brethren. We can cordially commend its perusal to all our readers, who have not already availed themselves of the opportunity. It is natural for us to desire to form a familiar acquaintance with those whose writings instruct us; and rather against the judgment of Brother Wood, in accordance with our wishes, he has furnished us with a short sketch of his early and ministerial life.

He writes:

I was born in Dutchess Co., N. Y., June 24, 1828, and am now thirty-four years of age.

I felt the strivings of the Divine Spirit when young, and was (thank the blessed Lord!) hopefully converted in my tenth year. I united with the M. E. Church in Berneville, Albany Co., N. Y., in my thirteenth year, and have had a good home in her bosom ever

since, and I expect to until I go to the arms of Jesus in Paradise.

As early as at the age of fifteen, I had deep convictions concerning the duty of devoting my life to the great work of the christian ministry. After several years of reflection and conviction in regard to my duty, at the age of nineteen, I decided to follow the leadings of Providence and the promptings of the Spirit, and commenced devoting all my time and energies to a preparation for the work. I went to Cambridgeport, Vt., in my twentieth year, to prosecute my studies. There I soon received an exhorter's and local preacher's license, and was gradually thrust out into active service.

I travelled under a Presiding Elder one year—the Rev. J. C. Aspenwall, and commenced my ministry at Brookline, Vt., in July 1849. In 1850 I joined the Vermont Conference on trial, and was appointed to Brookline, Vt. In 1851 I was ordained Deacon by Bishop Scott. I was the first man he ordained after his election to the Episcopacy at the Boston General Conference in 1852. In 1853, I was transferred to the Wyoming Conference, and appointed to Aborn Hollow, N. Y. In 1854 I was ordained Elder by Bishop Janes.

In 1855 I was appointed to Windsor, N. Y. In 1856 at Susquehanna, Pa. In 1858 at Court street, Binghamton, N. Y. In 1860 at Brooklyn, Pa. In 1861 at Waverly, N. Y. The present year at Wilkes Barre, Pa.

At the time I commenced preaching many people said I had the consumption and would not live a year. Though I have always been feeble, and I have never enjoyed good health, yet I have been permitted during these thirteen years to hold protracted meetings from six weeks to five months each year; or have devoted over two years and a half to extra revival work. Allow me to say to the glory of God, that I have been permitted to see general outpourings of the Holy Spirit, the quickening of believers and the conversion of sinners on every charge, and during each year of my ministry. Never less than fifty, usually over one hundred, and some years as many as two hundred and fifty precious souls have been hopefully converted to God. I think full a thousand souls have professed conversion on my eight fields of labor.

Since Sept. 1858, (the time the Lord sanctified my soul,) I have seen the blessed work of "Perfecting the Saints" moving on sweetly on all my charges. The revivals on my fields, since then have been more general, powerful and glorious.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. DR. WAKEFIELD.

CONCLUDED.

III. THE TIME OF THIS GRACIOUS WORK.

The attainableness of entire holiness is not so much a matter of debate among Christians as the *time* when we

are authorized to expect it. For, as it is an axiom in Christian doctrine that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," unless we admit the doctrine of purgatory, the entire sanctification of the soul, and its complete renewal in holiness, must take place in this world.

While this is generally acknowledged, however, among spiritual Christians, it has been warmly contended by many that the final stroke which destroys our natural corruption is only given at death; and that the soul, when separated from the body, and not before, is capable of that moral purity which the Scriptures exhibit to our hope.

If this view can be refuted, then it must follow, unless a purgatory of some description be allowed after death, that the entire sanctification of believers is attainable at any time previous to their dissolution. To the opinion in question, then, there appear to be the following fatal objections:

1. That we nowhere find the promises of entire sanctification restricted to the article of death, either expressly or in any fair inference from any passage of Scripture.

2. That we nowhere find the circumstances of the soul's union with the body represented as a necessary obstacle to its entire sanctification. The principal passage which has been urged in proof of this from the New Testament is that part of the seventh chapter of Romans in which St. Paul, speaking in the first person of the bondage of the flesh, has been supposed to describe his own state as a believer in Christ. But it is evident from the context itself, as well as from many other portions of Scripture, that the apostle is speaking, not of one who is justified by faith in Christ, but of one struggling in LEGAL BON-

DAGE, and brought to that point of conviction of sin and self-despair which must always precede an entire trust in the merits of Christ for salvation.

To see the contrast which the apostle draws between one thus held in legal bondage and those who are freely justified, let us turn to the preceding chapter. "Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid! How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so also we should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection: knowing this, that OUR OLD MAN is crucified with him, THAT THE BODY OF SIN MIGHT BE DESTROYED, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is FREED FROM SIN." So clearly does the apostle show that he who is BOUND to the "body of death," as mentioned in the seventh chapter, is not in the state of a believer; and that he who has a true faith in Christ "is FREED from sin."

3. The doctrine before us is disproved by those passages of Scripture which connect our entire sanctification with subsequent habits and acts to be exhibited in the conduct of believers *before death*. Thus, in the quotation just given from Romans vi, "Knowing this, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that *henceforth* we should not serve sin." So the exhortation in 2 Corinthians v ii, 1, refers to the present life, and not to the hour of dissolution; and in 1 Thessa-

lonians v, 23, the apostle prays for the entire sanctification of the Thessalonians, and then for their *preservation* in that holy state "unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

4. It is disproved, also, by all those passages which require us to bring forth the graces which are usually called the fruits of the spirit. That these are to be produced during our life, and to be displayed in our spirit and conduct, cannot be doubted; and we may then ask whether they are required of us in perfection and maturity. That they are so required we have already shown; and if so, in this degree of purity and perfection they necessarily suppose the sanctification of the soul from all antagonistic evils. *Meekness* in its perfection supposes the extinction of all sinful anger; perfect *love to God* supposes that no affection remains contrary to it: and so of every other perfect internal virtue.

The inquiry, then, is reduced to this, whether these graces, in such perfection as to exclude the opposite corruptions of the heart, are of possible attainment. If they are not, then we cannot love God with our whole heart; then we must be sometimes sinfully angry; and how, in that case, are we to interpret that *perfectness* in these graces which God has required of us and promised to us in the Gospel? For if the *perfection* meant be so comparative as that we may be sometimes sinfully angry and may sometimes divide our hearts between God and the creature, we may apply the same comparative sense of the term to our words and actions, as well as to our affections. Thus, when the apostle prays for the Hebrews, that God would make them "*perfect in every good work* to do his will," we must understand this perfection of evangelical

good works so that it shall sometimes give place to opposite evil works, just as good affections must sometimes necessarily give place to the opposite evil affections.

This view can scarcely be soberly entertained by any enlightened Christian; and it must, therefore, be concluded that the standard of our attainable Christian perfection, as to the *affections*, is a love of God so perfect as to cast out all sinful anger and prevent its return; and that as to *good works*, the rule is that we shall be so "perfect in every good work" as to do the will of God habitually, fully, and constantly. If we fix the standard lower we let in a license totally inconsistent with that Christian purity which is allowed by all to be attainable, and we make every man his own interpreter of that *comparative* perfection which is often contended for as that only which is attainable.

5. The doctrine of the necessary indwelling of sin in the soul till death supposes that the seat of sin is in the flesh, and thus it harmonizes with the pagan philosophy, which attributed all evil to matter. The doctrine of the Bible, on the contrary, is that the seat of sin is in the soul; and it makes it one of the proofs of the fall and corruption of our spiritual nature that we are in bondage to the appetites and motions of the flesh. Nor does the theory which places the necessity of sinning in the connection of the soul with the body account for the whole moral case of man. There are sins, as pride, covetousness, malice, and others, which are wholly spiritual; and yet no exception is made in this doctrine of the necessary continuance till death as to them. There is, surely, no need to wait for the separation of the soul from the body in order

to be saved from evils which are the sole offspring of the spirit; and yet these are made as inevitable as the sins which more immediately connect themselves with our animal nature.

We conclude, therefore, as to the *TIME* of our complete sanctification, that it can neither be referred to the hour of death, nor placed subsequent to the present life. A freedom from the dominion of sin is an attainment which believers are to experience in time, and one which is necessary to that completeness of *holiness*, and of those active and passive graces of Christianity by which alone they are fully qualified to glorify God and edify mankind.

IV. THE MANNER OF SANCTIFICATION.

Not only the time, but the *manner* also, of our sanctification has been matter of controversy. Some contend that all attainable degrees of it are required by the process of gradual mortification and the acquisition of holy habits. Others allege that it is instantaneous, and a fruit of an act of faith in the Divine promises.

That the regeneration which accompanies justification is a large approach to this state of perfect holiness, and that all dying to sin and all growth in grace advances us nearer to this point of *entire* sanctity, are points so obvious that in regard to them there can be no reasonable dispute. But these facts are not at all inconsistent with a more instantaneous work, when, the depth of our natural depravity being more painfully felt, we plead in faith the accomplishment of the promises of God. The great question to be settled is, whether the deliverance sighed for is held out to us in these promises as a present blessing. And from what has already been

said, there appears to be no ground to doubt this, since no small violence would be offered to the passages of Scripture already quoted, as well as to many others, by the opposite opinion.

All the promises of God which are not expressly, or from their *order*, referred to future time, are objects of *present trust*, and their fulfilment *now* is made conditional *only* upon our faith. They cannot, therefore, be pleaded in our prayers with an entire reliance upon the truth of God in vain. The general promise that we shall receive "all things whatsoever we ask in prayer believing," comprehends, of course, all things suited to our case, which God has engaged to bestow; and if the entire renewal of our nature is included in the number, without limitation of time, except that in which we ask in faith, then to this faith shall the promise of entire sanctification be given. This, in the nature of the case, supposes an instantaneous work, immediately following our entire and unwavering faith. We are not to suppose, however, that there is any degree of sanctification attainable in this life, whether instantaneously or otherwise, which precludes the possibility of subsequent growth. It is, therefore, proper that we should regard the work of entire sanctification as being both instantaneous and progressive.

V. OBJECTIONS TO THE DOCTRINE OF ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION ANSWERED.

The only plausible objections made to this doctrine may be answered in a few words. It has been urged,

1. That this state of entire sanctification supposes future *impeccability*.—Certainly not; for if angels and our first parents fell when in a state of immaculate sanctity, the renovated man cannot be placed, by his entire deliverance

from inward sin, beyond the reach of danger. It has been supposed,

2. That this supposed state renders the atonement and intercession of Christ superfluous in future.—But the very contrary of this is manifest when the case of an evangelical renewal of the soul in righteousness is understood. This proceeds from the grace of God in Christ, through the Holy Spirit, as the efficient cause; it is received by faith as the instrumental cause; and the state itself into which we are raised is maintained, not by inherent native power, but by the continual presence and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit himself, received and retained in answer to ceaseless prayer, which prayer has respect solely to the merits of the death and intercession of Christ. But it has been further alleged,

3. That a person delivered from all inward and outward sin has no longer need to use the petition of the Lord's prayer, "forgive us our trespasses," because he has no longer need of pardon. To this we reply,

(1.) It would be absurd to suppose that any person is placed under the necessity of sinning in order that a general prayer, designed for men in a mixed condition, might retain its aptness to every particular case.

(2.) Trespassing of every kind and degree is surely not supposed by this prayer to be continued, in order that it might be used always in the same *import*; for otherwise it might be pleaded against the renunciation of any trespass or transgression whatever.

(3.) This petition is still relevant to the case of the entirely sanctified and evangelically perfect Christian, since neither angelic nor Adamic perfection is in question; that is, a perfection

measured by the perfect law of God, which in its obligations contemplates all creatures as having sustained no injury by moral lapse, and, therefore, requires perfect obedience. But men, though wholly sanctified, are nevertheless *naturally* weak and *imperfect*, and so, are liable to mistake and infirmity, as well as to defect, in the *degree* of that absolute obedience which the law of God demands. It may also be remarked that we are not the ultimate judges of our own case as to the defects or fullness of our obedience, and we are not, therefore, to put ourselves in the place of God, who "is greater than our heart." St. Paul says, "I know nothing by myself," that is, I am conscious of no offense, "yet am I not thereby justified, but he that judgeth me is the Lord." To him, therefore, the appeal is every moment to be made through Christ the Mediator, and he, by the renewing testimony of his Spirit, assures every true believer of his acceptance in his sight.

THE LORD, MY TRUST.

In Thee, oh Lord, have I put my trust.—*Psalms*.

In God alone we trust;
Naked and dumb,
Bowed down by grief and want,
Helpless we come.

In God alone we trust;
Give to His hands
Our hearts for fashioning,
Love his commands.

In God alone we trust
In sorrow's hour.
His love doth shelter us
From Satan's power.

His hand delivers us,
His counsels guide,
We'll through life's sorrows dark,
Cling to His side.

In God alone we'll trust
When Death shall come,
Safely he'll gather us
Up to His home.

E. J. B.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

BY REV. Z. PADDOCK, D. D.

All true piety is founded in self-denial, all self-denial in self-knowledge, and all self-knowledge in self-examination. Hence, the latter exercise must be of the utmost importance to every professing christian, and especially to every one who would be eminent for piety. The idea of living a life of holiness without a deep and thorough acquaintance with one's own heart, is much like gathering grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. The more earnestly we lay open the wounds sin has made, the more earnestly shall we seek the remedy which christianity has provided. Self-examination will lead us to distrust everything in ourselves, and to hope for everything from God. Seeing our own weakness and imperfection, we shall be likely correspondingly to see the necessity of going to the strong for strength, and to the blood of sprinkling for a clean heart.

On the other hand, without this introspection, this scrutinizing look within, we shall be exceedingly apt, if not absolutely certain, to form a wrong estimate of our own character. Even after we have done our best to understand our "secret faults," there may still remain many undetected blemishes; so that we shall still have need to pray, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any evil way, and lead me in the way everlasting." But then to offer even this prayer, without being willing to carry the light of truth into every dark avenue of the soul, every secret lurking place of error, is not only a glaring inconsistency, in itself, but is a line of policy sure to end in self-deception.

But important as is this self-scrutiny, how many there are, even among those who profess better things, who live in the habitual neglect of it. They seem to take it for granted that all is right within, and this simply because they have taken no proper pains to know what the facts are. They have more frequent and more careful reference to the Bank Detector, lest spurious or unsound paper should be palmed upon them,—than to that naturally “deceitful” and “wicked” fountain out of which are the issues alike of life and of death. They are more afraid, it would seem, of losing a dollar than of losing their souls. Their business accounts are not only carefully kept, but regularly posted and honestly scrutinized. They labor to know how they stand in the matter of debt and credit, from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year; while in respect to that which concerns their own immortal destiny they are easily satisfied. They know everything else better than they know themselves. As the philosophic Foster justly observes: “It is surprising to see how little self-knowledge a person not watchfully observant of himself may have gained in the whole course of an active, or even inquisitive life. He may have lived almost an age, and traverse a continent, minutely examining its curiosities, and interpreting the half-obliterated characters on its monuments, unconscious the while of a process operating on his own mind to impress or erase characters of more importance to him than all that the figured brass or marble that Europe contains. After having explored many a cavern, or dark ruinous avenue, he may have left undetected a darker recess in his own character. He may have conversed with

many people, in different languages, on numberless subjects, but, having neglected those conversations with himself, by which his whole moral being should have been kept continually disclosed to his view, he is better qualified perhaps to describe the intrigues of a foreign court, or the progress of a foreign trade, to represent the manners of the Italians, or the Turks; to narrate the proceedings of the Jesuits, or the adventures of the Gypsies, than to write the history of his own mind.” *Essays*, page 16.

Persons of such habits can never be good Christians. For it is only by scrutinizing the heart that we can know it; and it is only by knowing the heart that we can reform the life. How often do men attempt to palliate their vices, by maintaining the goodness of their hearts. They do wrong, it is readily admitted, but then their wrong-doing must not by any means be supposed to come from bad intentions. That would be to do them great injustice. The moral interior is all right. Their principles cannot be questioned. But how soon would a little honest self-examination, conducted in the light of revelation, dissipate this fatal delusion. The faithful searcher of his own heart, that “chamber of imagery,” would find himself in the condition of the prophet Ezekiel (chap. 8: 6, et seq.) when conducted, in vision by “the Son of man” from one idol to another, the conductor at the sight of each, exclaiming, “Here is another abomination.” The prophet being commanded to dig deeper, the further he penetrated the more evil he found, while the Divine Guide continued to cry out, “Behold, I show thee yet more abominations.”

Even the good man, who does know something of himself, would find by such an examination unsuspected rea-

sons for deeper and still deeper humiliation before God. He might, very possibly, find reason to doubt whether he would have persisted in doing some good deed, which brought him much credit, had he foreseen that the doing it would expose him to *discredit*. He might discover that what he had thought to be deadness to the world was little else than love of ease. What he had called Christian moderation, he might find to be nothing better than constitutional indifference. His mere animal activity may have been mistaken for Christian zeal; his obstinacy for firmness; his selfishness for pious feeling; his love of controversy for the love of truth; his indolence of temper for superiority to human applause; and so on to the end of a long chapter.

Thousands, by honest self-examination, have made just such discoveries as these. They have found what, from either a superficial examination, or no examination at all, they had really supposed had no place within them. And who is there that desires to be truly pious that does not sincerely wish to form a just estimate of his own individual character? Nay, is it possible for any one to be a Christian at all, who is not willing to see his own heart? To live at random is not the life of a rational, much less of an immortal, and least of all of an accountable, being. Poorly, then, does such a life harmonize with the religion of Him who has said, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

With regard to the duty under consideration, the following directions may be found more or less useful:

I. We should examine ourselves *impartially*. Unless we are constantly and rigidly on our guard, self-love will mislead the judgment. Aware of this

weakness of our common nature, we should always be more ready to condemn ourselves than to censure others. "For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged." How strong is the language of the same writer in another place: II Cor. xiii. 5, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves." Not somebody else, but *your own selves*. Put yourselves to the test, as you would gold or silver suspected of adulteration.

II. We should do it *deliberately*; taking time to look at our whole moral character. The calmest, clearest, most enlightened judgment should be put into requisition. No hurried glance will comprehend the case. The great self-problem can be solved only by the most careful analysis.

Trust not yourselves, but your defects to know
Make use of every friend, and every foe.

III. We should examine ourselves *frequently*. Twenty-four hours should never be allowed to pass without this introspection, this honest effort to know ourselves. The error, if one exists, may soon become incurable. Hence if anything be wrong within, we should know it at once. But how can we hope to know it without self-inspection? This power of introversion is given us for the very purpose that we keep up a *continual* watch upon the soul. On an unre-mitted vigilance over our interior emotions—our inward habits of thought and feeling—will depend both the formation and the growth of our moral and religious character. The evening will generally be found the best time for this important exercise. When the business of the day is completed, when we are about to give ourselves up to the slumbers of the night, and when all about us is so quiet and so favorable to thought, how seasonable and how proper

is this scrutinizing converse with our own inner selves. It is thus that we not only "make each day a critic on the last," but post ourselves up for life or death, as God shall ordain our destiny. Thus good men have always been in the habit of closing the day.

The writer can never forget how forcibly this thought was brought home to his mind when attending the Oneida Annual Conference, some twenty years since. He was quartered at the same house with the now sainted Bishop Hedding. On his going out to public worship on Sabbath evening, the good Bishop said to him, "Brother, I wish you would excuse me from accompanying you, I am so much fatigued; and then you know the exhausting labors of the closing part of the Conference are still before me, and I must recruit and prepare for them." He had not only preached a long and fatiguing sermon that day, but had ordained both the elders and the deacons; so that no one at his age could be expected to do more. The public service of the evening performed, the writer returned to his lodgings. Finding the chamber unilluminated, and presuming the good man had retired to rest, he determined to pass through his room—which he was obliged to do, in order to reach his own dormitory—as quietly as possible, so as not to disturb him. As soon as he opened the door, however, he heard the tender voice of the Bishop in the opposite end of the room, saying, "Brother, please be seated while I light a lamp; you will find a chair just at the left of the door." The venerable old gentleman experienced some little difficulty in igniting his match, but finally succeeded, when he said, "I have been sitting here by this open window, enjoying the cool air. (the evening being excessively

warm,) and examining this poor heart of mine, to see whether it loves the blessed Jesus as well as it used to." After a moment's pause, he added, his voice tremulous with emotion, "And I think it does full as much—yes, a little more than it ever did before." These were his precise words—words which could be no more forgotten than one could forget he had ever seen the man. Nor can the impression then made in respect to the great value and vast importance of self-examination be ever effaced from the mind.

IV. Finally and especially this self-inquisition should be conducted in view of the right standard—THE WORD OF GOD. It is by this, and this alone, that we are to try ourselves. If the interior be not in harmony with "the book divine," it is because there is no light in us, or, at least, no such measure of it as will enable us to "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." None other but divine teaching will at all answer our purpose. Our ultimate appeal, in all matters of experience no less than of faith, must therefore be to "the law and the testimony." In certain aspects of the case, there may be some little profit in comparing our present selves with our former selves, as well as in looking at ourselves in the light reflected upon us by those claiming to be the followers of the Savior, with whom we may be surrounded. In general, however, thus "measuring ourselves by ourselves, and comparing ourselves among ourselves, we are not wise." (II Cor. x, 12.) The Bible is the only infallible test.

MOMENTARY opportunities are for sowing little seeds, which may produce great trees and shrubs.

THE ALPINE CROSS.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS, ESQ.

Benighted once where Alpine storms
Have buried hosts of martial forms,
Halting with fear, benumbed with cold,
While swift the avalanches rolled,
Shouted our guide with quivering breath.
"The path is lost!—to move is death!"

The savage snow-cliffs seemed to frown,
The howling winds came fiercer down:
Shrouded in such a dismal scene,
No mortal aid whereon to lean,
Think you what music 'twas to hear,
"I see the Cross!—our way is clear!"

We looked, and there, amid the snows,
A simple cross of wood uprose;
Firm in the tempest's awful wrath
It stood, to guide the traveler's path,
And point to where the valley lies,
Serene beneath the summer skies.

One dear companion of that night
Has passed away from mortal sight;
He reached his home to droop and fade,
And sleep within his native glade;
But as his fluttering hand I took,
Before he gave his farewell look,
He whispered from his bed of pain,
"The Alpine Cross I see again!"
Then, smiling, sank to endless rest
Upon his weeping mother's breast!

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—The pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it; but, nevertheless, it will be diffusing around a sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lonely sphere.

TRUTH is always free; the very consciousness of its power makes it bold.

THE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

A SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection. Heb. vi. 1.

By "the doctrine of Christ," I understand Paul to mean the Christian doctrines; the doctrines of the New Testament. By "the principles of the doctrine of Christ," he seems to imply the elementary principles; the "first principles" as we should commonly speak; those truths of the gospel which are involved in a primary experience of salvation through Christ. He exhorts us to "leave" these principles; by which I understand him to mean not that we are to leave them, as we left our sins when we turned to God, nor as we left our homes when we came to church; but we are to leave these principles as the builder leaves the foundation when he goes on with his superstructure, or as the child leaves his alphabet when he goes into his abs.

The text says, "leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." This is the term and this is the doctrine upon which there has been too much disputation and far too little agonizing prayer in the churches, these many years past. I come to talk with you a little my brethren, to-day, in the hope that while we talk on this precious theme, the Master will draw near, and cause our hearts to burn within us, while he opens unto us the Scriptures. No good ever comes of mooting these hallowed themes unless it be done with the purpose to promote in those who hear the experience dis-

cussed. May He who caused the light to shine out of darkness, shine in our hearts, to-day, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.

Many persons object to the term "perfection" as an improper term to be used in regard to men; nor is that feeling to be wondered at, when we consider how much imperfection there is in us all. The difficulty of these persons seems mainly to arise from not considering that a man may be perfect in some one respect, while he is imperfect in others. It is a familiar truth that a man's sight may be perfect while his hearing is imperfect, or that his lungs may be sound though his brain is affected, or his mental powers strong though his knees smite together. When it is said that the Bible view of perfection in man does not include perfection *in all respects*, but only in a particular respect, much of the difficulty vanishes.

But here another class of persons steps in and says, "if there be needed so much explanation to make the term intelligible and guard it against hurtful glosses, why insist upon using it?" The answer is, because it is a Bible term, and especially because it is *the term* principally used in the Scriptures to set forth the purity and completeness of believers in Christ. Indeed it is a favorite word in all the Scriptures for expressing high types of character. More than sixty times is the word "perfect," in some of its forms, used in the Old and New Testaments, in relation to human character. To reject the word therefore as unsuitable to be used in such a relation, betrays a vanity that would dictate to the Author of the Scriptures the words in which it is

proper for him to declare his will to man, and would fain inform the Lord that in one instance at least, he has been unfortunate in his selection of terms. Our true course, in all such cases, is meekly to secure the phraseology of the Bible and to inquire diligently what is, and what is not, included in the meaning of its words.

It is well to observe in this connection that no one is recorded to have used the word in relation to his own state of grace, with the single exception of its indirect use by Paul. [See Phil. iii. 15.] Obviously, it is not the term to be brought into general use by men when they speak of themselves, and there is much sound sense in Job's remark, "If I say I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse." Still the word is eminently *the word* to be used in signifying a particular state, or stage, of the christian life.

WHAT IS THAT STATE OF GRACE TO WHICH THE NEW TESTAMENT SCRIPTURES REFER IN THE USE OF THE WORD "PERFECT?"

To this question it is best to give first a negative answer; for it seems that the difficulties which have arisen in most minds have come of not considering what *is not* included in the term.

I. The perfection of christian character is not *absolute perfection*; for that belongs to God alone.

II. It is not *angelic perfection*; for it does not pertain to angelic natures. Human nature has been dwarfed and perverted by sin; inbred sin. Every man who becomes a subject of renewing grace is supposed to have injured his whole moral nature more or less by sinful habits. With angelic beings it is far otherwise. They have never

felt the destroying power of sin; but through all their lives have been enlarging their capacities and acquiring new forms of symmetry and new measures of power by their high communion, and the faithful execution of their great trusts.

III. Nor is it a restoration of the *Adamic perfection*. Adam was not only created in righteousness and true holiness, but he appears to have possessed immunity from death, and to have been endowed with the power of intuitively perceiving the nature of each object presented to him. His giving descriptive titles at sight to the animal creation, and to the woman whom God had created for him indicates this. And then, with Adam's holiness was a natural endowment; it belonged to his nature, and would have been transmitted to his posterity, had he not lost it. Christian perfection does not secure immunity from death, and is not the restoration of either Adamic intuition or innate purity.

There is a point however where the perfection of all creatures coincides; a point where Angelic, Adamic and Christian perfection are all on a level; namely, complete devotement of the powers of being, whatever they are, to God, accompanied by the complete possession and control of those powers by the Spirit of God.

IV. Christian perfection is not a perfection of *knowledge*, not perfect freedom from liability to *error* or *mistake*, not a perfection of *perceptions*, or of the *reasoning powers*, or of the *memory*. True, the grace of full salvation acts most happily on all the intellectual powers, but still it does not include within itself any given measure of improvement of those powers, far less the perfection of them.

V. Christian perfection is not a state in which we *cannot grow*. Consisting as it does in the simple purification of the heart from the defilement of sinful imaginations and unholy desires, it ought to be obvious to every person that when grace has wrought this purity within, the Spirit of truth carries forward the work of enlightening and endowing the soul with power and love more easily and naturally than ever before. Accordingly, it is observable that those who are made perfect in love, grow in knowledge, in faith, and in patience, much faster than they ever did before.

VI. Nor is it a state in which we *cannot be tempted*.

The Son of God himself was tempted, and it seems strange that persons who believe their Saviour to be endowed with every perfection, human and divine, and who know how sorely and long he was tempted should assume that a heart entirely pure cannot be tempted.

VII. Nor is it a state from which one *cannot fall*. Angels fell from heaven, Adam fell from paradise, and man in every state of grace is on probation until he dies. The nearer he gets to his Saviour the less likely he is to fall away, nevertheless, what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.

VIII. Christian perfection is not a state of *continual extacy*.

I fear that many of our brethren, who have sought the blessing of perfect love and have at length obtained it, and walked in its light for a season, have after a while let go their hold and cast away their confidence—because the overwhelming joy which they felt at first, and for a considerable time, did not continue perpetually. Cares multiplied, or losses were suffered, or persecution arose, or bereavement came,

and the heart grew sad and heavy: then the Accuser of the brethren came in like a flood and suggested, "You have lost it," and in an evil hour they let go of the strong Arm, and sank in deep places—all from not remembering that full salvation is indicated by

"A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone,"

and not by any given measure of joyous emotion.

IX. Finally, Christian perfection is not the *death of the animal instincts*. Many have erred at this point also. They expected that the animal appetites would be so far paralyzed by the baptism of purity which they sought, as that they would never again have any trouble from that source; and when, by and by, they found that there was still a warfare to be waged at that point, they concluded they were mistaken in supposing they had received the blessing of full salvation, and so relinquished their hold and fell back into darkness. Brethren seem to forget what Paul says about these things. Now we know that Paul very pointedly professed the blessing, in a great variety of ways. He says, "Brethren, be followers of me, and mark them which walk so as ye have us for an ensample." Again, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblamably we have behaved ourselves among you that believe." "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." In his letter to the Phillippians he speaks at some length of his desire to gain the crown of martyrdom, and rep-

resents himself as reaching forward to it, with the utmost eagerness: then, turning to the church, he says, 'Let us therefore *as many as be perfect*,' be thus minded; in which language, I understand him to profess the blessing of full salvation, in the use of the word perfect, as applicable both to himself and a portion of the church he was addressing. Well now, after professing the blessing in these ways, and in many others, what does Paul say about his bodily appetite? Hear him, "So fight I, not as one that beateth the air, but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

If therefore the holy Paul found that he must keep under his body by constant watchfulness and "fighting," do not be deceived nor discouraged, because you find you have a similar warfare.

But, let no one over-estimate the difficulties at this point. Watchfulness is peculiarly pleasant to a holy heart, and the diligent guarding of the senses and of the imagination against the first approach of unsanctified desires does give a victory in all respects over the clamors of appetite which becomes increasingly easy the longer it is maintained. And as there is a consciousness of degradation when sense triumphs over conscience, so is there a delicious sense of victory in the consciousness of complete self-control.

To be continued.

FAITH in the present Saviour brings blessing to the soul in all its times of need; and when we are obedient and believe God, he accepts our poor faith as the most costly sacrifice.

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

BY MRS. ~~WATSON~~ 80

"The nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it." *Rev. xxi, 24.*

"Not the glitter and glory; not the diamond and topaz, no, it is God; he is all in all."
Richard Watson.

"Walk in that light!"—O! who are they
Whose feet shall tread that shining way?
Whose sight, undazzled, shall behold
That pavement of transparent gold?
By angels welcomed, who, O! who
Shall pass those pearly portals through,
And brighten in the glorious blaze
Of that gemm'd city's sparkling rays?

There walk the saved: but not in light
Of suns in seven fold lustre bright;
Nor peerless moonbeams' silent sheen,
Reposing, soft, on velvet green:
No! where the hallow'd radiance spreads
From golden lamps, o'er sainted heads,
Within the temple ceaseless found,
While walk the hours their silent round.

There walk the saved; yes! they who bore,
While traversing life's stormy shore,
Through tears of blood, the hallow'd cross;
Who, purged from earth's terrestrial dross,
Received the Saviour's form impress'd,
Whose signet, on each hallow'd breast,
Enstamp'd the mystic name, unknown
To all but those around the throne.

Who, calm 'midst earth's tumultuous strife,
Drew from himself that inward life
Which spirits breathe, from sense apart;
While deep in each devoted heart,
The formless glory dwelt serene,
Of old, in cherub splendor seen,
Preludes of bliss reserved above,
In perfect light, for perfect love.

Now, all is heaven! no temple there
Unfolds its gates, no voice of prayer
From that bright multitude ascends;
But holy rapture, reverent, bends
Before the mediatorial throne;
Before the Lamb! whose beams alone
Irradiate that eternal sky;
The bursting blaze of Deity!

Soft is the voice of golden lutes;

Soft bloom heaven's ambrosial fruits;
Bright beams the dazzling lustre shed
From radiant gems in order spread,
From golden streets, from emerald floors,
From crystal floods, and pearly doors,
From rainbow tints, from angel's wings,
And all unutter'd glorious things.

Yet, not that city's dazzling glow,
Nor limpid water's crystal flow,
Nor dulcet harmony that springs
From golden lyres, nor angels' wings,
Though glistening with intensest dyes,
Reflected from immortal skies,
Completes the palmy bliss of those
On whom heaven's pearly portals close.

No! 'tis with unfilmed eyes to see
The once incarnate Deity;
Who still, in lamb-like meekness, bears,
Imprinted deep, those glorious scars,
Whence issued wide that crimson flow,
In which their robes were washed below,
Which bought that crown whose splendor
bright
Now spheres them in a world of light.

No! 'tis not all that heaven can show
Of great, or fair, unglimp'd below;
Nor converse deep with spirits high
Who saw these vollied lightnings fly,
Which scathed their bright compeers in bliss,
And hurl'd them down to hell's abyss;
Who mark'd creation rise sublime,
And hymn'd the early birth of time.

No! not with minds like these to blend,
And feel each angel form a friend;
But God, their fount, to know and see;
From all-pervading DEITY
To catch the nearer burst of light;
To gain the beatific sight;
Entranced in glory's peerless blaze,
Conform'd to HIM, on HIM to gaze.

THE humble live under promises, and
the proud are under threatenings and
punishment.

A PERSON of small ability can do a
great amount of good by taking care of
his influence.

LET CHRIST COME IN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

What is it to open the door of the soul to Christ? What is it to open the door of your house to a friend or neighbor, but to invite that friend or neighbor to come in? And when Christ knocks at the door of the soul, what is it to open that door, but to say to him, "Enter?" And when, upon your invitation, a man has entered your house, how do you treat him? Your servants, your property, everything you have, revolve around him that you may do him honor. It is your pleasure to do it. And when Christ knocks at the door of your soul, and you ask him to enter, can you do less for him than you would do for a man that you esteemed?

And Christ says that if you make him welcome he will sup with you. He will stay to supper. And if you are wise, you will ask him to take a bed and spend the night. And if Christ once takes tea and spends the night with you, you will never let him leave your house, he is such a sweet friend. There is such a charm in his love and benignity, that when you have once received him into your soul, and taken him by the hand, and sat at meat with him, and eaten the bread that he has blessed, you will not let him go out; or, if he goes out in the morning, you will say, "Lord let not the evening star drop dew and thou not come back again."

My dearly beloved brethren, we need to carry with us the atoning Christ, and the peace-giving Christ. Are you not always struck, in reading the salutations of the Master to his disciples, with the circumstance that when he came among them he said, "Peace be

to you;" and that when he was about to depart from them he said, "My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Was there ever a time in your experience when you needed a peace-giving Christ more than now? Was there ever a time when, for the sake of your own heart-health, when for the sake of your trials in the household, when for the sake of your perplexities in business, when for the sake of the troubles that are beating like a mighty rain through the whole national heaven, you needed that peace which passes all understanding, more than now? Take Christ into the soul. He will bring that peace to you, and establish the kingdom thereof in you.

The day is coming, and is not far from any one of us, when there will be more need of Christ than even in time of war and trouble and disaster—the hour when we shall bid farewell to these mortal senses, and make our first and final venture upon the unexplored future. We have heard voices from that future; there are intimations of it; but it is a great unexplored land to which we go once and forever. Oh for a pilot! Christ is he. "Living or dying," the apostle says, "we are the Lord's." Living you need him, but dying you need him even more.

I beseech of you then, open the door of your mind, and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Friend; as your Saviour; as your eternal Reward.

PARDON AND TEARS.—It is impossible a gracious heart can read a pardon with dry eyes; it is the least it thinks it can do, as it were like Mary Magdalene, to wash Christ's feet with its tears, when it hath washed itself with his blood.

HOW TO BE A HAPPY CHRISTIAN.

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

Do you wish to know, my brother? Do you wish to know how to keep your heart overflowing full of joy, with heavenly smiles always irradiating your countenance? Simple indeed is the secret.

First then, if you would know the secret, *keep your heart full of love*. Love is the very essence of delight. Heaven is unspeakably full of joy, because heaven is full of love. Perfect love brings the perfect measure of joy. Tell me, young convert, was not that an unutterable joy that you felt when you first began to love. When that deep spiritual affection toward God, angels and men, and toward all that is good first sprang up in your heart, could you not pronounce all your former delights of this vain world as unsatisfying and empty in comparison with it? Tell me, aspiring saint, when your exulting soul first realized the untold happiness of the "love that casts out fear," did you not with holy rapture in your heart, and the shout of glory on your tongue, feel that you could truly rejoice in the Lord?

If your love is a true Christian charity, prompting to deeds of usefulness, you cannot fail to be a happy Christian.

"Charity seeketh not her own." It is as natural for the love of the Gospel to reflect its light and scatter joyful rays on all around it, as for the Sun to impart light and heat. In blessing others, the Christian blesses himself. In the exercise of Gospel love, so naturally flowing out in kind words and generous deeds, joy corresponding to the depth of the charity, flows back into the soul. There is a world of joyful meaning in

the Scripture promise, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." O, Christian, if you do not by happy experience know the joy of doing good; be a stranger to that joy no longer. Like your divine Master seek to "save that which is lost," and to lessen human sorrow, forgetful of your own toil and weariness.

Secondly, *keep your heart consecrated*. Feeble indeed is the joy that comes from a *half-hearted* service of Jesus. I have proved it. I have tried to follow the Master afar off. Alas! in the distance I could not see his smile. I could not hear his melting voice assuring me of divine favor,—that sweet voice that bids the sinner live, and thrills the heart of the delighted saint. O, it is true; without the consciousness of sin renounced and duty done, there can be no happiness in the Christian's heart. And the thought of consecration reminds me of that which more than all else is necessary to happiness—purity of heart. This includes the rest. It is in itself the firstly, the secondly, the whole. I might express the secret in four words: *Do good! be good!* The first, *doing good* in its full realization is a necessary accompaniment of the state of *being good*. Holiness increases love and all the Christian graces.

Yes, dear brother, if you would be happy, *seek a pure heart*. The roots of bitterness springing up in the soul will trouble you. The heart "from sin set free"—the heart in complete unison with God, vibrates to all the rich harmonies of heaven.

Alas, how often the Christian makes the mistake of the worldling, in seeking happiness from earthly sources.

"This world can never give
The bliss for which you sigh."

Come, longing soul, come to the mercy seat. Bow low. There renounce thy sins, and in the pure fountain of life cleanse thy soul. Sink into the ocean of love,—*perfect* love. Thou shalt find heaven on earth begun, when thy love is pure, thy whole being consecrated, and holiness in Scripture measure is thine in happy possession.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.—Think about yourself; about what *you* want, what *you* like, what respect people ought to pay *you*, what people think of *you*; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either.

In heaven either, I say. For that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell, for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory—so, at least, wise men say—that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will and do God's will like the other angels. He was not content to serve God, and rejoice in God's glory. He would be a master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own he found he had made a hell. When he wanted to be a little god for himself, he lost the life of the true God, to lose which is eternal death. And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish. Therefore, he saw God no more, and learned to hate Him whose name is love.—*Kingsley's Sermons.*

A NIGHT VISION, ILLUSTRATING FAITH.

BY S. G. S.

I am not a believer in signs or omens, but I think that sometimes God permits our mind in sleep to be encouraged or strengthened by a dream. In my earlier religious experience I had been greatly exercised in regard to faith. I was constantly doubting and wavering. One night, in this state, and pondering upon the nature of saving faith, I fell asleep. I thought I was in a barren desert with a dear Christian friend. Before us rose a wall of rough jagged stone several hundred feet high, and extending on either side as far as the eye could reach. We seemed to know that there was a beautiful land on the other side, with no way to get to it without scaling the wall. We looked up, and about half way appeared a man beckoning us to ascend, and holding down his hand to help us. My friend began to rise, taking hold of the rough stones. I followed; but had climbed only a short distance, when I began to falter, and said, "I can never succeed in climbing so high." I again returned to the ground, and then looking up I saw my friend had reached the man, and as he seized his hand their garments assumed a dazzling whiteness. As they rose to the top, I heard distant music and they disappeared. I sank to the ground, buried my face in my hands and wept bitterly over my folly in not going with them; and in my agony of grief awoke, my pillow wet with tears—this then, I inwardly exclaimed illustrates faith—I must believe and venture all on Christ. No matter how rugged the ascent, how weary the path, I must steadily pursue my upward way. This was a turning point in my experience. I felt that I

was justified by faith, and made a full consecration of all to Christ. At that time I was wholly ignorant of the blessed doctrine of Holiness. I was daily mourning over my short comings and fighting against (what I thought I must always have while in the flesh) a sinful heart. I doubt not I may have heard the glorious theme preached, yet it must have been with a feeling that such an attainment was not for me; and my mind was dark in regard to the nature and practicability of this excellent grace. One evening soon after, our new Pastor, a holy man came among us, I went as usual to our class meeting, when he earnestly addressed us upon the importance of seeking "Holiness, without which we could never see the Lord;" and then he explained and made the way appear so plain and easy, that my soul thrilled with joy at the possibility of attaining such a blessing. As I walked home, the world seemed changed, and the moon which was shining appeared like the face of God shining into my soul. Alone that night I laid all my sins at the foot of the cross, and Jesus came in and took possession of my whole heart. The way has been clear and bright ever since—now fourteen years. I have been in the deep waters of affliction many times, but Jesus has led me gently on, whispering "It is I, be not afraid." The cares of life have sometimes pressed hard, but the same sweet voice would again sound in my soul "Lo, I am with you always." I have found through my roughest path, and amidst the most overwhelming sorrow, that most precious promise verified to me, "All things work together for good to those that love God." It is a blessed thing to go to the Lord when we are in trouble, and

in our closet pour out our souls to him. It is a great privilege to go to the prayer and class meetings to meet our Saviour there as he has promised to be: but Oh! it is Heaven below, to have him in the heart, so that he goes with us and abides with us every moment, and we can feel the joy and comfort of his presence at all times.

"HIGHLAND JESSIE."

We are permitted to make the following extract from a letter from Scotland:

"I have made the acquaintance of a dear old saint who knows the Lord better than any I have met with since I have been here. She is distinguished by the name of 'Highland Jessie.' She lives in a little, lowly cottage of only one room, which is just as neat as wax. Now Jessie sees God in everything, and wont see anything else, no matter what comes. Go when you like, any hour in the day, she is ready to drop everything, and fall on her knees before the Lord—always has a promise that has been given, a chapter most precious, all entirely new to her soul—and a hymn must close the call you make, which is sure to be extended far beyond the time you meant without your knowing it; and when you do know it, you know it has not been lost by any means. She has opened her door, or rather it has been open for the last twenty years to the poor fishermen of the village of Exermouth to hold prayer-meetings whenever they come home; and as their business is such as prevents them from having any regular meeting, they club together at any hour, and go to Jessie's, and they always get a welcome—sometimes they become so engaged as to

keep them in till twelve or two o'clock in the morning. It has been my privilege to attend two of these meetings.

I am looking to the Lord—I feel my need—I know my weakness—but is it not our need, and our weakness that unites us to Christ's fulness, and strength? My heart is fixed on God, to do his will. I know that in the Lord I have righteousness, and strength, and either are as much mine, *now*, to save and help me, if I trust in it, as it is his own to glorify himself. As God loves those who give freely so I believe he loves them that take freely and largely hold of the blessed promises."

WESLEY ON PERFECTION.—Mr. Wesley preached at five this morning, from, "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust." He showed what were the things committed to Timothy, and then confined his discourse to the particular doctrines committed to the Methodists, and insisted that the doctrine of Christian Perfection was the one peculiar point they were called to preach and practice, and that no other people under heaven did clearly insist on this as a present and an instantaneous salvation; that they who did not preach it or believe it were no Methodists.

H. A. ROE.

1781.

A word fastened in a sure place may set in motion a good influence that will never cease. It is a foolish thing to go back and uproot the seed to find if it has taken hold. Dropped in faith, the sunshine and rain of God's providence will take care of the germination. And, besides, there is many a deed done and word spoken through the good influence of the moment which we forget, but God remembers to bless.

THE LINE OF DEMARKATION BETWEEN THE HIGHER RELIGIOUS LIFE AND FANATICISM.

BY J. F. CRAWFORD.

The theme before us is one of great importance to every believer in the religious system called Christianity. We therefore enter upon its consideration with an assurance that at least we may be enabled to draw the mind in a direction of interest and profit.

The subject is founded upon the idea that there are states in the religious life, that may with all propriety be called the *higher* and the *lower*. These two states have been clearly understood by Methodists, were clearly defined by the founder of that body, and with it have ever walked hand in hand. As preparatory therefore to the fuller consideration of the subject, it becomes us to notice what is embraced in the *lower* life, and what is embraced in the *higher*. The lower life implies that the soul has attained peace with God. This is a peace which implies reconciliation with God, by which the mind is brought in harmony with the word of God in all its commands, promises, threatenings, and denunciations. This we understand to be implied in the words of the apostle, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The second feature in the lower life we notice is, that there is no condemnation. The soul feels no condemnation resting upon it, on account of any past commission of sin, or omission of duty. The apostle speaks on this wise,—"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." We are also told that "without faith it is impossible to please him."—(God.)

Our Saviour tells us that "he that believeth is not condemned, but he that believeth not, is condemned already." We see therefore that one result of the faith that pleases God, is, that it takes away *all condemnation*.

Another concomitant is the *witness of the Spirit* that we are the children of God. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God." And "he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." This, to the one who is clearly in the lower life of religious experience, is well defined to his soul. The last concomitant of this state we shall notice, is, that the one who walks in the clear light of this state lives without committing sin. For "he that commiteth sin is of the devil." "Whoever is born of God doth not commit sin?" And why? "For his seed remaineth in him and he cannot sin, (i. e. commit sin,) because he is born of God." There is always something that goes *before* committing sin, that is the process of temptation, and when a man comes to the point that he yields in his *will* and *consents* in his heart to sin, he loses that vital connection which is called the new birth relation. The committing the act may be days, months, years after; yea, it may never be committed for want of an opportunity. Yet the person as effectually loses his connection, as though the outward act were completed. We see then, that there is blended in this lower life, peace with God, the removal of all condemnation, the sweet witness of the Spirit. And he lives so near to God, that he lives without committing sin. Thus his inward and outward life is sweetly blended in harmony with the word and spirit of God.

While all this is true, he yet feels the

emains of the *carnal mind* stirring in him, as pride, anger, self-will, revenge, &c. He therefore finds, that in the midst of temptation, he has a strong foe to contend with from without, but he has one, also, within, that he deplures, and fears may one day help the foe without to gain the victory over him.

The higher life, therefore, implies that we be cleansed from all of these, until we feel no pride, anger, self-will, revenge, &c. Till this work is completed in the soul, all our holiness is mixed; we are humble, meek, love God, love our neighbor. But we are not entirely humbled; our meekness is frequently interrupted by anger, or some unholy passion; our love to God is frequently marred by our undue love of the creature. The love of our neighbor by some thought that is contrary to love. But after the experience of this higher life, the soul is consistent. There is no jarring string; all the passions flow in one continual stream, with one even tenor toward God. The essence of this higher life is purity, one design, one desire, entire devotion of all we have and are to God. All our words and actions flow from, and are governed by the pure and unadulterated love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us.

How to walk in this, and yet avoid the regions of fanaticism, is of no small importance to the believer. The difficulty of being able to find the exact line, will be apparent to every one; yet this difficulty, we propose to make the subject of our next.—*Northern Christian Advocate*.

OUR ENEMIES WITHIN.—Beyond all doubt, the worst of our enemies are those we carry about in our own hearts. Adam fell in Paradise, Lucifer in hea-

ven; while Lot continued righteous among the people of Sodom. Indifference to little sins and mistakes, the self-flattering voice of the heart ever ready to sing its lullaby the moment conscience is aroused, the subtle question of the serpent, "Hath God indeed said?" these are unquestionably the adversaries we have the most to fear. There never was a fire but it began with a smoke. I beseech Thee, therefore, dear Master, to give me a sensitive conscience, that I may take alarm at even small sins. Oh, it is not merely great transgressions which bring a man to ruin. Little and imperceptible ones are perhaps even more deadly; according to the beautiful figure of Tauler, who says, "The stag when attacked tosses from him the great dogs, and dashes them to pieces upon the trees, but the little ones seize him from below and tear open his body."

A TESTIMONY FOR JESUS.

FROM AN ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

Yes, worthy is my precious Redeemer of such an offering. For the encouragement of kindred spirits, who love to catch the strains ascending from the voice of praise, I would intermingle the experience of a once unregenerate, but now sanctified heart.

Two years ago, in visible communion with the church of Christ I love, the name of Jesus was often the subject of spirit strivings, but as frequently then resisted. But the loving Savior who was thus dishonored by a thousand falls, in mercy brought me under the influence of the "Word of Life" in a meeting on the subject of Holiness. Here my real condition was revealed as a stranger to converting grace,

and to that glorious passage from "death unto life," which is the evidence of the child of God. The feelings I experienced while thus under the searching ministry of the Word, were such as to cause seasons of restless anxiety. But I strove to overcome them and conceal in the depths of my own heart the convictions which were fastening upon my conscience. A lover of Jesus spoke to me at the close of the meeting. Instead of being gladly welcomed, my proud spirit rebelled against his plain dealings, and I almost resolved to come no more. I did not yield to this temptation, but attended regularly, and avoided very determinedly all communication with the friends present as to my spiritual state. But light began to dawn; the blessed exhibition of the love of Jesus melted into softness the stony heart, and I took it with all its defilement, just as it was, to Jesus, to be made altogether new. Blessed truth! he did not reject the offering, but by his almighty power transformed it into a warm, loving, and believing heart. Then the revelation of Himself as my Redeemer became more and more perfect, and my soul exulted in the sweet assurance that I had passed "from death unto life," the Spirit bearing witness that "I was born of God." "Old things passed away, all things became new."

The means of grace became increasingly precious as I was led into the light, so I felt my need of a full salvation.

The doctrine of Sanctification was so new and mysterious that it was long before I clearly saw the way to its elucidation. The blessed experiences of those who lived in its enjoyment seemed far above the possibility of my attainment. It seemed a state too glo-

rious for my translation. The desire for its possession became more and more intense; and having placed in my hand the tract entitled "Is Holiness attainable in this life?" I took it to the blessed Word of God, and began to search to see if these things were so. Everywhere the sacred page beamed with light, and I saw it was a precious Bible doctrine. God's sure requirement was Holiness in heart and life.

Since that time the "way" became less mysterious; and one morning when the natural sun gilded with surpassing beauty things below, the Sun of my soul—the Savior dear—arose upon the horizon of my spirit with a yet more brilliant lustre; and as a loving sister in Jesus pointed out the simple way of faith, I entered into the blessed possession of "full Redemption through the blood of Jesus." He has effected a mighty work in my experience. Since that happy day, my soul bears the impress of his loving hand. It is filled at all times with a calm repose. It knows no changing atmosphere, but only perpetual blessedness—that of "perfect love." It has a complete deliverance from self and sin. The old nature has been eradicated, and in its place in all its glory dwells the new creation, "Jesus, the hope of glory." His abiding presence sheds perpetual light. Sweet indeed is it to walk under its glorious influence when it embraces our little all. No trials, temptations, or outward scenes mar this blessed possession. Its peace flows on uninterruptedly amidst them all. The cup is always a cup of blessing, and essentially one of love. No cares perplex or fears invade this refuge of the soul, it sweetly knows no other will but that of its precious Lord. Its as-

pirations are ever heavenwards, and as it soars, it rises higher and higher in the life of God. The precious manifestations of my Savior's love are often overwhelming. They keep me low at his feet in self-abasement. Thus only can I retain this heaven of purity and love, and be day by day meetened for the "inheritance of the saints in light."

KENTISH TOWN, August, 1862.

GOD IN THE HEART.

"Thou hast put gladness into my heart more than in the time, that their corn and their wine increased." *Psalms* iv. 7.

BY ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

Gladness into my heart; to which the gross delights of earthly things cannot reach: they stick as it were before the threshold. *Corn and wine* are only the refreshment of these mean, frail, earthly bodies, and the support of this corporeal and terrene life, but have nothing congenial with and a-kin to the heaven-born spirit. It is said indeed that *bread strengthens man's heart*, and *wine makes it glad*; but the heart there spoken of, is that which is the spring of animal life and natural spirit: whereas, to that heart which holds the preference in human nature, which may therefore be called the governing part, there is nothing which gives light and gladness, beneath the eternal Father of lights and spirits. He cherishes the languishing soul with the rays of his love, and satisfies it with the consolations of his Spirit, as with a kind of heavenly nectar or nepenthe; that, while it confides in his safety, lays all its cares and fears asleep, and lulls it into deep peace, and calm sweet repose; without which, if the mind be a little agitated, no gentle breeze of harmony, no melody

of birds or harp, can bring on the pleasing slumber, during which nevertheless the heart awakes. O happy man, who betakes his whole soul to God, and does not only choose him above all, but in the place of all, waiting only on him! Happy man, who, having been chosen by him with preventing love, and unmerited benignity, embraces his ample all-sufficient Creator for his inheritance and his wealth, often repeating with sacred transport, "My God and my all!" This is the man that has enough; and therefore, to allude to the words of the poet, "He is not disquieted by the raging of the sea, nor any severity of the seasons, whatever stars may rise and set."

God fixes his gracious dwelling in the pure and holy soul which has learned to despise the vanity of riches, and makes it calm in the midst of hurries, and secure in the deepest solitudes. And not merely to find, but even to seek after God, is better to such a soul, inexpressibly better, than to possess the richest treasure, the most extensive empire, or to have all the variety of sensual pleasures waiting upon its beck.

I remember to have read of some military officers, who crossing the Nile, in the same boat with the two Macarii of Egypt, said to them, in allusion to their name, "You are indeed happy, who laugh at the world." "Yes," said they, "it is evident that we are happy, not merely in name but in reality, but you are unhappy whom the world derides, as poor creatures whom it sees entangled in its snares."

St. Augustine also quotes from Politian, a similar example of a pretorian soldier, who walking out with his comrade, found in a cottage, into which he accidentally came, a book

containing the life of the hermit Anthony, and when he had read a little in it, looking upon his friend, said, "At what are we taking so much pains to arrive? What do we seek? For what do we go through the fatigues of a military life? The highest of our hopes at court, must be, to share some extraordinary degree of the emperor's favor. And how frail and dangerous a situation is that! And through how many other previous dangers must we pass to it! And how soon will all the advantages we can hope from it be over! But I may this moment, if I please, become the friend and favorite of God." And he had no sooner uttered these words, than they both resolved upon quitting the world, that they might give up all the remainder of their days to religion.

Holy men in former ages did wonders in conquering the world and themselves; but we, unhappy, degenerate, and drowsy creatures as we are, blush to hear that they did what we cannot or will not do. We are indeed inclined to disbelieve the facts, and rather choose to deny their virtues, than to confess our own indolence and cowardice.

THE PROPERTIES OF FAITH.

BY REV. THOMAS BROOKS.

The first property of that faith that accompanies salvation, is this—it *puts forth itself into vital operations*; it makes a man full of life and activity for God; it will make a man diligent and venturous in the work and ways of God. Faith is a most active quality in itself, and so it makes a Christian most active; it is a doing thing, and it makes the person doing. Faith will not suffer the soul to be idle. Faith is like

the virtuous woman in the last of the Proverbs, who put her hand to every work, who would suffer none of her handmaids to be idle. Faith puts the soul upon grieving for sin, upon combating with sin, upon weeping over sin, upon trembling at the occasions of sin, upon resisting temptations that lead to sin, upon fighting out to the death with sin. Faith puts a man upon walking with God, upon waiting on God, upon working for God, upon wrestling with God, upon bearing for God, and upon parting with anything for God. Faith makes religious duties to be easy to the soul, to be delightful to the soul, to be profitable to the soul. Faith makes the soul to be serious and conscientious in doing, to be careful and faithful in doing, to be delighted and cheerful in doing, to be diligent and zealous in doing. That faith which is not a working faith, is no faith; that faith which is not a working faith, is a dead faith; that faith which is not a working faith, is a deluding faith; that faith which is not a working faith, is a worthless faith; that faith which is not a working faith, will leave a man short of heaven and happiness, in the latter day. Faith that accompanies salvation, is better at doing, than at thinking, at obeying, than at disputing, at walking, than at talking. *This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God, might be careful to maintain good works.* Tit. iii, 8. Faith will make a man endeavor to be good, yea, to be best at everything he undertakes. It is not leaves, but fruit, not words, but works, that God expects; and if we cross his expectation, we frustrate our own salvation, we further our own condemnation. Faith makes the soul much in doing, abundant in

working, and that partly by persuading the soul that all its works, all its duties and services, shall be owned and accepted of God; as in Isa. lvi. 7; *even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer: their burnt-offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar; for mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people.* Faith assures the soul that every prayer, every sigh, every groan, every tear is accepted. And this makes the soul pray much, and sigh much, and mourn much.

Again; faith spreads the promises of divine assistance before the soul. 'O,' says faith, 'here, O soul, is assistance suitable to the work required.' And this makes a man work as for life; it makes a man work and labor, and labor and work.

Again; faith sets the recompence, the reward, before the soul. Says faith, 'Look here, soul: here is a great reward for a little work; here are great wages for weak and imperfect services; here is an infinite reward for a finite work. Work, yea, work hard, O believing soul, for thy actions in passing, pass not away; every good work is a grain of seed for eternal life.' There is a resurrection of works, as well as of persons, and in that day wicked men shall see that it is not a vain thing to serve God; they shall see the most doing souls to be the most shining souls, to be the most advanced and rewarded. O, the sight of this crown, of this recompence, makes souls to abound in the work of the Lord, *knowing that their labor is not in vain in the Lord.*

Again; faith draws from Christ's fulness; it sucks virtue and strength from Christ's breasts. Faith looks up.

on Christ as a head, and so draws from him; it looks upon Christ as a husband, and so draws from him; it looks upon him as a fountain, and so draws from him; it looks upon him as a sea, an ocean of goodness, and so draws from him; it looks upon him as a father, and so draws from him; it looks upon him as a friend, and so draws from him. And this divine power and strength sets the soul working hard for God; it makes the soul full of motion, full of action.

In a word, faith is so working a grace, that it sets all other graces working. Faith has an influence upon every grace; it is like a silver thread that runs through a chain of pearls. It puts strength and vivacity into all other virtues. Love touched by the hand of faith, flames forth; hope, fed at faith's table, grows strong, and casts anchor within the veil; joy, courage, and zeal, being smiled upon by faith, are made invincible and unconquerable. What oil is to the wheels, what weights are to the clock, what wings are to the bird, what sails are to the ship, that faith is to all religious duties and services.

And thus you see that faith which accompanies salvation; is a working faith, a lively faith, and not such a dead faith, as most please and deceive themselves with forever.

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIVINGTON ST., N. Y.

A Presbyterian minister rose and said, "There are some precious souls in the room who have manifested their desire to obtain this blessing of sanctification, that they may be heirs of that joy and peace, which ever accompanies its possession.

The key to this holy life, peace in believing, is to be found in the divine command, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." The whole soul, body and spirit, are included here—it appears to me that there is even more than that—all our interests for time and eternity, are included. Is there anything we would keep back from God? All is implied in that word, bodies. We can never get the blessing of perfect peace, till we get the grace that shall enable us to comply *cheerfully* and *truly* with this command.

Thus Abraham was enabled to receive the blessing of perfect peace, when he gave up all, even his son Isaac, unto God. Thus some seek in vain for this blessing, because their heart strings are firmly tied to some loved object, with which they cannot part, for the Lord's sake. Thus they cannot enjoy the blessing. But God has a wise and merciful way of bringing his dear seeking ones to the knowledge and possession of this state of grace.

I would give you an example of this in a case which came under my own observation a short time since. There is in my congregation a young mother who was earnestly seeking this treasure, entire sanctification, through the blood of Jesus, but could not find it.

God, however, purposed that she should experience that blessing—but he must teach her in his own way, that he might have all the glory. He was pleased to bring her into its enjoyment by laying her on a bed of sickness.

Knowing the state of her mind, I asked permission of her husband, with whom I was intimate, to call and speak with her. To this he objected, saying that she was too weak to see any one just now, but in a few days he hoped

she would be better, and then I might talk freely with her. Only a few days after this her nurse told me that I had better prepare myself to preach Mrs.—funeral sermon, as there was indeed very little hope of her recovery, and that in all probability she must soon die. It was now strongly impressed upon my mind that I should call and speak with her. Seldom has such a strong conviction rested upon me, that God is the hearer of prayer, and that in answer to believing prayer, God would heal the sick.

Under the pressure of this truth, I called at the house. One of the nurses answered the door, and to my question if I could see Mrs. L., said very frankly, "Certainly, sir, very glad to see you; come in." I went in, and found the patient so weak that she could only speak in the faintest whisper, and in the same manner must be addressed.

I asked her "how she felt? If she thought that she was dying?" She answered, "Yes, I cannot live long."

With her permission I read the 130th Psalm, and asked if she heard and comprehended it?"

She replied, "Perfectly."

I then asked her if she was ready to go when God should call her from the earth?

She answered, "Oh! I am not prepared to die." I then applied the Psalm to her case, thinking she might be alarmed about the fear of unpardoned sin: and dwelt especially on the last verse, "He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities." I pointed her to the blood of sprinkling which cleanseth from from all sin.

She said, "I know all that, I have no doubt but my sins are all washed away in the blood of the Lamb—all is right there, I can trust in the mercy of

God." I asked, "Well then, what hinders you?" "Oh!" said she, "I cannot part with my two dear children—they can never get any one who will be such a mother to them as I could be." I replied, "You must give up the children to God. He has been a kind father to you—he will be the same to your children—leave your motherless children with God. He will provide for them—and you, yourself must lie as a little child in the arms of your almighty and gracious Heavenly Father. He will do all things well. You must rest"—she had not slept for several days—"and you must rest in his love. Cast your burden on the Lord—he will bear it, and do what is best. You need sleep, and so "He giveth his beloved sleep," when they can trust their all to him. You are too weak to carry any burden on your mind. Have not a thought or care—leave all with the Lord."

I then left her. She soon fell into a profound sleep. One of the nurses afterward told me, that as she watched over her, she saw a sweet heavenly smile pass over her countenance, as if she had some pleasant dream.

She opened her lips and began to sing a most beautiful hymn in a loud and sweet tone.

Some days after I repeated my visit, and found her much better. She could talk with ease, and was filled with the goodness of God.

I have seldom seen one so wrapt in the love of God, and so entirely cut loose from the world. She told me that when very sick and nigh unto death, some one came to her bed-side, and asked her if she was ready to die, and that when she said she could not give up her children—this person said "You must give up your children"; then she was

enabled at once cheerfully to do so, and it seemed at that moment of compliance as if the very bliss of heaven had taken possession of her soul, and as if the Almighty had breathed upon her brow, and made her feel that she should not die—and that when the visitor asked her, before leaving, if she thought she would recover; that she answered confidently, “Yes, I shall recover.”

I replied, “I was that stranger who called”; and I saw that God had answered every petition in that prayer which the Spirit called me to offer up with her; and also the necessity of using the means of grace while life lasted.

She said she was inexpressibly filled with the love of God, and could never return to the world again—Christ must be her all.

“Oh how I long”, she said “for the time, if it is God’s will to restore me to health, to give myself wholly to him on the altar of his service.” It pleased the Lord to spare her life, and restore her health, and at the first communion season she came forward and dedicated herself to God on his altar, “a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God” through Jesus Christ; her reasonable service.

She is now walking with the disciples of Jesus, “a humble follower of the Lamb.”

A Chaplain was present and said he never prized the meeting, and the special doctrine here insisted upon more than now—he had spent the last seventeen months in the army—and such a sense as he had of human depravity and corruption, he could not clothe in language.

If he had ever doubted man’s fallen state, his late experience in witnessing its fruits, would have set him doctrin-

ally right. In meeting with a Doctor of Divinity at Washington, who asked him why there was such a destitution of Godliness among the soldiers, he replied that he thought “we ministers had not preached Christ faithfully—a deliverer from sin.”

God had kept and blessed him in his duties. A Surgeon in a Hospital told him he had not believed in human depravity, but now he is convinced of its truth. One spoke beautifully, and clearly of his conversion, and his love of God—but felt the risings of anger in his heart—and although restrained from outwardly manifesting it—yet he knew he could not be right in the sight of God with that evil rankling secretly.

When the knowledge of the doctrine of holiness came to his rescue, he found by sweet experience, that Christ was able, and willing to save him from all his inward evils. He sought, and found this entire union with Christ, but being deceived by the enemy, telling him he must not speak of it, until he found he could live it out, he lost the secret witness of purity, which had been as clear, and distinct to his soul as that of pardon. Again he renewed his act of faith in the all-cleansing atonement, and the same evidence of perfect love was restored, and now he was determined to witness to its power—did so, and for several years has enjoyed perfect peace which has not been a week interrupted in all that time.

Crosses should neither be *sought* nor *avoided*. When they come, they are graces; when sought for offences.

Blessed are they who seek the day of glory, but more blessed are they who contribute to its approach.—*Secker*.

The Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1863.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE.

We most devoutly wish you, dear readers, a "happy new year." It is a sublime and solemn moment when we stand at the commencement of a well-defined period of time like the present. The past, and the indistinct revealings of the future are before us. Over the gateway of one of the Colleges at Oxford, Eng., and under the clock, every student entering can read the impressive motto, "*perunt sed imputantur.*" "They perish (the hours) but are imputed." The past is gone from us forever, but it has recorded itself on high, and we shall meet it again. Blessed are we, that "we have an Advocate with the Father," who is "able to save unto the uttermost," and whose atoning blood gives remission for the sins that are past! We lay the year with all its weaknesses and transgressions under the arms of his cross.

But the new year opens solemnly before us. We have never entered upon such a year. God, in whose hands rest the destinies of nations, alone sees the amazing results of the national movements now in progress. Through Christ strengthening us we can both do and endure all things. Without the guidance and support of His hand, we may not safely venture down into the serious events before us. We may well offer the prayer of Moses and say, "if thy Presence go not with me, carry me not up hence."

Precious now is the doctrine of entire consecration. It places us in the exact attitude to best receive the divine guidance, and it best prepares us for the divine providences whether prosperous or adverse. His child is safe in the Father's hand! Afflictions may be appointed unto us; but none of these things will move us. It will be all right; he doeth all things well. "For this our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh out for us, a far, more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory." Let the year, with its sol-

emn import, then, move on! "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!"

A NIGHT WITH THE "ANGEL OF THE COVENANT."

"And Jacob was left alone." GEN. xxxii. 24.

The brother of Jacob, whom he had left, wronged and enraged, a score of years before, was reported to be near him with an armed force. Jacob had reason to fear that time had not softened his anger; and he, unarmed, and his helpless family and herds, were entirely in Esau's power.

He had used every human precaution to mollify his brother's resentment and to win his affections; but was still fearful of the result. There was only one other resource. The shadows of evening had fallen upon him as the final arrangements for the morrow were made, and the different companies, in advance of each other, were resting for the night. The last band with the beloved Rachel and his children had passed the Jabbok. Quiet now reigned throughout the encampment; the bleating of the herds had ceased, and the voices of his children were hushed. Silently, he recrossed the ford of the brook, and at a distance from all human communion, with his heart oppressed with contending anxieties, in the still and solemn night, on the plains of Moab, "Jacob was left alone"! It was the most trying, and it proved to be, the most glorious hour of his life. There was no man near him—no human arm upon which he could lean. He could not himself sustain the burden that was crushing him. Then and there God met him; and through the deep shades of the night, contended with him, receiving the importunate violence of a despairing human soul, turning with all its strength to its only Saviour. The struggle was prolonged from no reluctance to yield the coveted blessing, but that Jacob, in the throes of his desire, might learn its value; that he might have a clear revelation of himself and his weakness; that his whole soul might be drawn out and brought in contact with the purifying Presence with whom he struggled. Jacob prevailed. The Angel of the Covenant lifted upon him the "light of his countenance." He called the place *Peniel*—the face of God; and as he passed over it, *the sun rose upon him.* That was what Jacob needed, and for which

he prayed. Not a word had been said about Esau in the mysterious strugglings of that night; nothing about his trembling family, reposing on the other side of the stream. He wrestled alone and simply to secure the divine vision and blessing, and having obtained that, he was prepared for anything. He emerged from that marvellous night a new man; no longer the trembling, inconstant Jacob, but the calm, God-fearing, relying and triumphant Israel.

Such an hour, varying in its circumstances, but as powerful in its influence, if as devoutly improved, is to be desired, and is not uncommon in the history of professed christians. Something will providentially occur, for the time, to utterly isolate them from others. They find themselves alone, all human supports withdrawn, and involuntarily led out into an urgent, unconquerable panting after a clearer and more powerful revelation of God. It may be distressing convictions of inward disloyalty that occasion this, or it may be overwhelming afflictions—

"A cross that raiseth me
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer to thee."

But at such a moment, in all my helplessness and loneliness, a solemn Presence approaches me; I feel after Him, if haply I may find Him; I am shut out from every other source of comfort, that I may be shut up to Him. Then He reveals Himself to me, "as He does not unto the world"; gives me the victory in my personal struggle over my inward foes; pours a heavenly peace over my affections, and sends me forth from this hour of loneliness and silence and agony, serene, believing, triumphant. In all such providences, God calls me to fellowship with Himself. He does not divest me of any earthly comfort, simply for the sake of removing it from me, but to create a want that nothing but Himself can fill. He knows that He can make me happier than any creature that He has formed. He draws them over the river, that I may find all that I have lost and more in Him.

Sad is the evening hour when I enter upon such a discipline. Heavy are the clouds of temporal and spiritual sorrow that draw down around me. "All these things are against me," I say. I stand alone! But blessed is the day-break at the close of such a night.

A light above the brightness of the sun" falls

upon our path. As we pass over it, the "sun of righteousness rises above us with healing under his wings."

If I am only right with myself and my God, I am prepared for every providence. It was not simply a present refreshing from the Lord that Jacob received, but permanent power. His fear arose from a dissatisfaction with himself, and a doubt of the divine approbation. He left everything behind, that he might come to a clear disclosure of his own motives and character, and press that mighty question of his acceptance with his God. In the busy hours of that night, these two great arguments were completed. He had submitted himself to the divine government, and God had signified to him His gracious approval and acceptance. God was for him; his heart no longer condemned him; what could now disturb him?

By what better process could his mind be brought into the best condition to consider all the perplexities that surrounded him? Calm, humble, subdued, with the benign breath of the Almighty upon him, how well prepared was he to meet his offended brother? It is impossible to overestimate the value of this inward and perfect repose upon the Divine Arm, as an element of power, and a defence in every time of trouble. In the sharp activities, and constant perils in business at the present day, this solid rock alone, affords a certain standing place. If one is right in the silent hours of close self-examination. If when his business is left on the other side of the brook, he meets alone, and as a friend, his God, he is endued constantly with a wisdom that cometh from above, and secures a refreshment more solacing than physical rest, and an encouragement more powerful than success. He is raised above the threatening aspect of outward affairs. No trooping misfortunes, with an unfraternal Esau at their head can injure him. The great peace of his heart and life ever remains untouched; and the final, happy end of his course is no question of doubtful solution.

When he passes over the last earthly stream, then forever, will the sun arise upon him.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.—We heartily accord with a sentiment appended to a business letter, that there is now a special call for prayer in behalf of our dear, distracted coun-

try. "Prayer only can save us" he adds. The "effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much." How few apprehend how much is involved in the occurrences of these times. The history of all coming generations is to be modified by them. How much is in peril! How many souls fearfully exposed! What a bloody baptism now is our land receiving! Let us not forget that "the Lord reigneth," and that He heareth prayer. Let us humble ourselves as over personal transgressions, and pray "mightily unto God," for a divine deliverance. So far from permitting the distresses of the hour to divert us from our devotions, we should multiply them. We may struggle upon our knees, while our fathers and brethren and children stand upon the crimson field, and fight as effectually.

Let us pray that the Prince of Peace may once more spread his arms over our land; and to this awful surge of rebellion, say "Peace be still!" that there may once more be "a great calm." "Pray then without ceasing," and forget not even in this dark hour, "in everything to give thanks."

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

WEDNESDAY MEETING IN BOSTON.—It may be a pleasure to our readers who have occasion to visit Boston, to know that on every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, there is a meeting for those interested in the subject of holiness of heart and life, in the Old South Chapel, on Spring Lane. A considerable company from Boston and vicinity will be found here engaged in prayer and conversation upon this vital doctrine.

We have just attended one of these meetings and have brought away these, among other impressions:

I. The wonderful harmony of the experiences in the "higher life." There were persons of four or five different denominations of christians present; there were quite young believers, and aged saints trembling with the weight of years, on the brink of the river; there were two Danish sailors in the company; there were ministers and laymen, and yet, they were all "one in Christ Jesus." It was wonderful to see how, with their differing

experiences and circumstances, they stood in the same heavenly trust, and in the enjoyment of the same triumphing grace.

II. It was noticeable, that, unlike ordinary prayer meetings, all that took a part, spoke of a richer peace than they had been conscious of heretofore. They were "going on." They did not refer to former blessedness and past hours of religious refreshment, but to present rest, and to enhanced knowledge and love. No one seemed however, to feel that the Divine grace was exhausted in his experience; but that very "much land yet remained to be possessed."

III. One could but be delightfully impressed with the prominence given to the Bible. The Divine promises were evidently the food of the soul. "Sanctify them, through thy word," our Redeemer prays for his disciples, "Thy word is truth." The great desire of one that rejoiced in a rich and full salvation was to "see light in His light"—to enjoy the aid of the Holy Spirit in comprehending the word which He had Himself inspired. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This is the secret of a deep, sincere, and permanent consecration. "I commend you," says the Apostle "to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

We might say much more of the meeting, and may have occasion to allude to others in future numbers of the Guide.

A CORNER WITH THE PUBLISHERS.

Gould & Lincoln have just issued from their press, "Lectures on Moral Science, by Mark Hopkins, D. D." These Lectures, which are eminently impressive, presenting a full, clear, and satisfactory discussion of the great themes involved, were first read before his classes in Williams College, by President Hopkins, and afterwards, enlarged and amended, were delivered before large audiences, attending upon the Lowell Institute in Boston. They will be read with great pleasure and profit.

Ticknor & Fields publish in a very chaste and attractive form, a little volume called "The Patience of Hope." Not the least in-

teresting feature of the book is a very entertaining Introduction by the Poet Whittier. It is a volume for the closet, and for the hours of prayerful meditation. Thoughtful christians will find their minds delightfully drawn in sacred channels, by its spiritual and awakening suggestions. It is written with marked freshness and beauty of style; and although some of its expositions of Scripture may not accord with our own opinions, the earnest religious lessons it conveys, will be eagerly appreciated by the heart. A new work, by the same author, entitled "A Present Heaven" is in press.

From the same Publishers we have received "Country Living and Country Thinking." The authoress writes herself down as "Gail Hamilton," and desires no one to lift the veil that covers her face. The several chapters of the work first appeared as articles in the Congregationalist and Atlantic, and attracted much attention by the liveliness of the style, and the earnestness of the thoughts uttered. There is not a dull page in the book; some are simply amusing, but a powerful and impressive moral runs through all these playful sentences, and the influence of the book can but be wholesome. Coming from a lady, one is constantly struck with the masculine power of thought and judgment exhibited, without once transcending the delicacy and proprieties of the sex.

Ticknor & Fields have also published a volume from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher, entitled "Eyes and Ears." The work is made up of short articles contributed to the weekly press. They are all "pen portraits" of the author; characteristic in subject, style of illustration and eccentricity. Full of thought, full of pictures and poetry, and full of entertainment, one is never wearied of them. The great wonder is that the fountain, from such incessant pumping, does not run dry. It certainly gives no evidence of this as yet.

THE BEST OF BOOKS.—We have on our table for constant reference the valuable octavo edition of the Bible, published by the Methodist Book Concern. The pronunciation of all the proper names according to the latest authority, is given; the references, amounting to a concordance, have been prepared with great care; and valuable maps, and introduc-

ory chapters

added. It is an invaluable companion for the Sabbath School teacher, and almost an indispensable requisite of the minister's table. The plates, which were prepared, we believe, at first, for the American Bible Society, have been corrected with the utmost care, and may be considered well nigh perfect. For sale by Magee, 5 Cornhill.

Several of our Methodist Weeklies have, of late, published very interesting articles upon Holiness: among others, the Pittsburg and Northern Advocates. We shall republish some of these in future numbers of the Guide. Brother Nesbit, of the former paper, has given our brother Gorham a kind and generous introduction to the patrons of his press; for which we would express our acknowledgments.

* Our brother Gorham is now visiting Western Virginia and Ohio. He bears a welcome with him, and we doubt not will be appreciated and enjoyed by all the lovers of holiness. He is travelling in the interest of the Guide, and will be happy to receive new subscribers or payments from the old, now due.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE BLIND BOY'S SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNS.
A little Sunday scholar lost his eyesight from the scarlet fever, and for many months had not seen at all. A gentleman friend of his father's tried to comfort him; and, while he was talking to him, the little boy's sister gave expression to a most earnest wish that Jesus were on Earth, so that he might make her little brother see. The gentleman kindly expressed the hope that she did not try to make her brother discontented; when she beautifully replied: "O no! Frank isn't discontented! He loves God, and love sets everything right, and makes its own sunshine. Does it not, Frank?" "I don't feel cross now," said the little blind boy meekly. "When I'm alone I pray, and sing my Sunday-school hymns, and sing, and sing; and God's in the room, and it feels light, and—and—I forget I'm blind at all!" and a sweet heavenly light stole over his pale features as he said this. The gentleman had come to comfort the poor blind boy, but he found that God had been there before him.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

5

Moderato.

A. HULL.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee :

2. Though like a wan - der - er, day-light all gone ;

E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me : Still all my song shall be,
Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone : Yet in my dreams I'd be,

Coda.

Nearer, my God to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.
Nearer, my God to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

GROWTH 'IN GRACE.

1. Nearer, my God to thee,
Nearer to thee :
E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God to thee.

2.
Though like a wanderer,
Day-light all gone ;
Darkness be over me, My rest a stone :
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God to thee.

3.
There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven ;

All that thou sendest me, In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God to thee.

4.
Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise ;
Out of my stony griefs, Bethel I'll raise :
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God to thee.

5.
Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky ;
Sun, moon and stars forgot, Upward I fly.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to thee.

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH, AND THE CAUSES OF ITS SUCCESS.

BY REV. WM. McDONALD.

The success which attended the preaching of the gospel by the Apostles and their immediate successors has no parallel in the history of Christianity. From the time an upper room at Jerusalem contained the congregated strength of the Church, to the time the ensign of that Church floated in triumph over the capitol of Rome, and the diadem of the Cæsars was placed upon the brow of the infant Zion, an almost unbroken series of triumphs are witnessed. From the time that chamber was shaken by a rushing, mighty wind, and tongues of fire sat upon each of the devout worshippers, and they "were all filled with the Holy Ghost," the unseen hand of the Master wrought mightily with them. Their first day's labor added three thousand to the little band. Five thousand are soon converted. Jerusalem is filled with their doctrine, and Priest and Ruler are fearing the blood of the Nazarene. Samaria believes the word, and Antioch becomes obedient to the faith. But the work does not stop here: Churches are soon established throughout Palestine, and all Asia Minor hears of the Crucified. Greece, Macedonia, and the islands of the Ægean sea are shaken by the power of the word; while along the sea coast of Africa, and before the walls of the Eternal City, the word of life is earnestly and successfully proclaimed. The fire kindled in that upper room, lighted up the whole range of heathendom, from Cape Comorin to Britain, and from Scythia to the Pillars of Her-

cules. A historian of the 2nd Century says, that in his time, "Asia, Africa and Europe, abounded with Christians." These despised followers of Jesus—unlettered fishermen of Gallilee, without wealth, without learning, and without kingly favor—had, in a brief time, planted churches, where Homer and Virgil had sung, where Lycurgus and Solon had given laws, where Demosthenes and Cicero had swayed the populace by their unsurpassed eloquence, where Plato and Aristotle had reasoned, and where Socrates and Cato had taught the people morals.

The temples of the gods—venerable and sacred by the lapse of ages—were smitten as by an invisible, but Almighty hand. Racks, dungeons, fagots, and death in every form, could not stay the progress of the new faith. The gates of hell could not prevail against it.

The numerical strength of the Primitive Church, we have no doubt, has been greatly under-estimated. It is often said, that modern efforts for the spread of the gospel, in point of success, far outstrip the primitive. But we have never been convinced of the correctness of the statement by the facts and figures presented. Let us inquire of the men who then lived, and of the monuments then erected, and see what light they throw upon the subject.

Justin Martyr, in speaking of the success of Christianity, a little more than one hundred years after the Crucifixion, says, "There is no race of men whatever, whether barbarians or Greeks, or by whatsoever other name they may be called, whether living in wagons, or houseless wanderers, among whom there are not offered prayers and thanksgiving to the Father and Maker

of all, through the name of the crucified Jesus."

Clemens of Alexandria, speaking of the success of the Gospel about the same time says, "It is spread through the whole world, in every town, and village and city, converting both whole houses and separate individuals."

Tertullian, one of the most learned and eloquent defenders of the doctrines of the primitive church, born about the middle of the second century, in an *Apology* for the Christians, addressed to the Authorities of Rome, says: "We are of yesterday; and yet we fill all your places, your cities, islands, castles, towns, courts, your very camps, your tribes, your decuriæ, your palace, your senate, your markets. We have left you only your temples. What wars we might wage, and with what energy, even against superior forces, we who are so willing to be slain, if it was not a part of our discipline, that it is better to be killed than to kill! We might also, unarmed and without making any rebellion, but only disagreeing with you, contend against you with the hostility of separation only. For if so great a multitude of men as we are should suddenly separate from you, and retire to some distant quarter of the earth, truly the loss of so many and such citizens would undermine your dominion: yes, it would even inflict upon you an absolute desolation. Without doubt you would be dismayed at your solitude, at the general stillness, and the dulness as if of a dead world. You would look about for some to command; you would have more enemies left than citizens: but now you have but few enemies, in comparison with the multitudes of Christians."

This is the statement of a man, of

whose writings it has been said, "Every word was a sentence, and every sentence a triumph over error." We may learn from these statements the extent to which the gospel was received about two hundred years after Christ. A parallel cannot be found.

There are other evidences of the numerical strength of the primitive church, which we denominate *monumental*, worthy of consideration. The puerile efforts, and half truthful statements of many, have produced a conviction in the public mind, that the primitive age, was a "dim shadowy cloud-land, in which nothing is to be seen, but a few figures of bishops and martyrs, moving uncertainly amid the general darkness." But this is a false representation of the times. The monumental records of those times, show how vast was their number, and how sacrificing was their spirit.

The Catacombs of Rome, which contain the honored dust of a vast army of martyrs, who suffered for the cause of Christ, throw some light upon this subject.

"It is well," says Mr. Rawlinson "that attention should be called, as it has been called recently by several publications of greater or less research, —to the *monumental remains* of early Christian times, which are still extant, and which take us back in the most lively way to the first ages of the church, exhibiting before our eyes those primitive communities, which apostles founded, over which apostolic men presided, and in which confessors and martyrs were almost as numerous as ordinary Christians. As when we tread the streets of Pompeii, we have the life of the old Pagan world brought before us with a vividness which makes all other representations appear dull and

tame, so when we descend into the Catacombs of Rome we seem to see the struggling, persecuted community, which there 'in dens and caves of the earth,' wrought itself a hidden home, whence it went forth at last 'conquering and to conquer,' triumphantly establishing itself on the ruins of the old religion, and bending its heathen persecutors to the yoke of Christ."

"Time was," continues our author, "when the guiding spirits of our Church, not only neglected the study of these precious remains of an antiquity which ought to be dearer to us than that of Greece or Pagan Rome, of Egypt, Assyria, or Babylon, but even ventured to speak of them with contempt, as the recent creations of Pagan forgers, who had placed among the *arenarie* or sandpits of heathen times, the pretended miracles of saints who were never born, and martyrs who never suffered. But with increased learning, and improved candor, modern Anglicanism has renounced this shallow and untenable theory; and it is at length admitted universally, alike by the Protestant and Romanist, that the Catacombs themselves, their present contents, and the series of inscriptions which have been taken from them and placed in the Papal galleries, are genuine remains of primitive Christian antiquity. * * * It is impossible to doubt that the Catacombs belong to the earliest times of Christianity. It was only during the ages of persecution that the Christians were content to hide away the memorials of their dead in gloomy galleries deep below the earth's surface, where few eyes could ever rest upon them." The bulk of the tombs in these Catacombs "must be regarded as belonging to the first three centuries."

Our object is not so much to describe these homes of the dead, as to ascertain, if possible, the numbers who slept their last sleep in these chambers of darkness.

It is stated, on good authority, that these Catacombs extended over not less than nine hundred miles of streets, and contained not less than seven million graves.

It is not to be supposed that all who suffered martyrdom at Rome found a grave here. The ashes of many mingled with the dust of Nero's garden, and were never honored with burial at the hands of friends. No record of them remains, save that in the book of life. Tacitus says, "When the day was not sufficient for their tortures, the flames in which they perished served to illuminate the night."

It should also be borne in mind that the Roman Empire embraced a vast territory. It was at least 2000 miles in breadth, by 3000 in length. Thousands became Christians and died, who never saw Rome, and who never found a grave in her Catacombs.

When we remember that during a period of about two hundred and fifty years, "so mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed," that not less than seven million Christians slept in one grave yard, we are profoundly impressed with the mighty influence of the gospel of Jesus. These were not merely nominal Christians, embracing the doctrines, but destitute of the life of Christ, but they were Christians from *conviction* and *choice*. When to be a Christian is to be a martyr; when to embrace the cross is to embrace the stake,—few are found to do it as a mere matter of form. It was so with the primitive Church.

God seems to have chosen the capitol of

that vast empire, which overshadowed the earth, as the scene in which the conflict between Paganism and Christianity should be fought out. Ten of the most violent persecutions the world ever witnessed, swept in vain over the heads of the defenceless followers of Christ. And if the testimony of the enemies of Jesus can be credited, untold numbers perished in the tortures which polluted the circus of Nero; in the bloody games of the Flavian Amphitheatre, besides those who were doomed to perpetual slavery. Neither age, sex nor party were spared. The blood of the noblest and wealthiest of the Roman citizens was poured out. This contest between the powers of the old world, and the day-spring of the new, was so unequal in its beginning, and yet so amazing in its results, that it forms the most marvelous epoch in the history of our race. Its uninterrupted advance, won over the numerical majority of the educated classes, overpowered the fiercer hostility of the heathen populace, and eventually took possession of the throne itself. "Within forty years of the fiercest persecution of Diocletian," says one writer, "a Christian Emperor reigned over the the Empire; and hard by the baptistry of the Lateran, which bore the name of Constantine, the Catacombs of Rome concealed the honored remains of the vast army of martyrs,—the soldiers of the cross who had fallen in the struggle."

To be continued.

Labor to purify thy thoughts; if thy thoughts are not vicious neither will thy actions be.

When we *think* of good, angels are silent; when we *do* it they rejoice.

THE DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

A SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

CONCLUDED.

Having thus far considered what is *not* included in the term "perfection," when applied to Christian holiness we will turn our attention to the affirmative view, and endeavor to ascertain what *is* included in it. In other words, what is the state of that Christian who "is made perfect in love," [1 John iv. 17,] who is "pure in heart," [Matt. v. 8,] who is "cleansed from all unrighteousness," [1 John i. 9,] who is "perfect in Christ Jesus," [Col. i. 28,] who is "without spot," [Eph. v. 27—1 Tim. vi. 14—2 Pet. iii. 14,] who is "sanctified wholly," [1 Thess. v. 23,] who is "cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," [2 Cor. vii. 1,] and who has thus "perfected holiness in the fear of God." [Ibid.]

To ask the question in this way is in some good degree to answer it: and perhaps the most I shall need to do further, will be to hold the one idea which the scripture clauses involved in the question, unite in presenting, steadily before your minds. Is not this that one idea? *He is a perfect man in Christ Jesus in whose heart grace has wrought the extirpation of all that is opposed to grace.* Just that is evidently meant, because it is clearly expressed in the words "pure in heart,"—"cleansed from all unrighteousness"—"without spot," &c.

This state, which the Christian reaches when the strong man that was bound at regeneration, is fully cast out, is

called by divine authority perfection in holiness, [2 Cor. vii. 1.] and though we cannot always see the reasons for God's choices, yet here we can see several good reasons for the employment of a word for which God has shown so great a preference.

I. It is a standing rebuke to that gradualism which would assume that there is no distinct point at which a Christian should aim after entering upon the way to heaven.

II. It presents the Bible as recognizing a point which has constituted a distinctive feature in the recorded experience of the best Christians of every age, and nation, and name.

III. The term means *complete*, and implies that the work of salvation proper, *which is of the nature of deliverance*, is complete when the soul is cleansed from sin by the power of the Holy Ghost. But my brethren, do not suffer either mistaken men, or evil spirits to deceive you. When the Holy Spirit has driven out all the King's enemies from your heart, he has not yet done his best. He has but just cleared your heart of obstacles to his own most gracious workings. Now you are prepared to grow as you never did before; and retaining your purity through the continued exercise of faith in Christ, you shall find the Holy Spirit leading you into all truth, and continually endowing your happy spirit with new measures of light, and power, and love evermore. Nearly all the blessings named in the remarkable prayer at the close of Eph. 3d lie obviously beyond christian perfection.

IV. Again, that is perfect which has what *belongs* to it and has *nothing else*: thus a perfect lamb; one suitable for sacrifice, is one, according to the

old requisition, which is not lacking in any of its parts or members, and has no excrescence; nothing in excess. It might be fatter or leaner, younger or older, larger or smaller, but still the test of perfection was, that it have what belonged to it, and nothing else. So with Christian character. Among those who are perfect in love, there is a vast difference in the measure of grace which one enjoys above another: but still the test of perfection is the same in all cases; namely are they standing complete in all the will of God? Is grace in their hearts and *nothing else*; nothing opposed to grace? Is the interior man delivered from all antagonisms? Is there pure love, and nothing contrary to pure love in the heart? Does each grace of the Spirit exist with greater or less strength in the soul, but however, without alloy of sin? These are the tests of perfection in believers according to the many passages I have referred you to and the still greater number that might be cited. Therefore let no man deceive you my dear brethren, by concealing from the view of your soul the blessing of a complete deliverance from the *pollution* of sin, as a distinct blessing, to be sought and found by faith, just as you sought and found deliverance from the *guilt* of sin.

Some say that this perfect love is received at the time of conversion, so that every Christian is a perfect Christian; and the plea for that view is, "God does all his work perfectly; and therefore if he makes a Christian of a man at all, he makes a perfect one of him." There is certainly a good deal of plausibility in that mode of reasoning, but it is fallacious, and very hurtfully so. Its statement that God does all his work perfectly is true in itself, but is liable to mislead when made in such a con-

nection. Look around you on God's works. Go to the forest and count if you can the imperfect, dying trees. Come back to the orchard and in many years—perhaps five in every ten, you will only find a perfect apple here and there. Then go to the wheat fields and in some years you will not find, over vast districts of country, one ear in ten that is perfect. Then stop and look at yourself and your fellows and ask how many are there all about who came into the world with hereditary disease and drag imperfect bodies through life. No doubt God does perfectly and entirely what, under the circumstances, he sees best to do: but the statement that God does all his works perfectly, when made to convey the idea that all that God makes is perfect, conveys error rather than truth.

But the reasoning is as fallacious as the proposition is misleading, for it assumes that if a thing is perfect it is something more and greater than itself; to wit that if regeneration, that is, the impartation of spiritual life to the human soul, is perfect, it becomes another thing, the entire sanctification of that soul or the eradication of its unholy desires and carnal affections; that a birth may be so perfect as to amount to a process of refining and purification; that an impartation, an addition may be so perfect as to amount to a subtraction.

Entire sanctification is a distinct work, and occurs, so far as we know, from scripture and the current experiences of Christians, at a period subsequent to conversion. If any one should say, "granting that it is a separate work, why may it not be wrought simultaneously with pardon and regeneration?" I answer I do not know why, but salvation is by faith, all along, and

I suppose unconverted persons have not light enough to see their need of the blessing, nor to believe for it. I have known a few cases where persons who had walked a while in the light of justifying grace, and backslidden from it, have been convicted at once of their need of restoring and purifying grace, and have apparently received both simultaneously. I do not doubt that such also was David's case. Examine particularly the Fifty-first Psalm. That every Christian is a perfect Christian, or in other words, that the heart is entirely cleansed at conversion, is contrary to both the whole teaching of scripture, and the whole experience of the church, including, strange as it may seem, the experience of the men who advocate the theory.

If the theory be true, then

1. Every man who professes religion at all, professes perfect love, and
2. No man has a right to profess religion who does not enjoy perfect love.
3. The Methodist Church, in taking men into the ministry who are "groaning after perfect love," takes unconverted men into the ministry.
4. Whenever a man feels within himself the stirrings of pride or impatience he is to infer that he is not a Christian at all.
5. Whenever a man feels convicted of his want of purity of heart, and begins to hunger and thirst after righteousness, he should at once conclude either that he has never been converted, or that he is now backslidden.
6. When a brother with distress and tears, comes to his pastor, or to his deacon, or his leader, and tells him he is in an agony for complete deliverance from the influence of the carnal mind, then it is the duty of his spiritual ad-

viser, instead of encouraging the inquirer to confidently expect the blessing he seeks, as one of the most precious items of his birth-right, to inform him that the distress of his spirit is proof that he is not a Christian at all, and that therefore his first business is to humble himself before God and seek converting grace! From such cruelty good Lord deliver us. And yet, to such cruelty does the theory logically lead, that all who are really converted are then and there made perfect in love.

Persons sometimes ask, "May a man have the witness of the Spirit that he is entirely sanctified?" It seems to me Paul answers that question when he says, "Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might *know the things that are freely given to us of God.*" [1 Cor. ii. 12.] So it seems therefore that *whatever grace does for us*, the Spirit of God may be expected to *bear witness to*.

Again it is asked, "May not a person grow into the enjoyment of perfect love?" There is no doubt that every step of progress which a Christian makes after conversion, is a step *toward the point* where he may be made perfect in love: but it does not appear to be true that a Christian ever attains purity of heart as the result of mere growth. I have never known one, I have never heard of one: and in the nature of the case, it seems to me that though growth produces development and increase, purity must come of an act of cleansing grace. A person who resolves not to receive the blessing of a clean heart as an instantaneous blessing, but to reach it by growing into it, must certainly fail, for reasons most obvious: for if he is resolved not to secure it instantane-

ously, he is resolved *not to secure it now* and if he does not secure it in the present moment, since he cannot secure it in the future nor in the past, he cannot receive it at all. The inculcation of the theory therefore, of growing into holiness, must necessarily work great mischief in the church, since its inevitable tendency is to lead men to a line of action which necessarily results in failure.

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

THREE RULES FOR A HOLY LIFE.

Whosoever desires to persevere and increase in the fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, to live and die in hope that maketh not ashamed, must be *diligent in secret prayer*; must constantly *read the Holy Scriptures*, begging the Most High to explain them and give faith in them; and must *walk with those who walk conscientiously before God*—who are always aspiring to what they have not attained—in whose manner, spirit, and discourse, there is what reaches the heart, and what tends to humble, quicken, and comfort the soul. In all my reading and acquaintance for forty years with religious people, I never saw an instance of one decaying and coming to nothing, who observed these rules—never saw one who presumed, on any consideration, to give over attention to them, who did not fall away.

H. VENN.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

BY REV. JOHN H. MANSFIELD.

I know of no precept of the Bible that is more heartily admitted theoretically by the church, or more generally practically denied, than the injunction of the apostle, 2 Peter iii. 18, "Grow in grace."

The word grace here undoubtedly means piety, that moral excellence, which manifests itself in every christian virtue.

While meditating upon this subject four thoughts have been suggested which we wish to unfold.

I. The whole christian life must be characterized by progress. Many unfortunately seem to think that the work is mostly done when regenerated, and that they have only to live a little while and enjoy religion, and then be translated to share its rewards, while in fact the young convert has but just enlisted, the battle is all before him and he "must work out his salvation while God worketh in him." The apostle employs the natural process of increase in nature as a proper representative of christian progress, "*Grow in grace.*"

Every plant and tree germinates and continues to increase until it dies.

So it is with every faithful Christian. Grace germinates in his heart when he is regenerated, and he continually adds to it until death.

It may be well to remark here however that all progress is not necessarily the result of growth. The work of entire sanctification rapidly advances the Christian but we believe it to be a divine interposition to accomplish what can not be performed by growth.

Faithful Christians do not always advance the same amount in a given time, but like a falling body, they constantly increase their rate of progress until they attain that high state of grace where they grow very rapidly. In the plant or tree the sap is the vital principle. As the tree is constantly enlarging, this life current must increase to meet its demands or decay immediately commences.

In this Christian grace is the life giving power.

As the soul is constantly experimenting, its wants will be constantly increasing, hence every individual who is not growing in grace must necessarily be declining, and spiritual death will soon ensue.

II. This growth should always be perceptible.

There is a large class in the church who consider growth to be a very accommodating term, implying no apparent advancement. Hence their consciences are undisturbed though they can not discover the least improvement for the last ten years.

Suppose we should measure the height, diameter and circumference of a tree, and year after year find these dimensions the same, should we be willing to believe it was growing and increasing the size of its trunk and the length of its branches?

If the Christian as he looks back over months and years can not perceive that his faith has strengthened, his love increased, and that he more fully bears the likeness of Christ, let him beware, for instead of growing he is dying spiritually, and that which he has termed peace in his soul is only the inactivity and stupor that precede moral death.

No consistent business man would be

willing to do business year after year and indulge in the thought that he was being duly rewarded for his labor, and growing rich, if every time he posted and balanced his books he found there was just the same balance in his favor and no perceptible advance.

No diligent student would be satisfied that he was progressing in knowledge if at the close of each year he could not recall one new idea he had gained or thought he had treasured up.

So no faithful Christian is satisfied that he is growing rich in all the christian graces unless he can see from month to month that he is improving and becoming more Christ like.

The half-hearted selfish professor of religion may say it is hard to decide whether we are improving or not, but he has put the difficulty in the wrong place. It will cost us great effort, heart searchings, constant watchings and agonizing prayer to live where we may "grow in grace," but if we are growing it is not hard to discover it. Since the way to heaven is delightful why should we be so sluggish in our journey home. If we were going to the Holy Land to weep where Jesus wept and bow where fell the shadow of his cross, we should not move in a snail's pace but with rapid tread. But how much more glorious is that heavenly Canaan of which the former is but a type—that land where Jesus wears the crown of glory—than where he wore the crown of thorns.

With what accelerated step should we pass on as we by faith catch the frequent zephyrs, and hear the music of our heavenly home.

III. Growth implies activity. The first indication of growth we see in the buried seed is, it bursts its shell, sends

its root downward, pushes its slender trunk upward through the earth, runs round stones and all obstacles it can not remove, and comes up to enjoy the air and light. It forms a bark to protect its life current from the sun, and sends out its leaves to screen the earth from which it draws its moisture. It throws out its roots in every direction to render it firm in its position, and if it stands where it is swept by the stormy blast, by additional roots it protects itself against all danger. It is not only active to protect but to provide for itself. Its leaves do not droop at night-fall but spread out to catch and drink the dew. They also open their pores like so many lungs to breathe in the air, and from it extract those substances that tend to promote its growth. The large roots, which are provided to support the tree in its position, send out a thousand little fibres to gather sustenance. Where the soil is the richest, these will be provided in the greatest number, and with a kind of instinct they will go some distance after substances especially adapted to the growth of the tree. The root of the grape vine will run a yard, crawl through a wall, a knot hole or crevice in a board to get to a bone to feed upon. Plant a willow near a water-course and its roots will always run to the stream, and with their ten thousand fibres form a dam across it and there slake their thirst from the crystal rill.

The power of the tree is not only sufficient to sustain itself and increase its size, but it gathers more richness from the soil than enough to meet its own demands and deposits it in rich clusters of fruit for the benefit of man.

How beautifully the process of growth in nature illustrates the legiti-

mate course of the Christian. He first, by his voluntary efforts, places himself where by the blessing of God the soul germinates into a spiritual life. He then, by careful study of the word of God, defends himself against error. By earnest prayer, he gains the assistance of the Holy Ghost to keep him from every stormy blast of temptation. By constant obedience to "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" he lives a glorious spiritual life, hid with Christ in God. By an appropriating faith he makes use of the promises in all their richness, grows up into Christ and becomes strong, happy and holy. But as the demands of his nature are not so great as the source of his supplies, if he abides in Christ as the branch abideth in the vine, he will bear much fruit. He will be constantly active and his activities will bless the world with their rich clusters of fruit. As effort provides food for the body so it does for the soul and the means of grace are so many channels through which the Christian receives strength and sustenance.

IV. The Bible does not leave it optional with us whether we shall grow or not, but the language of the apostle which we have quoted is a command and just as binding as any injunction of God's word. Christians sometimes think there are certain privileges they *may* enjoy if they choose to use the means to obtain them, but whatever is our privilege is our duty also. Men can accept or reject the offer of salvation, but they have no right to do the latter. So professors of religion can strive to enter in at the strait gate, or they can neglect to use the means to "grow in grace," but they have no right to neglect one privilege purchased

for them by the Son of God. It is the will of God that we should grow in grace, even our sanctification, and it is the duty of the Christian to govern his life by that will. Hence every true and faithful Christian will be striving to please God by availing himself of every privilege he has purchased for him.

God designs that we shall be useful here, but our usefulness depends upon our growth.

That little tree planted twenty years ago soon blossomed and bore a little fruit, but only a little for it was small, but it has grown so large that this year it bore several barrels, and its fruit year after year has been in proportion to its size. So it is with the Christian, he bears fruit in proportion to his spiritual stature. Hence it is just as much his duty to grow in grace as it is to be useful. We should say no man had a right to shut his eyes to the light, until he became blind, or carry his arms in a sling until they were stiff and useless and then say to his friends I can not see to labor, or I can not use my hands to gain a subsistence and you must support me. But what right have a large number of professors of religion to shut their eyes to the light and neglect proper spiritual exercise, until the soul becomes palsied and blind and then entail themselves upon the church as spiritual paupers, to burden the cause of Christ and hinder the faithful from laboring for others.

If the whole church were striving to grow in grace and would not be satisfied without perceptible progress what a revolution would soon be wrought in the spiritual world?

Christian friend; are you growing in grace? Are you showing your gratitude to a dying Savior by trying to

please him and be a successful co-worker with him? If you are, happy are you. If you are not, "*Strive* to enter in at the strait gate, for many I say unto you shall *seek* to enter in and shall not be able."

MY OWN OLD CROSS AGAIN.

It was a time of sadness—and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the turmoil and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial-tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might,
In whom "we walk by faith and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, "My cross I cannot bear.

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others, which I daily see:
O, if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose."

A solemn silence reign'd on all around,
E'en Nature's voices utter'd not a sound;
The evening shadows seem'd of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
Beam'd full upon my wondering, raptur'd
sight;

Angels on silvery wings seem'd every where,
And angels' music thrill'd the balmy air.

Then One more fair than all the rest to see—
One to whom all the others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,
And "follow me," he said, "I am the way."

And speaking thus, He led me far above;
And there beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shapes and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,
A little one with jewels set in gold;
"Ah, this!" methought, "I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear."

And so the little one I quickly took.
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels—fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if any here should soothe my pain;
But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers its sculptured form around entwined,

And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering I gazed, and still I wondered more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But O! that form, so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers, and colors fair:
Sorrowing I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown."

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart:
"Be not afraid," he said, "but trust in me;
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee.

And then, with lighten'd eyes and willing feet
Again I turn'd my earthly cross to meet;
With forward footsteps turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found, of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

And this my chosen one while I confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again.

No longer could I unbelieving say,
"Perhaps another is a better way:"
Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose
for me.

HE who makes an idol of his interests,
makes a martyr of his integrity.

BE NOT DECEIVED.

BY PHEBE P. DALEY.

"Take heed to yourselves, that ye be not deceived, and ye turn aside, and serve other Gods and worship them." *Deut. xi. 16.*

Dear christian reader—Did ever you have a *friend* whom you tenderly loved—one around whom your heart's best hopes and affections were entwined?—and did you see disease lay his palsying hand upon such an one, slowly paling the once glowing cheek and dimming the lustre of the once sparkling eye? Did ever you watch over such an one, and see how, day by day, life and strength depart together? If so, with what deep concern do you give into the hand of the physician your precious one, with many tears praying him to *save*. This is one of the bitter drops often mingled in life's cup; and when pressed to our lips, no wonder the weak, human heart shrinks from so bitter a portion. "No chastisement for the *present* seems *pleasant*, but *grievous*."

But what is *this* sorrow of the heart, when we see the life of our dear ones slowly departing, compared to that which we experience, when those bound to us by the chords of christian love and fellowship, who lately bid so fair for the heavenly world, upon whom the graces of the christian character rested with unusual beauty and splendor, making them ornaments to the christian church; and lights in the world, begin slowly and almost imperceptibly, to yield to the advances of *spiritual* disease, which shall surely quench the *life of God* from the *soul*.

With what sorrow have I watched over such an one, and seen them slowly

but surely forsaking the "good way," the path which leads to *heaven* with all its blessedness, and become apparently forgetful that they were ever mindful of that "better country." O, how specious are the wiles which Satan throws around such a heart, to entice it within his hidden snares! Through his subtlety, how the "love of the world and the things of the world," will creep like a foul mold over the soul, deadening all its holy impulses and heavenly aspirations. How soon is the voice of the Spirit drowned by the roar and dash of the conquering waves of our carnal nature, as they surge through the chambers of the soul! And when we sorrow for *such* a dying of our loved ones, it is a sorrow such as the world knows not of. Who but those who have experienced it can tell with what feelings we carry them upon our hearts to the great Physician of souls, crying "Save Lord, or they perish." Then have we fellowship with his sorrow, when seeing many of his followers forsaking him, because of the truths he preached, he said to those remaining, "will ye also go away?"

Dear reader, will you pause here, and answer that solemn inquiry, from the lips of your Savior? "Will ye also go away?" O! there are many ways that lead from heaven, yet *one, only one*, and that *straight* and *narrow*, which leads to that blessed abode! Are you sure you are not being led away from Christ? By all your hopes of heaven, let me entreat you to examine yourself, and see if you are quite right. Take your Bible as your chart; it will give you true and faithful way-marks whereby to direct your course. Like the mariner's compass, it never varies. There you will find clearly and truthfully delineated the "Highway of

Holiness—cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in.” The light of truth illumines the whole way—so that he who walks *there* need not stumble; no pitfalls await his unconscious feet; Oh no! he that walks *there*, walks securely. The way, however, is *narrow*, as well as *straight*; and many are hindered from entering upon it because it will not admit of one’s being burdened with the mammon of unrighteousness, the pleasures and vanities so pleasing to the carnal mind. But when by the aid of the Holy Spirit we are enabled to set a right value upon things *temporal* and things *eternal*, how easy is it to set all these aside; “to lay aside every weight.” If our hearts are truly with God, how easy to “count all things as dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.” The yoke of Christ “is *easy*, and his burden is *light*” when we “walk in love;” but when our hearts cleave to the things of this world, how heavy are the burdens we bind upon our own shoulders. Would that every heart that Christ hath made *free* might heed the warning “be not entangled *again* with the yoke of bondage.” Every heart that has had experience knows how necessary it is to watch over the beginnings of sin, the small *omissions* and *commissions*. The little “*foxes* spoil the tender grapes.”

We read there is joy in heaven when one sinner repenteth, and I have often thought, if sorrow *could* enter those blissful regions of the blest, what wails of grief, what requiems of distress, would resound through those abodes of peace as its blest inhabitants witness the sad spectacle of an immortal soul, bartering its birthright—its title-deed to everlasting blessedness—for the “beggarly elements of this world.”

How pained is the christian heart, to reflect upon the many on every hand, “who have a name to live, but are dead;” not unto *sin* and alive unto *righteousness* as commanded, but dead in sloth and worldliness; though still having the form of Godliness, they lack its saving power. Do not we need, fearfully need, a *Moses*, to cry through all our churches, “Take heed to yourselves—that your *heart be not deceived*, and ye turn aside and serve *other Gods* and worship them.”

Milan, Ohio.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” Ps. xxx. 5.

Hush, my soul, it is the Lord;
Dost thou not believe His word,
Hast not heard His gentle voice,
Made His precious love thy choice?

Know’st thou not in hours of pain,
Earthly loss is yet thy gain?
Faint not, grieve not by the way,
Darkness but portends the day.

Day of blessed, heavenly light,
Breaking on thy ravished sight;
Tribulation’s glorious crown,
Fruit of grace, by Jesus sown.

Oh! the glory of His grace;
Haste, my soul, thy cross embrace;
Precious Saviour! still for thee,
Crosses shall be dear to me.

Strengthened by thy mighty power,
Still I’ll joy in sorrow’s hour,
Glad to bear the blessed load,
Since it lifts so near to God.

Resting on His perfect love,
Press my soul, to joys above;
Angel hosts to greet thee wait,
Grasp, triumphant, Heaven’s gate.

Entering, lay thy burdens down,
Part with crosses for a crown;
Oh! the love that Jesus hath,
Thus to win thee, soul, from death.

A LETTER.

BY JOHN BRADFORD, THE MARTYR.

The peace of conscience in Christ, and through faith, in his blood, which surpasseth, and is far better than any worldly riches or joy, and is to be redeemed with the loss of the dearest treasures we have, rather than we should lose it; this peace I wish unto you, good Master Shalcrosse, and unto your yoke-fellow, my good sister in the Lord, now and for ever. Amen.

Although I could not hitherto write unto you, yet as I trust you pray for me so I have not been forgetful of you in my poor prayers to Almighty God, my dear Father through Christ, to whom I give humble praises, that he has given you grace as yet, (for so I hear) to keep yourself undefiled in his service, which far differs from the Romish rags, revived of late, and justly so for our sins and unthankful use of his true religion and holy ceremonies when once again in place and use amongst us. In token whereof (I mean that I have not been forgetful of you) I thought good now, when I may write, to signify the same, as well as to renew our mutual love in God, and care for one another by hearty prayer, as to excite and provoke you both to thankfulness for God's graces hitherto, especially in the point before spoken of and to be diligent and wary that you continue in the same unto the end; for you know that perseverance in godliness and purity is required of us, and that none shall be crowned, but such as fight lawfully. 2 Tim. ii.

Go on therefore, and fight a good fight stoutly and manfully! that is, as you know God is not to be worshipped

and served but according to his written word, and not after unwritten verities, or the device, fantasy, and pleasure of men or women, behave yourself inwardly in God's sight, and outwardly before your brethren. Seem not to approve by your outward man, that which the inward man detests. It is not enough to believe with the heart, except the mouth and fact confess the same: nor is it enough with the mouth to acknowledge a verity, and by our fact and deed destroy the same. Paul speaks sometimes of deniers of God, not only with their lips and tongue, but also with their deed and life. Let not the world or the greater part of men be an example to you to follow, or do as they do, in the service of God. Christ saith, "Follow me," speaking of himself, who is the pattern and sampler we should set before us, and not the world or the more part, which follow the wide and broad way, whose end leads to perdition and everlasting woe: but rather let the example of such as walk in the narrow and strait way, which bringeth to endless life, encourage you to walk with them, although the number of them is but few, and the persons of them are utterly contemned with the world and in the world. The world cannot love, nor know the children of God, because it cannot receive the Spirit of God; and therefore as the ape thinks of her young ones, so the world thinks her own birds the fairest, contemning with deadly hate all others that will not follow her judgment. But what saith Christ? "Be of good cheer; although the world will persecute you, yet I have overcome the world." O comfortable sentence! "I have overcome the world." This undoubtedly he means for you and me, and all others his children—that he

hath overcome the world for us; but by what means; Surely by suffering contempt, wrong, false reports, and even very shameful and most bitter death. If he went this way, and won the victory this way, as I trust we know he did, let us as his servants whose state ought not to be above our Master's, not be dismayed by contempt or wrong, or loss of goods, or of life itself; but rather joyfully suffer the same as men, knowing that we have better portions in heaven, and that this is the sure way to most victorious victory. For by many tribulations must we enter into the kingdom of heaven, if we will come thither, except for tribulation's sake we desire with ease and worldly quietness to go to hell. You know that Paul saith, all that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution; wherefore since you are in Christ Jesus I dare say you will continue, though persecution come to you; being assured that it cannot come except God have so decreed: and if he have so decreed, then you cannot but receive it, or else a cross which will be much worse. Therefore take willingly whatever cross the Lord shall offer, and then the Lord will make you able to bear it, and never try you further than he will make you strong enough to bear. Yea, he will number and keep all the hairs of your head, so that one of them shall not perish. But if you refuse God's cross, especially to suffer the loss of anything for his sake, who gives you all the good that ever you have, and keeps it—if, I say, you refuse, be certain the plagues of God will be poured down, first on your soul and conscience, by hardening your heart, and blinding your mind, either by bringing you into despair, or into a contempt and carnal security; from

whence will ensue loss of the dearest things you have, if God love you, or else he will preserve the same to your eternal destruction. I write not this as distrusting your constancy in God's cause, God forbid, for methinks I am assured of your godly zeal; but I do it as I said, that you may be the more heedful, wary, diligent, and earnestly given to call upon the name of God for his help and grace of perseverance, who is more ready to give than we to ask.

I know this kind of writing is madness to the world, foolishness to reason, and sour to the flesh; but to you which are a man of God, and by profession in baptism have forsaken the world, and consider things according to the reach of faith, and have tasted of the good Spirit of God, and of the life to come; by such a one, I say, as I trust you are, this kind of writing is otherwise esteemed. For here you are but a pilgrim, your home is in heaven, your treasures are hoarded where thieves cannot come to steal them; there is your heart, and therefore you can and will say as the philosopher said, when he was robbed of all he had, "I carry all with me." If he being a heathen considered his riches to be the world's, rather than his, how much more should we so do?

Therefore, my dear brother, prepare yourself accordingly, as you have done and do, I hope. Read the second of Ecclesiasticus, see how he counsels them that will serve God, to prepare themselves for temptation. Often set before your eyes the judgment of Christ, his coming in the clouds; and the resurrection, which is now our comfort, especially in afflictions. I write to you none other than I am persuaded, (I thank God,) and I purpose to go before you. I know there is an eternal life; I hope

to be partaker of it through Christ; I know this is the way thither, I mean by suffering. I know that if we suffer with him, we shall reign with him; I know that by the cross, he maketh us like to Christ here, that we might be like him elsewhere; therefore I write to you not words only. And hereupon I am the more earnest, to admonish and to pray you to cleave still to the Lord, and his true religion which you have received, and I for my part am sure that I have preached unto you. For the confirmation whereof, as I am in bonds, so I trust in the goodness of God and his power, to give my life in and for the same, that you and others may be certain, and follow as God shall call you and vouch you worthy. Remember, die you must; but when, you know not, and where and how, it is uncertain to you. Again, you must leave behind you all that you have, for nothing shall go with you but a good or an evil conscience. Moreover, it is hid from you to whom you shall leave your goods, for you may purpose, but God will dispose; therefore if God will have you to die, or to lose your goods for his cause, how much are you bound to bless God? You may be sure that then you cannot perish, for of all ways to heaven, it is the most sure way. God will preserve your goods, so that your children shall find them, although the wicked spoil every piece of them; for the righteous man's seed I have not seen, saith David, beg their bread, but God will bless them unto a thousand generations; which I pray God to remember towards your children for his name's sake. Amen.

SMALL duties sometimes require great grace, or rather, a present readiness of will.

G.

GOING HOME.

BY E. M. STEVENS.

How often, O! how often, do we speak these words "Going Home."

How often when the soul has been ready to leave its clay tenement has the face lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and the finger has pointed upward while the words "going home" faintly trembled upon the lips, and then the weary one has gone up to rest with Jesus.

Going Home! the wanderer fatigued with his journey turns away from the rest proffered him by the wayside and hurries on towards his home. Loved ones await him there; he is sure he shall receive a hearty welcome from those gathered within the sacred walls of home. He may have endured hardships and passed through severe trials, but they are all over now, he will care for them no more when he has safely reached his home.

And thus it is with the Christian when tossed upon life's tempestuous billow and the angry tide rages fiercely around him; when fears perplex, and foes from within and without assail, how refreshing is the thought that when a few more crosses have been borne, a few more trials passed through, he shall leave this world of care and go to his home in heaven.

Are we all living so that when our end shall come we can say I am "going home?" We may have earthly homes furnished with everything for our comfort and happiness, but this will avail us nothing if in our last hour we cannot say Jesus has prepared a home for me and I am going to receive it. Blessed is the man who has an earthly home, but more blessed is he who has a home in heaven.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY E. J. R.

Behold us Father we are crushed and smitten,
 Low in the dust our nation's glory lies,
 Shrouded in sin and death, our doom is written
 In words of flame upon the reddening skies.
Doomed for our sins—Oh God is there no pardon,
 Is no forgiveness with Thee? wilt thou draw
 The sword of justice, for thy broken law?
 We all have sinned before thee; dire oppression
 Hath crushed thy helpless ones, and we were
 dumb
 Or wept in silence o'er the great transgression,
 And now O God—thy day of wrath hath
 come,
 For His dear sake who suffered in the garden,
 Wilt thou avert our well deserved doom?
 Doth *He* not plead for us, wilt thou not pardon?
 Lo in our helplessness to thee we come.
 In thy blessed word we read that "when thy
 children
 Shall turn from wandering, and call on thee
 With all their hearts—from out thy holy
 dwelling
 Thine ear shall listen, and thine eye shall
 see."
 Dost thou not look upon our heartfelt sorrow,
 Our deep repentance and our bitter pain?
 And wilt thou grant that o'er our dark to-mor-
 row
 Thy light may shine to guide our steps again.

PAUL AGAINST PAUL.

BY MRS. M. M. BOARDMAN.

"Do you say Mr. R. that the Apostle Paul did not live in bondage? and that his life was not a struggle in which he was overcome continually? See his his own words, 'I am carnal, sold under sin, that which I do I allow not, but what I hate, that do I.' He says further 'I find then a law that when I would do good evil is present with me.' What do you make of that?"

"I admit Mr. H. that Paul did use those very words, but did he not also say, 'Likewise reckon yourselves dead

unto sin, but alive unto God through Christ Jesus our Lord?' and did Paul not say, 'For sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace.' I might go on Mr. H. with innumerable quotations to show that Paul felt himself a free man in Christ Jesus, but a few texts are as good as a great many."

"Well then Mr. R. Paul must have felt differently at different times, just like the rest of us; now you can dwell on Paul's state as suits your experience, and I can dwell on that truth which sympathizes with mine. At times he was hopeful and felt stimulated to ardent love, at other times he felt oppressed, and was greatly depressed in view of his low estate, just like the rest of us."

"Then Mr. H. you think Paul was a vacillating and inconsistent Christian, at one time thinking one way, and another time thinking another? Would it not be better to reconcile Paul with himself, and endeavor to understand what he did mean?"

"If such a thing could be done, of course it would be better, Mr. R. How do you reconcile what he says in one place with what he says in another?"

"Paul in the seventh chapter of Romans is describing the struggle of a soul not yet free from the bondage of sin, and he uses the pronoun I, because he can thus make it clear. In the eighth chapter is the victory described as coming after the struggle. In the seventh chapter the flesh is described as struggling against the spirit, and all efforts made do but bring greater bondage, until in his utter helplessness he cries out, after seeing how vain are all his struggles 'Who shall deliver me?' victory comes through the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Do you pretend to say then Mr. H.

that Paul was really delivered from all struggles, that he had no conflicts and was never in bondage?"

"No, I do not say that Paul had no conflicts, and no struggles, but I do say he was not overcome by them, for he says, 'I thank God through our Lord Jesus Christ, who always giveth us the victory;' not once in a while; but 'who always causeth us to triumph through faith in his name.'"

"Well don't all Christians believe in overcoming sin, don't they struggle continually? Mr. H."

"There is the difficulty, the Christian world live in bondage, but Paul did not live in bondage, his course was ever upward, ever victorious over all his foes, both within and without, so that he exclaims; that nothing could separate the Christian from the love of Christ; nor tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or death itself."

"Then you think, Mr. H., that the great difference between the apostle Paul and most Christians, is simply that he knew how to overcome? that he was therefore no bondman, but a free man in Christ Jesus."

"Exactly that; and from the experiences given in the Bible, and the teaching of the Saviour, and his apostles, I judge that, all Christians may be free from bondage to sin, and being made free, may come to know more of the Saviour continually; may see in every advancing step taken, an invitation to come up higher, with that land-mark of love, the Cross, pointing to the Saviour, as able and willing and ready to do all for the Christian that he needs done; yes, more than the Christian can even think. The power of Christ to overcome being known, the joy of salvation is known, and the Christian can say, 'I therein do rejoice,

yea, and I will rejoice, not in anything I am: but in Christ Jesus, in what he is, and what he is able and willing to do for me.' And thus it is that the soul is filled with rapturous joy, in the contemplation of the object of his love and adoration, the one altogether lovely, who can do exceedingly, abundantly, above all we can ask or think."

THE CLOUD OF CHRISTIAN WITNESSES.

"By Faith the first believers sold their possessions and goods, and had all things common.

"By Faith the Apostles rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for the name of Christ.

"By Faith the Son of Thunder, who desired to call down fire on the Samaritan village, became the Apostle of love. By Faith, he sought out the backsliding convert amid his band of robbers, and brought him back to the obedience of the Gospel. By Faith, when too feeble to walk and scarcely able to speak, he still had his friends carry him daily into the midst of the congregation, and said again and again, *Little children, love one another.*

"By Faith the aged Polycarp, when the executioners were about to nail him to the stake, said, *Leave me as I am: for He who ordains that I should endure the fire, will enable me to stand unflinchingly at the pile, without your nails to hold me.*

"By Faith thousands of weak frail mortals, even women, felt their hearts glow with joy, when they heard the rabble in their bloodthirsty frenzy cry, *The Christians to the lions!* the exultation of the victims triumphing over that of the murderers.

"By Faith the persecuted Christians, in a time of terrible pestilence and famine, alone tended and nursed their persecutors, buried them when they died, and, calling the people together, distributed bread amongst them.

"By Faith the Syrian hermit, Telemachus, came from the far East to Rome, and, resolving to stop the gladiatorial contests, rushed into the middle of the amphitheatre, and threw himself between the combatants: whereupon, though he was slain by the fury of the populace, yet the horror excited by the act, and the admiration of his self-devotion, brought about the abolition of those games, which the emperors had been unable to suppress.

"By Faith Ambrose forbade the blood-stained Theodosius to approach the altar, until, as he had followed David in his crime, he had also followed David in his penitence; whereby the emperor was moved to an earnest and lasting repentance.

"By Faith the Waldensians retired among mountain fastnesses, and dwelt in the caves of the Alps, that they might preserve their religion in undefiled purity.

"By Faith Luther burnt the Pope's Bull, and thereby for himself and for millions and millions after him threw off the crushing yoke of Rome.

"By Faith Ridley looked forward with joy to the fire that awaited him, and bade his sister come to his marriage.

"By Faith Oberlin went forth among the *Vesges*; and, laboring in all things at the head of his people, spread the blessings of religion and civilization among the wild inhabitants.

"By Faith Clarkson and Wilberforce overthrew the slave-trade; and, as it is the nature of the grain of mustard seed

to grow until it has become great among the trees of the forest, so through their Faith has slavery been already abolished throughout the British dominions.

And what shall I say more? For time would fail me to tell of Ignatius, and Justin, and Cyprian, and Perpetua, and Basil, and Chrysostom, and Augustin, and Patrick, and Columban, and Bede, and Wickliff, and Huss, and Melancthon, and Zuinglius, and Calvin, and Rogers, and Latimer, and Knox, and Bunyan, and Fox, and Penn, and Baxter, and Wesley, and Xavier, and Eliot, and Howard, and Simeon, and Neff, and Martyn; who by Faith subdued kingdoms for Christ, wrought righteousness, obtained the fulfilment of the promises, stopped the mouths of blasphemers and filled them with hymns of praise, quenched the violence of hatred, melting it into love, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in the fight against Satan, and turned armies of aliens to bow before the name of the living God. Women and children withstood the entreaties of their parents and children, looking with longing for the moment that was to open the gates of immortality. Children rejoiced in the thought of the glorious city to which they were going. Others, thousands upon thousands, devoted their lives to the humblest labors in the service of Him, whom they would gladly have glorified by their deaths. Wherefore seeing that we also are compassed about with so great a Cloud of Witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and our besetting sin, and let us run the race set before us with patience, looking to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith."

TRUTH is divine and everlasting.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY ALBERT CONKLING.

"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him and he cannot sin because he is born of God." So reads the word of my God as recorded in John iii. 9.

Twenty-five years have I been numbered among the professed people of God. The greater part of this time I have lived under condemnation, trying to work out my salvation. The commandment which was ordained to life I found death to me. For "the good I would I do not; but the evil which I would not that I do;" sinning and repenting, praying and weeping, working and doing, going with the church, measuring myself by them, accepted by them, walking in communion and fellowship, in good repute, or as, I may say, much beloved for my consistency and my liberality, until I became satisfied in my own mind that it was will worship, and that it did not spring from love to God and man but from fear of meeting my judge and Saviour in the judgment. I made known my mind to a few brethren in whom I had confidence—my want of conformity to the examples and precepts of my Saviour; declaring that I believed Christ's blood cleanses from all sin, and to be like Christ was the only evidence we had passed from death unto life. I found a few and but a few who sympathized with me. If my memory serves me right, there was not more than six out of a church numbering some four hundred, one of these was a leading, active, praying elder. We clasped the standard of Christ and unfurled it to this church; our motto was inscribed on this banner, "Whosoever is born of God will not sin." We pro-

claimed this sentiment in our prayer meetings and our conversation in and out of the church. The result was, indignation and wrath from the elders, at least some of them; the minister too, long since gone to his rest, was with them in denouncing us as deluded and fanatical, though exceedingly kind and very desirous (honestly I verily believe) of convincing us that we were in an error; but we were firm and uncompromising: the result was, we were suspended. Nevertheless I continued to go with them as if nothing had disturbed our relations or fellowship. I left the city of Albany about this time and removed to my native town, having retired from business to die in my nest, as Job did, with a plenty of this world's goods for every want or even luxury. The church in this village were informed of my change in sentiment or belief; also of my suspension. Notwithstanding this, they offered to take me into their church on confession of faith, urged me so to do, contrary to the rules of our Presbyterian church. In the meantime I met my former pastor in Albany often. He seemed very desirous that I should meet the session and arrange the matter and be again reinstated. I declined so to do for a long time until this dear brother said, brother C—— I would esteem it as a personal favor to have you meet the session in the evening, being in town over night only. Accordingly I did. The first question asked me was if my views or belief were the same? or in other words, If I was sinless. I told them I was in the same mind Paul was—under no condemnation. One of the elders since fallen asleep, said, brother C., I suppose you think the command is to be holy. I answered I do. Nothing more was said. I told them I was in a hurry

and left. I was afterwards informed that I was again reinstated a member of the church, and that they then could give me a letter if I wished it to the church where I had gone. I told them it was unnecessary as they would receive me as before stated without it. Suffice it to say, I never saw fit to join this or any any other church since.* Sometimes I was upon the mountain where Moses stood, then again in the valley; at times I had peace and confidence but was not all the time free from condemnation. I was confident no other rule of life but that of holiness to the Lord would answer for me. Notwithstanding my firm belief of its attainment, I had not the power to live it at all times, and have only attained at the last (about a year since) by the loss of all things, property, reputation (in my own family) and lastly my health. As soon as I saw that from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet it was death and putrefaction, I felt that if I ever obtained deliverance from my nature, I must cease from my works and believe in the Lord with my whole heart. This I did, after I was informed by my sister I could not live but a short time. I was then and had been for months, confined to my home, and bed. I remarked to her it did not seem to me I was going to die. Nevertheless I did die to live. I had a resurrection unto eternal life. The year past and gone has been memorable to me. I have had more enjoyment, greater communion and fellowship with God and His son, than in all my life long. I have been taught of God that the kingdom of heaven was

within me, and that it was righteousness, joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. I know my life is hid with Christ in God, and that to live is Christ and to die is gain. In lieu of one Sabbath in the week, I have seven. Every day is consecrated to the Lord. I find it much easier in doing everything to the glory of God, than I did in serving the flesh, the world, and the devil. My peace is like a river, and my or (Christ's righteousness) like the waves of the sea. I now love those who have been born of God more than my brethren and sisters in the flesh, or even my children, and I love God more than all these and the universe besides. But as it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." We (I do) know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not, but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself and that wicked one toucheth him not. "Let everything that hath breath, Praise the Lord."

Conklingville, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1862.

LEANING ON THEE.

Leaning on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,

My gracious Saviour, I am blessed;
Though weary, thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee, my soul retires

From earthly thoughts and earthly things;
On Thee concentrates her desires,
To Thee she clings.

Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak—

Too weak another voice to hear—
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith,

To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love shall guide.

* Evidently a serious error on the part of our good brother. The church is Christ's body, and should be prized for his sake. [Eds Guide.]

GOD LOVES ME; OR THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A certain man who had been for some years a consistent professor of religion, was perplexed to know why he should meet with so many misfortunes as he did. He was fully convinced that he was a sinner, and that all sorrow was the result of sin. But still, why should he be so much more afflicted than his brethren he could not understand. It seemed to him that others could succeed in their various undertakings, and that their cup of prosperity was filled to the brim. But as for him, adversity met him at every step. He was doomed to disappointment in every worldly scheme that he attempted. He did not want to indulge a Pharisaical spirit, but really he could not see what he had done so much worse than his fellows to merit such adversity.

One day, while brooding over his fortunes, the thought came to him with unwonted power, that "*he was a child of God and that God loved him.*" And then, quick as thought, he recalled the expression of the apostle: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

"Ah," he said, "*God loves me; and the mystery is solved!* Here I have been harboring for many years, a feeling of complaint against God because he did not allow me the same measure of prosperity that he did my neighbors, when if I had taken thought, I might have seen in all my misfortunes constant evidence that God loved me!"

Here is the happy point! To realize the precious truth that *God loves me!* To believe with the *whole heart* that all my disappointments and troubles are

permitted by a kind and loving Father, for my everlasting good! To be able to regard them all as proofs that "*God loves me.*" O, that is a blessed consolation! It is a sweet draught that takes away much of the bitterness of sorrow's cup.

"*God loves me?*" Then let me never repine again at what he does with me; for if he *loves me* he will do what is best for me—though I have to walk through darkness that can be felt, yet may I remember that *God loves me!* Though my earthly life be one scene of uninterrupted adversity, still I must remember *God loves me!*

THE DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT.

"Ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord."

"Let there be light," Jehovah said,
The beam awoke, the light obeyed;
Bursting on chaos dark and wild,
Till the glad earth and ocean smiled.

Formless and void, and dark as night,
My heart remained, till heavenly light,
Obedient to the word divine,
On my dark soul began to shine.

Light broke upon my rayless tomb,
The day-star rose upon my gloom;
And with its gentle new-born ray
Brightened my darkness into day.

Glory to Thee by all be given;—
Of light the light, in earth and heaven;
Of joy the joys, of suns the sun,
Jesus, the Father's chosen one.

Bonar.

He is a brave Christian, and has much of Christ within, who accounts nothing his own that he does not communicate to others. The bee stores her hive out of all sorts of flowers for the common benefit, and why then in this should not every Christian be like a bee?

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIVINGTON ST., N. Y.

A sister who had possessed almost uninterrupted peace and triumph for seventeen years since she had lived in perfect love, with much feeling spoke of the trials of the past four or five months, unthought of and unexpected—and still continued. She used to think lightly of trials and temptations, and that those whom she saw thus exercised by them might rise above their sorrow and not yield to depression. Now she has learned the trial is in the feeling it, and that the soul in its purity may be smitten with grief above which we cannot rise at all times.

And how sweetly the experience of Jesus enters her heart, "he suffered, being tempted."

A minister rehearsed his experience in the goodness of the Lord, in being with him in new and untried circumstances—such as his habits of study had not fitted him for—the special wisdom which was given him in the time of need which brought the business dear to his heart through a happy issue.

Another minister said, when he could not rejoice he could believe.

Another of the same class said this meeting is to him weekly an "Elim Station," and he always returns to his duties with more grace in his own soul, and help for the good of others.

A Chaplain said that like his brother he had found Christ equal to all emergencies in new and untried circumstances. Before the battle of Fair Oaks a Surgeon said that the Chaplain would stay in the rear with them. Our friend thought a moment, and lifting up his heart for guidance—he found the

answer "go,"—he thought, "now my men need me most I will go."

"OVER THE RIVER."

I caught a radiant glimpse to-night
Of the golden city out of sight,
Throned on the purple hills of light—
Over the river.

I saw the dazzling sea of glass,
And shining shapes that o'er it pass,
I saw their golden cymbals flash,
Over the river.

I saw them there, that martyr band,
Whom patriotic fires had fanned,
To perish for their native land,
Over the river.

There phalanxed 'mid the sons of light,
In stainless uniform of white,
They stood in armor dazzling bright,
Over the river.

I heard the roll call loud and clear,
And each new angel answered here,
Then triumph peans swept my ear,
Over the river.

Oh! the rarest country ever known,
In any clime or any zone—
Native, to angel feet alone,
Over the river.

You have lotus vales, where the weary rest,
You have isles of balm for the distressed,
And groves of spice for the early blest,
Over the river.

I saw my fair dead mother go,
Through fields where milk white roses blow,
And strike her golden cymbal low,
Over the river.

My heart beat wild—but tenderly,
She fixed her mild blue eye on me,
And drew me in sweet ecstasy,
Over the river.

I walked the gardens of the blest,
My weary head upon her breast,
And felt the touch of her light caress,
Over the river.

Oh! groves of spice, oh! isles of balm,
Oh! soul-life passing grand and calm,
As the flowing of an organ-psalm,
Over the river.

Louisville Journal.

EVIDENCES—FIVE MINUTES WORK.

BY REV. W. C. DAVIS.

We cry up evidences of religion. Would to God we had more evidences than we have—but *it is base, it is on a legal score*, to trust to one of a thousand of the best evidences that God ever put into a sinner's heart, or refuse to come to Christ when we cannot see those evidences. How often do we sit down and despond when we feel corruption, or when overtaken in a fault; and the true reason is, we are unwilling to come to Christ without some *holy principle* to recommend us. Whenever we think ourselves ugly, we think Christ will have nothing to do with us, and stay back till we pray, confess, repent, and live awhile in a better way; then we imagine we can come forward, and if we happen to fall into sin on the way, we turn right back and fall on our faces, and weep and mourn, till we wipe away our crime; then we come to Christ, depending on nothing for an acceptance with him but our repentance, tears and reformation—and while we continue in a pretty lively frame, we can venture almost to call Jesus our Saviour; but as soon as we get into darkness and coldness, or into some sin, we are all despondence and doubt again. This is the wretched race I ran for twelve years, depending altogether on my own work and God's work in me, and not on Himself, who had promised to do all things for me. I dragged heavily, wading through darkness, temptations and tears, and no wonder, when I had no dependence on anything but what I had in hand, and often I thought I had nothing; and I looked not to Christ for support in future.

O the wickedness of my heart! what little faith is given to God's word, while all our hope is in our own exercises. Thus far twelve years' experience taught me, the last two of which I spent in bitter lamentations and distress, in which time I studied the nature of faith for life and death; and the more I thought on, the less I knew about it, and I am persuaded that if any man buy his knowledge of faith as dear as I did, he will thank God for it when he gets it.

After two years' anxiety, preaching every Sabbath, with awful apprehensions of eternity, conscious that I knew nothing of the Gospel, almost in despair, searching the Scriptures to know what I was, and what would become of me, it pleased God to bring me out of an abyss of darkness, into the blaze of an assurance.

I always thought by evidences I was to know whether I was to be saved or not, and took my Bible, read over John's first epistle, compared my heart and life, and compared again, and again—searched the Scripture, where marks are given, and all books, and my own knowledge of what Christians ought to feel. I left nothing untried but one thing, and that was the main thing. At length I read the Scripture, "*he that believeth shall not be ashamed.*"

My poor burthened soul met the joyful tidings with pleasure and surprise. I never before, at least with any degree of confidence, saw Christ offered in the Gospel. I took him at his word, gave myself to him, and placed my hopes alone on him. I clearly saw that I had all along been trusting to my own feelings, duties, repentance &c., but I cast them all behind my back, and counted them as *dung*, and came to a precious, faithful Saviour, with nothing

but sin. I believe him to be faithful, and therefore I committed all into his hands, and looked to his faithful word for the salvation of my soul. All this was done in five minutes. I felt easy, happy and humble; ashamed of my former ways, and thankful to God for his most gracious deliverance. The next Sabbath I preached that sermon on faith, at M—— which I hope you will remember as long as you live.

Faith in Christ has ever since, and ever shall be, my only hold. Jesus is a faithful Saviour; I love his name, I love his cross, I love his word, and my whole hope is in him, and I know I shall never be ashamed, and I know this because he has said so.

Moreover, I say he is able, willing, true, and faithful; he has said, promised, signed, sealed with his blood, and sworn by himself. Heb. vi. 17, 18, 19, 20.

Thus I glory in the cross of Christ. If I am asked what Christ has done for me; he has fulfilled the law, died, rose and makes intercession for me. As to what he has done in me, he has shown me that I am a poor, imperfect lost sinner, in myself—that I have a wicked, wretched and deceitful, hard, unbelieving heart in me, and that I have need of his pardoning blood and sanctifying spirit.

1795.

THE POST OF DUTY.—You have your work to do for Christ *where you are*. Are you on a sick-bed? Still you have work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the mid-day sun. Live for Christ where you are.

"If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

BY PHEBE P. DALEY.

Sickness and care, around me throw
Their cold—cold arms of pain and woe;
Friends now forsake me, and depart,
Whose love once cheered my aching heart—
Yet—since I know it is *His* will
Although I mourn—"I'll trust Him still."

I know I need the chastening rod,
My heart *so* turns to *Earth* from *God*;
I need the wormwood and the gall—
I need these sorrows one and all;
Love's choicest gift are they to me
Since, Lord, they *bind my heart to thee*.

Then O my God—I'll not complain,
Since earthly *loss* is heavenly *gain*;
For—though this earth a desert be
With no sweet flower of love for me—
I'll find them in a world above,
Bright fadeless flowers of heavenly love.

Grant but the favor of thy grace,
Grant but the blessing of thy peace,
And I will take from thy dear hand
Whate'er thy wisdom shall command;
Triumphantly resigned to be
In suffering's fellowship, with thee.

Milan, Ohio, Sept. 20th.

NEVER FAIL US.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Life nor death shall us dis sever
From his love who reigns forever;
Will he fail us? never! never!
When to him we cry!

Wily sin may seek to snare us;
Fury-passion strive to tear us;
Toil and sorrow waste and wear us:—
Is no helper nigh?

Yes! his might shall still defend us;
And his blessed Son befriend us;
And his holy Spirit send us
Comfort ere we die.

REFLECTION.—The heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.—*Confucius*.

I WISH I WAS IN HEAVEN.

"I wish I was in heaven," said Dorothy, resting her tired head upon her hand, and sighing deeply. She was looking into the future. She saw a bent, prematurely old creature, toiling amid cares and perplexities, with no earthly light around her, toiling hopelessly, thanklessly, and to no purpose. One has said that there are some natures which seem to have wings, and fly lightly over all the rough places in the world; Dorothy did not have such a nature; she felt keenly all her sorrows and hardships; life had been a weary journey to her thus far, and when she thought of all the suffering that must come, she wished she was in heaven. Like David, she said, "O, that I had wings like a dove! for then I would fly away and be at rest."

Willie's black eyes grew large with thoughtfulness, and while he made fantastic figures on his slate in some embarrassment as to the delicacy of the question—he asked, "You would not want to go to heaven before they wanted you there, would you?"

That was a view of the subject which Dorothy had not taken, and she began to reflect thereupon, looking into the fire. Willie was still as a mouse, the old cat purred softly on the hearth rug, the clock ticked dreamily in the corner, and Dorothy seemed to look forward again, in the dim future, to that toiling figure which bore her features, and which she recognized as herself.

Suddenly the future became the present. She felt the heavy cross upon her shoulders, she wiped the sweat from her brow, and groaned, unmindful of that grace which might be sufficient for her—"I wish I was in Heaven." The cross fell from her shoulders, and she

felt herself borne upward on swift pinions through an atmosphere of purple light to Heaven. She listened to celestial music. Every song was one of triumph, of victory over sin and Satan, of those who had been conquerors in much tribulation—"through the dear might of Him who walked the waves" of earth's troubled sea. She could not join that choir. No angel hands were outstretched to welcome her, no voice proclaimed, "Well done good and faithful servant!"

And one with the print of the nails in His hands and feet, met her with a sad smile, and directed her gaze earthward. She saw, like a shining path, the road where she had traveled, and the cross she had laid down, her work half done. She saw, too, where that path lay in the future. There were tears to be wiped away, lonely hearts to be cheered, suffering want to be relieved, wanderers to be led into the right way. There was one soul whom none but she might save. His path crossed hers and mingled with it. Already he had plunged into depths of wickedness, and was straying amid mazes of error and doubt. It would have been her work to lead him aright. She turned to the Master: "Let me go back and finish my work," she said pleadingly, "let me save this soul, and minister to those other needy hearts." She felt herself borne down to the earth again, chanting in unison with angels, "My times are in thy hand."

"Did you know you had been asleep, Dorothy?" said Willie.

"No—no! I don't wish I was in Heaven," she said with tears in her eyes; "not now; I will do my work first."

"And you can sing.

'There is sweet rest in Heaven,'

and be thinking of it all the time," said Willie, as he seized his cap and rushed out of doors, unable to keep still longer.

We may often say, like Dorothy, "I wish I was in Heaven," when sorrows and trials are many, and the burdens of life are heavy, and hands that once clasped ours are beckoning us upward; we may pant to see the glorious face of Jesus, but let us have patience to wait for those glories, as well as faith to behold them, remembering that though pilgrims, we are laborers in God's vineyard, and that our hands may bind some little sheaf for the Master which else were left ungarnished.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

THE CONDESCENSION OF JESUS.

This is the great crowning mystery of our faith. The established order of heaven and earth seems to have been inverted. The God of angels, such by right of creation, as already seen, was comforted amid the sorrows of Gethsemane, by an angel of God. The Judge of the universe was arraigned before the consistorial seat of Caiaphas and compelled to bear the engine of his own death and symbol of his infamy. He who had been used to the homage and salutations of heaven from everlasting, had his hallowed cheek polluted by the guilty lips of hell—those lips that had negotiated the covenant of his murder and sealed the compact of his death.

Those almighty hands that built the stories of the heavens, that flung through immensity its mighty wilderness of suns and systems; and those feet that, treading the sapphire plains of the heavenly world, had the nations for a footstool, were spiked in agony to

the cursed tree. His brow, that from all the hoary annals of eternity had sparkled with immortal majesty, is now shaded beneath a thorny diadem. He for whom heaven and earth could not furnish a worthy train, is crucified between two thieves! He who rolls your rivers, supplies your springs and bowls unbounded ocean in the hollow of his hand, said "I thirst!"—and gall was all he got to drink! How measureless this surrender of claim!

He took our nature in a manger—was driven by Herod into Egypt—was obscurely educated in a cottage of Galilee—was tempted by the devil—was derided by his kindred—was traduced by the Jews, persecuted by the priesthood, betrayed by his disciples, and murdered by the world! Here we have the ineffable climax of grandeur and humiliation! Spirit of the heavens! Teach us the import of a mystery so trans-human, and in the centre of our conscious being touch and penetrate the master-springs of devout and adoring emotion.

[Messiah's Kingdom, by Bascom.

THE THREE WISHES.—The apostle Paul had three wishes—that he might be *found* in Christ, that he might be *with* Christ, and that he might *magnify* Christ.—*Luther.*

IF God cut thee off in the midst of thy days and the best of thy strength, it may be he hath some great work in hand from which he meaneth to save thee.—*Bp. Sanderson.*

BLESSED are they who see the day of glory, but more blessed are they who contribute to its approach.—*Secker.*

The Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1863.

THE DISCOVERIES OF OBEDIENCE.

If any man will do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine.—*John, 7:17.*

How much time is expended, (we do not say unwisely,) in attempting to embody in significant and satisfactory terms, what is involved in the higher life. What a bitter controversy has raged and is still raging in reference to the specific character of the highest spiritual blessings that may be enjoyed in the present life. What a difference of opinion among good men as to what is embraced in the work of regeneration, and in what respect entire sanctification is a work of the Spirit in advance of this. How much perplexity many discover in attempting to harmonize christian perfection, with intellectual and moral growth, with the weaknesses and infirmities of human nature, and with the constant requisitions upon the atonement! A humble Christian might well be disheartened by these diverse opinions, even among the Masters in Israel.

But there is a simple and available process by which the christian disciple may attain to all the "heights and depths" of religious experience without for a moment harrassing his mind with these conflicting views. The Scripture at the head of this page suggests this process. In the original, instead of a verb in the future, a verb in the present tense will be found, involving immediate, energetic action—if a man's will is set to obedience—if he resolutely, and with all his heart, obeys God, then he shall discover the divine power and full efficiency of the gospel.

The New Testament is not a catechism or a system of divinity. It is a collection of heavenly precepts, promises and warnings. Nearly every truth is embodied in a living and impressive example. But there is no summary of all the steps of grace, in order, from the penitence of the prodigal to the vision of the crown of life. There are rich, full, exalted promises to the believer, distinctly set forth. Without embarrassing himself with theories; without perplexing his mind with nice distinctions and limitations, "leaving the things

that are behind, he is to press for the prize of his *high calling* in Christ Jesus." All that is recorded as the earthly inheritance of the saints secured by Christ's atonement, is his. He is at once to yield to the simple conditions and to enter upon his possession.

We have heard of an excellent christian lady who determined upon this course. She laid all the unsatisfactory discussions *about* the possible attainments of believers in the present life, aside; and taking the New Testament, and the Evangelical prophet Isaiah, into her closet she read with this settled determination. Under the light of the Holy Spirit, promised to all that ask His presence, she would consider every promise and its condition. She would at once, with the divine aid, yield herself to all the requisitions of the conditions, and seek the personal enjoyment of all that the Word of God proffered. The result was, as might be expected. There was a blessed advent in that closet, and the obedient, believing disciple was enabled to say, "I have found him, full of grace and truth, of whom Moses and the prophets did write."

By this course we step on solid rock in every advance we make; and faithfully pursuing it, we cannot but reach the "full stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus." The personal experiment will bring with it, its own witness; if any man *will do*, he *shall know*. The sun declares himself by his own rays; and the sun of righteousness, rising "with healing under his wings," reveals Himself in His own light.

The word translated shall *know*, will bear the rendering shall be *satisfied*. The evidence comes as a necessary part of the blessing and is involved in it.

It has been said that the humblest mind may be as well assured as the profoundest, that God intended that the cooling spring should quench the thirst. The philosopher can analyze the water, and examining the inflamed lining of the mouth, can convince himself that there is a perfect adaptation in the elements of the one to cool the fever of the other; but the humblest man that thirsts and kneels by the spring, and buries his face in the cooling waters, and drinks of the limpid tide, will be just as well assured that, God, by a divine chemistry, prepared the spring for the thirsty soul, because it exactly satisfies the

want of his nature. So the obedient heart submitting to the divine conditions, and resting upon the divine promises, "shall know of the doctrine," shall be perfectly satisfied, that the unutterable peace and joy following, is the promised blessing, because it just meets and fills the enlarged and enlarging cravings of the heart panting after God.

Perhaps we have too much human experience; too much human direction; rely too much upon the formal labors of others to bring us into the enjoyment of our spiritual birth-right. To the clear words of the Covenant let us constantly go. It is the office of the Holy Spirit to take of the things of Christ and present them unto us. A heart that is really set to find Jesus in all his offices and power, cannot be disappointed. He *shall* know. Jesus longs to reveal himself. We have but to pray "Abide with us," and he will come in. His hand will be spread over our affections, and the blessed benediction will be heard through every avenue of the soul—*Peace be unto you!*

THE TRUE OFFICE OF TROUBLE.

"For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, *that we might be partakers of His holiness.*"

This is the divine intention in the sorrows that fall upon us; not merely that we shall be supported, and thus illustrate the power of grace, but that we shall be brought into closer sympathy with our Heavenly Father; receive him more fully into our hearts; become partakers of the Divine nature, and drink deeply from the fountain of his holiness.

Hours of affliction, whether proceeding from a public or private occasion, are to be improved for this purpose. Whenever we fall upon them, there is a heavenly voice reaches us, saying, "The Master has come and calleth for thee."

We tremble for a moment, (he knoweth that we are dust) the flesh shrinks from the discipline; but we need not fear the rod in the Father's hand. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." For the present the affliction is not joyous but grievous; but if accepted in faith, it will yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Whatever cuts the earthly cord, however keen the edge of the instrument, permits the soul to rise to its Saviour. It is

better to share the Divine holiness than to enjoy any creature that God can bestow upon us. He is certainly better than anything that he has made. To share his holiness is to enjoy his happiness; and there is joy in heaven." These are troublous times. Clouds and darkness surround the throne. Not for destruction but for purification and salvation, has God permitted them to fall upon us.

God is calling us both to humiliation and to sublime fellowship with himself. He is drawing us to his heart by the chastisements of his providence. Let us not pass through the sea without receiving a holy baptism. To bear all life's calamities, and besides loose all the fruits of the Spirit which they are intended to yield, how fearful the burden and how sore the loss! "Come unto me;" it is his voice that is poured upon our ear by our earthly disappointments—"Come unto me and I will give you rest,"

"For I sought not out for crosses,
I did not seek for pain;
Yet I find the heart's sore losses
Were the spirit's surest gain."

When the Divine end is accomplished in us we shall indeed "joy in tribulation also;" for "then shall I be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

"Thou madest us for Thine;
We seek amiss, we wander to and fro;
Yet are we ever on the track Divine;
The soul confesseth Thee, but sense is slow
To lean on aught but that which it may see;
So hath it crowded up these courts below
With dark and broken images of Thee;
Lead Thou us forth upon Thy Mount, and show
Thy goodly patterns, whence these things of old
By Thee were fashioned; One though manifold.
Gloss Thou thy perfect likeness in the soul,
Show us Thy countenance, and we are whole!"

BISHOP MCKENDREE ON PERFECT LOVE.

Thomas Armstrong, Esq., at a very interesting "memorial" gathering in Baltimore, in an address full of affecting reminiscences of former days and departed worthies, among others, thus refers to the beloved and eloquent McKendree.

"Here, too, have we heard McKendree, with his sweet, silvery voice and happy and cheerful face impressing the doctrine of perfect love upon his hearers, and encouraging those to seek it who doubted if such a blessing could be obtained, or, if obtained, long possessed. 'Get it,' said the good Bishop, 'and the grace

of God will enable you, if faithful, to keep the heart right.' To any who thought there was more professed than enjoyed by those who say they have reached this state of grace, he said: 'Try it, brother, for yourself, and you will know all about it.' The Bishop illustrated the subject by referring to two persons on the side of a mountain, one of whom was much higher up than the other. The one nearest the summit tells the other that from his elevated position the prospect is of the most extended and enchanting character. The person below answers that he does not believe a word of it, because he can discover nothing of the kind. 'Come up higher, and see for yourself,' the individual above replies. So the Bishop exhorted his congregation by saying: 'Come up higher, brother; come up higher, sister.'"

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

At the public meeting held on the first of January, in Boston, to give expression to the devout emotions occasioned by the promised proclamation of freedom for the slave from the President, when, in the evening, it was announced that the proclamation had actually been issued, the great congregation rose, and sang, with wonderful effect, the hymn commencing—

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

It is the hour that "prophets and priests" in our Israel have long—

"desired to see,
But died without the sight."

Who can rise to the full sublimity of this great fact. It is not simply the freedom of the millions of the present generation, but of their children's children for all time. It is not the simple removing of galling chains from the bodies of living men, but the resurrection of a race from ignorance, degradation and sin, into a life of intelligence and piety.

The great office of the American people at this hour is to become familiar with their moral condition; to learn their great necessities, and to apply those civilizing and Christianizing processes which will at once restrain brutal appetites, and develop the noblest powers and industries.

Providentially at this moment a valuable work is issued from the press, from the pen of an eminent Frenchman, M. Augustin Cochin, entitled "The Results of Emancipation." It contains a remarkably vivid and interesting history of the whole experiment of Emancipation in the French, English, Dutch, Swedish and Danish, West Indian Colonies. It is the book for the hour; attractive in style, full in its details and eminently suggestive in its lessons. The volume has been received with great favor by the public, and merits a reading at the hand of every thoughtful man.

It is handsomely published by Walker Wise & Co., Boston, and is for sale at all the Book stores.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

An English correspondent of the Northern Christian Advocate, thus refers to these beloved servants of Christ.

Mrs. Phebe Palmer has been for a few months past lying seriously ill at Liverpool, whither she and Dr. Palmer had come from their first revival campaign, with the intention of returning to New York. There, however, a forcible arrest was put upon them by this affliction. Doubtless their work is not finished in England; and although they will be debarred from laboring in Wesleyan Chapels by the resolution of the last Conference, other doors are opening in all directions, and the more earnest of the membership of orthodox churches will gladly co-operate with the Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. We are expecting now another year of service in this country, from this modern Priscilla and Aquilla, and several thousand more of British sinners brought to Christ. The action of the British Wesleyan Conference may be for greater good to the universal Church, and Dr. and Mrs. Palmer will have a larger field of labor, and be made a more extensive blessing than if they had been restricted to the Wesleyan body.

A LITTLE boy of four years was attempting to cheer his mother, who was frightened by a thunder storm.

"Don't be afraid, mamma," he said, "God won't hurt us. Don't you know what makes thunder and lightning? I do. The sun is hid, you see, and it's the great black clouds striking up against it, and making the fire flash out."

A FEW WORDS ABOUT BOOKS.

THE CANON OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.—The preservation of the Bible and its general acceptance to-day throughout the civilized world, is perhaps the most convincing evidence of its Divine authority. Infidelity has long tried, and is attempting now, to weaken its hold upon the Christian world; but all in vain. "The powers of hell cannot prevail against it." Precious defences and illustrations of the Sacred Record are constantly issuing from the press. The American Tract Society, Boston, has just published a volume of rare excellence upon the "Canon," or the right to a place in the Holy Scriptures, of all the books now included in the Bible, and the rejection of all others pretending to be inspired. Its author is the well-known, learned Prof. Gausson of Geneva, whose work upon the Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures has long been in the hands of Christian students—a new edition of which, we are glad to know is soon to be issued by the Tract Society. The present work, like the former, has been admirably translated and edited by Dr. Kirk. It is a work that every reader of the Bible will thankfully study. For sale at the Tract rooms, 28 Cornhill.

The Celestial Dawn or Connection of Earth and Heaven. By Rev. W. F. Evans. We have been much interested in the perusal of this volume. It is certainly well written and full of beautiful and suggestive thoughts. One can but be profited spiritually by its perusal. With its leading object and doctrine we heartily sympathize—the realization of the heavenly life on earth; but there are incidental views of the triune nature of God, and of the atonement, which do not accord with our apprehension of the teachings of the Bible. There is, withal, an unintended disparagement of the *letter* of the Scriptures in the effort to bring out the veiled, spiritual significance of them. The volume will hold the attention, and to the thoughtful and judicious reader, will yield pleasure and profit. For sale at the office of the Guide.

Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. We do most heartily commend this beautiful, and instructive volume. Whoever has read the previous publications of its author—"The recreations of a Country Parson," in two vol-

umes,—will be eager to procure this, and whoever has not will do well to obtain them.

The present volume is exclusively religious, the previous were literary and sometimes playful, but always instructive. But this volume is invested with that same exquisite simplicity and beauty of style and fulness of illustration. The different essays might pass for sermons, and they are such sermons as few congregations hear, and any intelligent Christian will read with great pleasure and profit. It is published in the handsomest manner by Ticknor & Fields, and is for sale in all the Bookstores.

The same Publishers have issued a precious volume entitled "A Present Heaven" by the author of "The Patience of Hope," noticed in our last number. It is an eloquent appeal for a higher, richer, and inward life, and a refreshing illustration of it. It pleads for a "heaven begun below." A forced meaning may be given to certain passages of Scripture; but the truth inculcated throughout its pages is as "manna" to a believing soul. It will find its place in the "Closet Library," and will water many thirsty souls.

Henry Hoyt, from his Sabbath School Depository, has just sent forth a little volume entitled "Noonday"; from the devoted pen of the author of "The Red House." It illustrates in truthful and thrilling incidents the fearful effect upon the individual and family of a love of gain; and it also clearly sets forth the beauty of holiness. Every young man, entering into active life, might be greatly profited by reading its charming pages. It is one of those wholesome family books that purifies and inspires, while it wins to its lessons by its strong hold upon the heart.

Rev. Mr. Bullard Secretary of the Mass. Sabbath School Society has prepared a valuable little book entitled the "Soldier's Diary." It is a volume of excellent suggestions as to health and morals, of interesting anecdotes, and of kind Christian counsels, especially adapted to the few leisure hours of the soldier, and to the small compass of his knapsack. It contains also blank leaves and spaces for every day in the year, upon which he may make notes which will be of indescribable interest and value hereafter. For sale at Depository No. 13 Cornhill.

LAND IN SIGHT.

J. W. PAUL.

1. Land in sight, Land in sight, The glorious Land of Light, E'en now its pearly gates my

2. Land in sight, Land in sight, The glorious Land of Light, E'en now its happy sainted

eyes behold, Adorned with jewels rare; O, sight most wondrous fair, And streets with
[pavements

throng I see, And on my eager ear, Full, sweet, and rising clear, Swells the glad tide of

all of shining gold, O Land of Light, O Land of Light, The glorious Land of Light.

ho-ly harmo - ny, O Land of Light, O Land of Light, The glorious Land of Light.

3 Land in sight, Land in sight,
The glorious Land of Light,
There sits the Holy One, once crucified,
Who all our sufferings bore,
When human form he wore,
And shed for us his blood, a crimson tide,
O Land of Light, O Land of Light,
The glorious Land of Light.

4 Land in sight, Land in sight,
The glorious Land of Light,
Abiding place of those from earth released,
Arrayed in spotless white,
Who conquered in the fight;
I hear their songs who sup the marriage feast,
O Land of Light, O Land of Light,
The glorious Land of Light.

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH, AND THE CAUSES OF ITS SUCCESS.

BY REV. WM. McDONALD.

CONCLUDED.

Such, we repeat, is the success which attended the preaching of the cross by the first ministers of the Church. We look in vain for a parallel. If we compare the success of the first ministers of the Church, with the success which attends the labors of the modern Church, we are struck with our failure.

Since 1701, Protestant Christianity has organized nearly fifty Missionary Societies. The Methodists have six; the Protestant Episcopalians have five; the Baptists, of all schools, have four; the Congregationalists have three; the Presbyterians have three; the Moravians have one; and the remainder are mostly combinations of different denominations. These societies have sent their laborers into all parts of the world, so that their sound is gone out into all the earth, and their words to the ends of the world. It would seem that so formidable a force, would soon, not only drive in the out-posts of Paganism, but bend the neck of Heathendom to the yoke of Christ. More than two hundred years have passed since the Dutch led the way in special missionary efforts; establishing a mission at Malabar, and in a most heroic manner penetrating into Java, Ceylon, Sumatra and Collumba. The result of all this effort is summed up by a recent writer in the following statement:—"It is estimated that five hundred thousand Pagans were converted during the first sixty years of the Christian Church,

and, that the number of converts during the last sixty years is eight hundred thousand at least."

This statement has been often repeated to prove that the modern Church is much more successful than the Primitive in winning souls to Christ. We might question the correctness of the statement, and demand the data from which such results are reached. But suppose the figures correct; suppose we have gained, in sixty years, three hundred thousand more than the Primitive Church gained in the same time. To make the results equal, the advantages and disadvantages of the two periods should be equal. But what are the facts in the case?

1. Every government on earth was hostile to the Primitive Church. The Jews, with bigoted hate, murdered the Founder. The Roman, with Pagan blindness, for 300 years, ceased not to persecute to the death "this way." As pilgrims and strangers, they found no protection on earth. With us, scarcely an opposing voice is heard, scarcely a weapon is drawn, save to favor us. The whole world, with open arms, wait to receive us, and the Macedonian cry comes to us on the wings of every breeze.

2. For more than sixty years, the Apostles were laying the foundations, and establishing Christianity. This is slow work, as our missionaries to Pagan lands can testify. Dr. Judson toiled for seven years before he saw one Pagan baptized into the Christian faith.

For the past sixty years, we have been building upon the foundation laid by apostolic hands. We have had all the advantages of apostolic labor; all the advantages of the Lutheran Refor-

mation, and, at least sixty years of the Wesleyan Reformation to begin with. But with the apostles, it was twelve men against the world.

3. The apostles had no well organized societies, raising hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly, for the support of the cause. They had no Bible Societies to furnish Bibles to the people by the million. They had no *Press*, by the aid of which, books, tracts and periodicals were furnished the people in untold quantities, preaching the gospel quite as effectually as it is preached from the pulpits. We have had most of these for more than sixty years. We load our *rail-cars* with the *Bread of life*, and send them thundering round the world, and command the lightning to report our coming. A few take passage to dispense the gifts. But the Primitive church was not so highly favored. They generally took foot passage and found themselves; and yet wherever they went, their enemies said, "they turned the world upside down."

4. They had no institutions of learning, sending forth men so fully laden with theological and philosophical lore, that the worshippers of Confucius and Boodh would be impressed with the belief that the gods had appeared among men. If a talented, earnest young man needed a little theological training, he was taken to reside awhile with old Bro. Acquilla and his worthy lady; and after completing his theological studies there, he goes out and mightily convinces the Jews that Jesus is the Christ. But with us these institutions have multiplied so rapidly that he may be regarded a smart man who can tell half their number.

Here are a few of our superior advantages. Our gain over the Primitive Church, with these, should have been

immense; as it is, we have nothing to boast of.

Consider the immense numbers in this babbling world who are yet without a knowledge of Jesus. Of every one hundred human beings on earth, eleven are Pagans, fourteen are Brahminists, seventeen are Papists, nineteen are Mohammedans, thirty are Boodhists, and eight only are Christians. Giving Protestantism all it claims, and still ninety-two one-hundredths of the race have never heard of Jesus. What a world!

It does seem to me that the agencies employed are not doing what God and the world have a right to expect. The Primitive Church outstrips us, I believe, immeasurably. I know it is natural for us to extol the glories of the past, and depreciate the glories of the present. I would not do this without cause. I see very much to thank God for in the past—much to strengthen my faith at the present, and much to inspire my hope for the future. Still, whichever way I turn, these facts stare me in the face. I do not present them to paralyze the faith of the Church, but to inspire all hearts with new vigor. We have the same gospel that the Primitive Church had. It is as mighty now as when it arrested a persecuting Saul, or brought an Areopagite to a knowledge of the true God. It has converted as desperate cases in modern, as in ancient times. This want of success must be looked for in the agencies employed, and not in the machinery. There is a want of power. The machinery is not worked up to the original design. A limited examination of the elements of power in the early Church—that which gave them their success—must convince all that our failure is here. In another number we

will set these forth as we understand them.

MARRIED TO CHRIST.

BY REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

O Jesus, my lover and love,
The joy and repose of my breast,
The light of the city above,
In whom all the angels are blessed.
How sweet is thy presence this hour,
How dear thy inaudible voice;
Thy smile has unspeakable power
To make all within me rejoice.

What am I, O Saviour, that thou
Should'st come and commune with my
heart,

In whispers so loving and low,
That all my misgivings depart?
And I drink in the light of thine eyes.
Till the depths of my spirit are bright,
And my soul in beholding thee lies
Transported with awe and delight.

O Jesus! ineffable name!
Redeemer! Deliverer! King!
The gift of thy passion I claim,
Thy triumph in triumph I sing;
I dwell on the rapturous tale
Of pardon and holiness given;
A ransom that never can fail,
My Saviour, my hope, and my heaven.

Thy blood has redeemed me from death,
And washed me from shame and from sin;
And warmed into bliss by thy breath,
I feel a new being begin;
A life that is lost in thine own,
As a drop in a sea without shore,
With love and with Jesus alone,
Where Jesus is all, evermore.

For ever and ever, O Christ!
My heart is now married to thine;
Love's infinite void is sufficed,
Thine infinite fullness is mine;
By faith in the covenant sealed,
I trust thee, and call thee my own;
And now is the mystery revealed
How Christ and his people are one.
[Christian Advocate.]

THE Christian should never forget what he once was; whose he now is, and what he soon will be.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF GO-
ING ON UNTO PERFECTION.

SECOND SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection. Heb. vi. 1.

It is my purpose, beloved, by God's help, to present to you at this time such considerations as I think ought to weigh with you, yea, with *every one of you*, to press forward toward the mark of entire deliverance from the carnal mind, and the complete possession of the mind which was in Christ Jesus.

But some of you are ready to meet me, I suspect, on the very threshold of our present interview, with discouraging allusions to the possibility of failure in case you should attempt to reach and maintain purity of heart. You point to A, B and C, who sought the great salvation without success, and to others, who, having walked in the light for a time, at length fainted in the way. You perhaps tell of some who once made distinct profession of perfect love, and subsequently became even wicked in their lives. These certainly are very melancholy facts, but they ought not by any means to dissuade you from seeking full salvation for yourself. Consider, I pray you, are there not always many failures where there is large success? Princely fortunes are made in the large cities, but it is estimated that nearly nine in ten of our merchants fail to make fortunes, or making them, lose them again, by some injudicious investment. Nevertheless commercial transactions are of great value to the world, and the efforts of those men who fail of entire or ultimate success will be

found to have contributed largely to the general welfare.

Recently I travelled in one of the oil districts of our country, and learned that only a small fraction of the immense number of wells that pierced the earth along the Ohio and its tributaries, had proved productive in any degree, and that almost innumerable fortunes had been sunk there, while I could not but recollect that very many men had lost their lives there, by explosions and disastrous fires. But then, many persons have succeeded marvelously; and the result is, a new article, or rather, several new articles have been given to the world, of great utility and immense commercial value.

Pre-eminently, this is an age of improvement in mechanics, insomuch that we should hardly know how to live, if set back, in this regard, fifty years; yet, of the models in the Patent Office the far greater number are known to be utterly useless; that is utter failures. The steam locomotive, in its present perfected state, is the result of many thousands of experiments and contrivances, only a few of which have proved fully successful or have become permanently incorporated with the machine. Every where the successful man is surrounded with unsuccessful men; every where the path to ultimate victory lies through the regions of temporary defeat; and he mistakes the designs of God in holding life's great prizes up so high that only the man who does his best can seize them, who idly witnesses the struggles of the contestants and writes himself philosopher for standing by with folded arms. Failures and catastrophes are God's larum bells, that call us to new measures of care, and diligence, and heroic effort, not curfews that bid

us go to sleep. Where others have nobly tried and ignobly failed, see that you "so run that ye may obtain."

Another objection, kindred to this, as betraying, quite equally, want of courage and christian heroism, may be stated as follows, "But is it not in the end a misfortune to the cause of God for one of the members of the church to make very strenuous exertions for purity, and at length profess to have received it, and then, by and by, to falter and fall back into comparative indifference and coldness?" I answer, this depends largely on the length of time the elevated standard is maintained, and the circumstances of the subsequent relapse. However, to put the thing in its worst light, I grant that it *may be*, or if you please, that it *is* a misfortune. But what then? What good enterprise is there concerning which you cannot conjure up some corresponding ultimate disaster, by which to deter yourself from any noble or heroic action. Houses have burned down. Therefore don't build a house. Riches have spoiled children. Therefore be sure and keep yourself poor. Men have toiled all summer and their gathered harvests have been consumed by fire in a single night. Therefore see that you neither sow nor reap. Or, to go back to the proverb itself, which expresses this great wisdom, "Better sit still than to rise up and fall." Therefore do you sit always! Alas, that so many of the professed people of God should be so ready to put their feet in these small cheap snares of Satan!

But let us consider the topic we have taken in hand.

Why should we go on unto perfection?

To answer this question, we have

only to suppose ourselves now to be Christians, when instantly, we are pressed on every side, by considerations of infinite weight, to urge us forward in this race.

I. Being Christians, we desire never, in any degree, to backslide. But until our hearts are purified through grace, there remains in us all, "a heart bent to backsliding," in the language of good Mr. Wesley; a taste, a relish for many things that are unprofitable to the soul and therefore contrary to the will of God. True, regenerating grace which "quickened us," which communicated the divine life to our spirits, has implanted within us a power by which we are able to resist and overcome sin; but, though grace has the mastery in the heart of every child of God, there is, in every Christian, not yet wholly sanctified in spirit, soul and body to the Lord, a contest between the grace of God that is in him, and the remains of the carnal mind. This contest does not involve great hazard, so long as the enemy be constantly driven, and the soul go from strength to strength; that is, so long as we are going on to perfection; but pauses and parleys, and alternations of victory and defeat, which *must come* if we do not thus go on, do bring us into great weakness, discouragement and danger.

II. Being Christians, we desire to conquer all our outward foes. Satan and the world are against us. They will do their worst. They will seek by every means to bring us again into bondage to sin. Who can tell the importance of securing, early in this contest, the complete expulsion from the heart of everything that is in sympathy with our foes. Traitors in the camp have brought defeat to many an army; and the enemies within, the remaining im-

purities of the heart, tolerated and harbored, have often brought again into bondage the man who had run well for a season.

III. As Christians, we desire to honor Christ. This we cannot do, in any large degree, if we forbid him to complete the work of our salvation. A single man, completely saved, confers more honor on the Saviour, by that fact, than he receives from many instances of an initial and partial work. The higher results of a system are those which are relied on mainly, if not wholly, to endorse and recommend it. Christ has received more honor from the single life of St. Paul, than from the lives of all the Christians at Corinth and Laodicea combined. Just as the value of any work of art lies in its *finish*, so does the value of Christian character, as a standing endorsement of the gospel, and a testimonial of the power of Christ to save, lie in the perfection of that character; the completeness of its agreement with the gospel idea.

IV. Being Christians, we desire the success of the gospel in the earth. We desire to see the world subdued, and the millennial reign of Christ introduced. This will be done, whenever it shall be done at all, through the church and the ministry of Christ. On this point the Word is explicit: "Ye," Christians, "are the salt of the earth;" "Ye are the light of the world;" "Go * * * preach the gospel to every creature." Christ is to subdue the world unto himself *through the agency of the church*. As a preparation for that work, nothing can for a moment be compared to that complete deadness to the world, that singleness of eye, that all consuming zeal, that concentration of the energies of the soul upon the one great object, which Christians realize and exhibit

only when they are made perfect in love; when all the antagonisms of grace are destroyed out of their hearts. Men work wonders when they *embark their all* in an undertaking and calmly resolve to conquer or die in the effort. Such men become at once formidable, whatever they have been before. Our patriot fathers struggled against great odds in military strength, and were few, and scattered, and poor; but they had pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, for the success of their cause. By that single fact, more than any other, they wrought deliverance.

So with the struggle between the North and South now in progress. The struggle is between nine millions of people and twenty-two millions of people. The stronger party has wealth, intelligence, and warlike appliances indefinitely more than the other, together with the whole mastery of the general situation. The weaker is shut in with a blockade, and is subjected to the greatest embarrassments in clothing and arming her troops. She is constantly struggling with desperate fortunes, and yet she has achieved victories, nearly as many and as great, as her more powerful antagonist. Where is the explanation? It is here. Southern generals are *entirely devoted* to their cause, and are resolved to gain it, or die in the attempt. Nay, they do die cheerfully, as a sacrifice for what they call the independence of their States. But how is it on the other side? How has it happened that with a rank and file fully devoted to the cause of the North, and with all their advantages, no more victories are gained by Northern generals. The contemplation of this question must be sickening to every American patriot.

One of the most pitiful sights the world has looked upon since Nero fiddled while Rome burned, has been exhibited during the present war in the American cabinet and the American camp. The national life has been trifled with for two years. Men, by hundreds of thousands, and money by hundreds of millions have been sacrificed, and still the stream of gold and the tide of human blood must flow on, we know not how long. Perhaps no country in the world is richer in resources, in men and in the devotion of willing hearts, than are the loyal States of America; and yet the leading minds are wanting, and the man is yet to arise, who, possessing the power to estimate the stakes of the contest, possesses also the self-forgetfulness and devotion to his country, which will endure all privations, forego all personal honors, welcome all co-operations, and with all his might and a single eye, push every advantage, till the rebellion is broken, and order and peace are restored to a bleeding land. When will the man appear? The country mourns and bleeds and waits the advent of such a leader.

Now apply all this to the case in hand, and you will have my idea. What the church needs just now, is not wealth, nor numbers, nor talent, nor respectability: but *entire devotion* to the one purpose of putting down the great rebellion against Heaven, and subduing the world to Christ. With her present strength and opportunities, if she had but the devotion of apostolic days, she would do it in fifty years.

Conclusion next number.

THE government of the will is better even than the increase of knowledge. Gratitude is the least of virtues, but ingratitude is the worst of vices.

THE WAY CHRIST LED ME TO HIMSELF.

For many years after my conversion, I struggled for full conformity to the will of God. During that time I realized that "riches take to themselves wings and fly away as an eagle toward heaven." I saw those I most highly prized fall by my side, and leave me alone among strangers. Then sought I afresh unto my God, and I said, surely he will give me the desire of my heart in this hour of greatest need, but no light shone upon my darkness,—no comfort came to my tired spirit. With a strong sense of duty, which has ever continued with me since I espoused the cause of Christ, I passed the round of daily duties, with punctilious exactness. Weary with all things earthly, and oppressed with care, I sighed continually for that rest which remains for the people of God—I knew from experience that there was a degree of rest for the believer, even this side the grave, and I could not—I dared not, stop short of it, in all its reality. So I threaded on in my weary way, struggling and agonizing and praying all the while, for acquiescence to the Divine Will, and "Holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Thus years passed, and I became painfully sensible I was none the happier, none the holier, and far less effective in my attempts to benefit and comfort others. Then I said, O Lord, I can make myself no better. Cut thy work short in righteousness and take me to thyself. I am willing to suffer any trial, any crucifixion, to be made holy as thou wouldst have me—these constant soul-struggles make me weary of my life. I truly realize

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

I continued to make the Scriptures my daily study as heretofore, but every day I seemed to have less power given me to appropriate the promises of God to myself. A mist—an indescribable something—quietly, yet surely, seemed to be thickening between my understanding and the word of God, that made me heart-sick. Powerless to do good and to get good, I wondered that my life was spared; and I said to my God, give me holiness—Bible holiness—for I learned of no other excepting through the Guide—or give me death! How I longed to meet with some one who understood experimentally, that salvation which "saves unto the uttermost," and to this end I often prayed. I met with no one however, and I began to despair of ever receiving any greater baptism, than the occasional effusions of a justified soul, and even those were farther apart and less powerful. My mind and spirit seemed to be perfectly paralyzed. Last summer, *providentially*, I met with the wife of Bishop Hamline. I told her I had repeatedly attempted to present my all upon the altar, but receiving no sensible manifestation of my acceptance, I was in great perplexity, and refused to be comforted. If, said she, you believe in the ability and willingness of God, as you say you do, why not take him at his word and believe you are accepted? O no, said I, that would not do, for he *does not* accept me. I am sure the fault lies in me alone, but yet I am not able to ascertain what I am withholding. If it were otherwise, I am sure he would accept, and give me an evidence of it,—I know from experience he is both able and willing to bless in proportion to my willingness. Then, said she, do you not make God a hard master, in supposing him to require that which you

are not able to perform? Yes, yes, I ejaculated, when the conversation ceased, God is merciful and of great compassion. If I honestly and faithfully, *as far as I know*, present my all upon the altar, will not Jesus Christ finish the presentation in his own name? Complete in Jesus! How my heart warmed and took courage. She handed me one of Mrs. Palmer's "Faith and its Effects" in which I read, "It is evident you have not a will of your own, if you can refer the ruling of your destiny back to God, were he to place it in your hands." My heart responded, if that be a test, I am sure the will of God predominates in my case, for I would not recall the past or have the ruling of my destiny in my own hands—God knows what is best for me—I do not.

A few days after, whilst kneeling alone with a friend of Mrs. Hamline's, she said, "why not now, 'reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ?'" To me this passage had always been the darkest of all, but notwithstanding, and without any emotion whatever, I began to reckon or count myself dead unto sin. What a solemn moment! My soul said of Mrs. Hamline and Mrs. Palmer and the other sister, leave me *alone* with my God, for no human aid can help me now. This struggle between the flesh and spirit must end in victory or death. Thus was I enabled to lay body, soul and spirit upon the altar that sanctifies the gift, and without any joy at all, I believed I had met the requisitions of God, through grace, and I dared not doubt my acceptance. For awhile I clung by naked, joyless, intellectual faith. Soon, however, I began to feel it a privilege to be *permitted* thus to cling by naked faith, and all my interests both for time and eter-

nity unreservedly and irrevocably went over into His hands. Yes, yes, I was perfectly satisfied with such a disposition and with that feeling alone, I retired for the night. Next morning I opened the Bible and my eye fell upon "Hereby perceive we the love of God." My mind was so forcibly struck with the great love of God and the reasonableness of his requirements that I could read no further. Truly the love of God seemed far beyond all human calculation. To me it seemed so gentle, so diffusive, so precious, that my soul, at first, was awed into silence and I could only whisper, Jesus loves me. Never, before, did old truths of the Bible come upon my mind with such force and beauty. The promises seemed to stand out in bold relief and I was enabled to appropriate them all to myself. *Rest* and assurance of faith sprung up in my heart, unlike anything previous. Truly I realized that rest of which it has been said, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." And now that months have passed, I daily realize "I am the Lord's and he is mine." Bible proofs of this *great salvation* loom up before me upon almost every page I read—and every passage seems so rich and full of meaning. My faith is greatly confirmed and I can say I have no other wish than to *do the Will* of God. I have no care save that I might sin against him. When any vexing care or perplexity comes, I receive strength to look *right up* to Jesus, and my soul is as truly and effectually calmed, as when Jesus spake to the wind and raging waters. Truly this life is beyond description.

MODESTY is generally the companion of virtue, innocence and real abilities.

COL. HERMAN CANFIELD, who was shot at the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, knowing that his wound was mortal, requested to be taken home. Surrounded by the enemy, he was told that his request could not be granted, to which he calmly replied "*Never mind, Jesus will take me home.*" Exulting in the glorious prospect of a speedy entrance into the world of bliss, his spirit soon left the suffering body, and JESUS TOOK HIM HOME.

BY M. D. J.

Oh take me home!—The battle's dreadful strife
Has shatter'd my poor frame, and now my life
Is ebbing fast from this deep mortal wound,
And in this dreary place no rest is found;—
Oh, take me home!

My precious home!—Its atmosphere is sweet,
Its inmates dear as life;—their waiting feet
Will haste to meet me, and their loving smile
Will cheer my heart, and hours of pain beguile.
Oh, take me home!

My own dear home!—Those kind and gentle
ones—
Oh, could I see them!—*Could their tender tones*
Now greet my ear!—*Oh might those dear ones*
keep
Their vigils round me while I sweetly sleep!
Oh, take me home!

My own sweet home!—*But what is that I hear?*
The sound of hostile footsteps drawing near!
Ah!—I shall see my earthly home no more:—
But—*never mind*—soon to that brighter shore
JESUS WILL TAKE ME HOME!

My Heavenly Home!—Oh sweeter, dearer far,
That peaceful home:—where no dread sound
of war,
No sin's polluting touch, no grief, no pain,
Nor death, I e'er shall know or feel again:—
Jesus will take me home!

Tell my loved ones I go to that blest home,—
And at its gates I'll greet them when they
come;
That circle, broken here, will re-unite
In those pure mansions in the world of light.
Jesus will take me home!

Oh, glorious Home!—All blest, all holy there—
The blood-washed inmates:—love perfumes
the air—

JESUS—*most precious name!*—theme of their
song—

The light, the bliss of the Celestial throng—
JESUS will take me home.

My everlasting home!—Its portals bright
E'en now are opening to my raptured sight,
Its glories beam upon my soul,—I hear
Enchanting music from that blissful sphere!
Jesus will take me home!

He comes! He comes! I hear his chariot wheels!
The raptures of His love my spirit feels:—
Hail precious Saviour!—*Welcome! Welcome*
Thou!

Gladly my spirit quits these shores—Oh, now,
Jesus will take me home.

IS ALL UPON THE ALTAR?

BY W. A. C. WINOMS.

Sister, brother, long you for perfect love? Think you it is your privilege? Yea, more, your bounden duty? To whom have you applied? Did He ever turn one earnest, willing seeker away? When do you expect it? Next camp meeting? next prayer-meeting, band-meeting, or love-feast? Is this the doctrine Christ taught? No, no! But "now is the accepted time." Can you now receive? What hinders! Is all upon the altar? Paul exhorted the Roman converts to "present their bodies a living sacrifice." At this consecration how often have I trembled and staggered. Present our souls and bodies a living sacrifice, to Him who is to wash us? Oh glorious truth.

In making this consecration, one says, while the offering is named, Yes; I give this, and this, and this; yes, it is thy right, I,ord, thy just due. Some things are comparatively easy to give up; but when the loving child, affec-

tionate husband, or endeared wife is to be offered, what a shrinking. What! not entrust the dearest object of your affection to Jesus, who is to cleanse you?

It was the last night of a glorious camp meeting. The spirit of God had been awakening sinners, and arousing believers. Many had been pardoned, many sanctified. The public services were closed and we were just retiring to rest, when a young friend came in and requested us to go to a certain tent, as there was a meeting in progress, of which we were fully aware. On arriving there we found a gracious influence in the meeting. Presently an elderly lady beckoned my companion to her and said, "Oh sir, speak to my daughter there." The young woman appeared to be about twenty-three years of age. She was lying on the floor, her head supported by her sister, and in great agony of mind. He asked her trouble. The mother replied that she was seeking perfect love, and had been this way for many hours. What fearful wrestlings within, what agonizing groans came from her burdened soul! He had her raised to a sitting posture. At first his questions received no attention. Finally in answer to one she exclaimed, "Oh, I want to be wholly the Lord's." In answer to inquiries she said, "she believed the Lord was willing and waiting to cleanse her the moment she believed." Mark the rest. He asked "Is all upon the altar? all given up to God as a free will offering, a living sacrifice?" Large tears began to fall. Here was the tender point. "Is all surrendered?" "That is just what I have been trying to do," she said. "Then let it be done. Come sister, follow me in making the surrender. My time, I give to the Lord?" "Yes," she answered. "My talents

as far as requisite I devote to Jesus?" "Yes, yes." "My influence hereafter is to be for Christ?" "It is, Lord help me." "Thank the Lord, sister, for this much," he rejoined. "Life, as dear as it is, I fully yield?" "Oh!" she cried, "I must have Jesus." "Now," he added, "look within, I cannot read your thoughts. God knows them; is there not a secret idol within? Can you give that up too?" She uttered a deep groan, falling forward into her sister's arms, burst into a flood of tears. My friend turning to the mother, asked if she was married. "Yes." "How long since?" "About a year and a half ago." "Is her husband a Christian?" "No, not yet; but is now seeking." "Has she a child?" "Yes, a little boy." "Where is her husband?" "That person sitting next her on the left, and if ever a woman worshipped a husband, she does." Oh! here was the trouble, with her, as with many others, a mother, a wife. These darlings must be given up. "Now, sister," he said, "the Lord requires us to make a complete surrender of all that stands between him and our souls. But this does not make it necessary to not love them, or care for them. Not so, but that you are willing to consecrate them to God and abide by his will, though to all appearance very much against your present enjoyment of them. Your affection instead of being less, can be, and is to be, purer and holier than now. But this must be done. Do you still thirst?" "Oh! my Jesus, my Jesus, could I but trust thee," she cried. "Well just now complete the consecration. You say you have given up yourself, can you now give up others? Your friends? Father? Mother?" "Y-e-s." "Sisters? Brothers?" Can you trust God

for these?" "I can." "Praise the Lord much is accomplished. Can and do you freely give up your child? It is the purchase of his blood?" She was silent. The struggle was going on in the mother's breast. We waited a moment. She heaved a sigh. It was done. "Oh take, oh take my babe, Lord." One more object, and the work was done. Bending low, he whispered in her ear, "Husband too?" A shudder ran through her frame, her head dropped on her bosom. Now was the turning point. Angels were clustering around to wait the issue. Would they be disappointed? Her struggle was in silence for a moment, when she moved her head, and with one wild, despairing, broken-hearted scream, threw herself backward and clasped her arms around the neck of her idol. She exclaimed, "My husband, oh! my husband, oh my dear husband! how can I give you up." My friend waited till the first outburst of grief was over, when he repeated in her ear, "Husband too?" "Oh John," she said, "if you were only converted I think I could give you up." The husband was too full to speak. "Never mind your husband. The Lord will take care of him, and do more for his soul than you can. Get your soul right, and then 'no good thing will he withhold from you.' Jesus gave up all for you, and now waits 'to plunge you in the purple flood;' are you willing? Which will you have? Husband, or Jesus?" Another silence. She drew him closely to her for a moment or two, when her head fell on his shoulder, her lips moved, bending down we heard "Glory! Glory!" Her arms relaxed their hold, she fell backward, the tement of clay was received by the mother. Her soul was enjoying the celestial bliss of being swallowed up in "God-

Head's deepest sea." The consecration was made, the cleansing performed. As morning dawned, she made the woods resound with the shout of "Glory to the Lord." The rest is soon told. These things were too much for John; and while his wife was lying in glory, he was lying at the foot of the cross crying for pardon. He too, made the venture, and his regenerated soul was glad to tell of another child born to God. Their meeting need not be described. It was one we shall never forget.

Dear brother—sister—have you all upon the altar? Are the idols given up? Does the blood now cleanse?

Canada.

WORDS TO PARENTS.

One thing, however poor you are, you can give your children, and that is, your prayers. They are, if real and humble, worth more than food and clothing, and have often brought from the Father who is in Heaven, and hears our prayers, both money, and meat, and clothes, and all worldly good things. And there is one thing you can always teach your child; you may not yourself know how to read or write, and therefore you may not be able to teach your children how to do these things; you may not know the names of the stars or their geography, and may, therefore, not be able to tell them how far you are from the sun, or how big the moon is; nor be able to tell them the way to Jerusalem or Australia; but you may be always able to tell them who made the sun, the moon and stars, and numbered them, and you may tell them the road to heaven. You may always teach them to pray.

[Dr. Brown's Book on Health.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

FERVENT PRAYER WILL PREVAIL.

BY R. V. A.

It is about ten years since I united with the church of Christ. During the first two years I tried to lead a consistent life, and endeavored to win others to the Saviour, whom I professed to love and serve. From that time until within two years, I have been subject to a change of feeling; sometimes being deeply affected; then indifferent, until at last I tried to persuade myself religion was a vain thing; very soon I plunged into the pleasures of the world, attending the Theatre and other places of amusement, contented to live on, day after day, without the Bible and without prayer. I was willing the unconverted should know I was a church-member, though by my life and conversation I was a stumbling block in their way and a reproach to the cause of God.

During the month of November last, I visited a quiet village on the Cape and attended a series of meetings held at that time. I entered the place of prayer with a spirit of levity, and did all in my power to attract the attention of others. But there were praying souls in that village, who wrestled with God on my behalf; they watched as well as prayed, but several days elapsed before they prevailed. The Spirit was poured out upon me; my soul was greatly troubled. I endeavored to drive it from my breast, but in vain. Days were spent in anxious thought, and sleepless nights brought no relief, for I had not then offered one prayer for myself. Christian friends took me by the hand and entreated me with tears, to "ask

that I might receive;" they knelt with me, and never did more earnest, agonizing prayer go up, than was offered for me. I knew the way of duty and how a Christian *ought* to live, but I felt I could never walk in that way, nor lead that life; and I was also determined I *would never yield my heart*, until I *could be* a Christian in every sense of the word. At last I prayed, but no answer came; then I resolved I would seek no more, for it must be I had sinned away my day of grace. I expressed this conviction to one who had known my every feeling, but the more I *doubted*, the more *she prayed*. One day I had been struggling with my feelings, until it seemed to me I should sink forever into despair, when a suggestion occurred to my mind, made a few weeks previous, by a dear Christian minister; it was, that I should enter into a covenant with God—a written covenant. I went to my room and with a trembling hand traced the lines that were to seal my vows to God. I resolved to throw myself at the foot of the cross, and if I *perished*, to perish there. It was a solemn hour. I laid my head upon the table and prayed for strength to carry out in my life the vows recorded. That day and the next passed without my having any evidence that I was accepted, but the third day found me with a clear view of the Saviour, as receiving and blessing me. I could look away from weak and trembling self to "One who was mighty to save." I have since lived near the cross, as I humbly believe, and have neither been afraid nor ashamed to own my Lord. I have had near access to a throne of grace and always feel, when pleading there, that Jesus is near to strengthen my heart, encourage and increase my faith. Never before did I

understand the Scripture, "*We walk by faith and not by sight.*"

Christians! take courage! it was because of the faithful child of prayer, that the Saviour melted my hard heart and subdued my stubborn will. *The fervent prayer will be answered.* God will crown with success the labors of those *who are in earnest.* Trust not in your profession! *union with the church, is by no means union with Christ.* I have learned this truth by my past experience. The life must correspond with the profession, or we shall never "grow in grace," nor be an active Christian in winning souls. We may talk of the love of Jesus, and we may pray, but if we lack faith and are conformed to the world, our talk and our prayers will be in vain. We are not to shut within ourselves the bright hope of an existence beyond this world, where purity and love are undimmed and unstained by sin, but we are to let it shine forth in our daily walks, that others may be guided by it and seek it as their own. If we would wear the *crown*, we must *bear the cross*, and if we would make heaven rejoice over returning prodigals, we must work and not be idlers in the vineyard of the Lord.

If the eye of a wanderer from God should rest upon this page, or an unconverted person read this experience, written by one who has tasted of the pleasures this world affords, and of the joys of pardoned sin, it is my humble prayer, that such an one may be encouraged to go and seek to enter in, that his "joy may be full."

Andover, Jan. 1863.

MAN, the individual, and man, the race, must press on! Neither has yet attained. Both must go forward!

MRS. NELLIE BALDWIN.

BRO. DEGEN: Looking over my papers, a day or two since, I found the notes of a sermon preached at the funeral of Mrs. NELLIE, wife of Rev. Stephen Baldwin, missionary to China, and daughter of your editorial associate, the Rev. B. W. Gorham. Though the leading facts connected with the early death of this most excellent young lady have already been given to the readers of the Guide, it is very possible that the closing part of the sermon referred to may be read with more or less interest and profit. At any rate, I shall be happy to put on record my estimate of her character. The following extract is, therefore, at your disposal.

So far as man is capable of judging, no one ever more perfectly lived the life of those whose character is described in the text (Rev. 7: 14—17) than did the excellent Christian lady whose loss we this day deplore. In her very infancy she was given to God in holy baptism, and, at the age of ten, became by public profession a member of the church. From that time to the moment of her death, her life was one of loving obedience to God. The only question with her was, What is duty? That question answered, all was settled. No matter where the path of duty led, she was ever ready to walk in it. This solves the mystery of her early devotion to the missionary cause. She undoubtedly loved the young man whose fortunes she consented to share in distant China; but had she not loved the Saviour more than she loved him, her nimble feet had never traced the streets of Fuh Chau. Two years ago the 4th of October last, in the twentieth year of her age, she embarked with her youthful husband for that far-off land, purposing and ex-

pecting to live and die for the heathen. Just before her departure, she attended the Oswego district camp-meeting, held in Candor, and, at one of the largest and most interesting social meetings I ever attended, conducted just before the stand, she stood up and spoke to listening hundreds, if not thousands, of her contemplated mission; with a pale face, but unfaltering voice, expressing her unreserved devotion to the cause of Christ in China. Every eye wept—save her own. The speech and the circumstances can never be forgotten. Little did the speaker, who that day commended her and her work to the prayers of God's people, imagine that in so short a time he would be called upon to perform this solemn service over her lifeless clay. But the spirit of that memorable speech has been fully carried out. She has never faltered for a single moment. Nothing could shake her resolution. Sickness, storms, disasters, disappointments, seemed only to give additional strength to her purpose. She was the last to give up her plan to die in China. She toiled on long after the prevalent opinion was, that retreat or death was her only alternative. Apparently, she left China with far greater reluctance than she did her own native land. All her letters home breathe the spirit of martyrdom. They seem to say, "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." Amidst all her sufferings she never expressed any regrets that she has given herself up to the life-work of saving the heathen. In purpose, she only came home to return again, so soon as her native air should restore her exhausted energies.* So that, in the last day, the Sovereign Judge will reward her as though she

had toiled fifty years in that distant field.

Let no one say, then, that *her life was a failure*. "That life is long that answers life's great end." And who will say that hers did not? Though only in her twenty-second year, she lived longer, morally, religiously, effectively, than even the patriarchs. Some of us who have toiled a little, here at home, forty or fifty years, will wear no such crown as that which shall adorn the brow of this youthful martyr. No, Nellie, thy life was *not* a failure! It was a consummation, a victory, a glorious triumph! Thou hast finished thy course and kept the faith, and now the crown of life is thine.

Mrs. Baldwin was, every way, a superior woman. There was in her not only a depth of piety, but a maturity of intellect truly remarkable in one of her age. She outstripped all her associates in acquiring the vernacular of the place where she expected to live, to labor, and to die. She comprehended human character by a sort of intuition. The bearings and probable results of plans and projects were seen by her at a glance, and seldom did she form a wrong estimate.

She was a dutiful child, an affectionate sister, and a loving wife. I knew her well from the days of her childhood till she went "far hence among the heathen," and I take pleasure in saying, that a more lovely youth, or a more amiable young woman, I have never known.

Too good for earth, to heaven has gone,
And left us all in tears.

"There is no man," emphatically avers the Great Teacher, "that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold

*She died on her passage home.

more in this present time, and in the world to come LIFE EVERLASTING."

"I MOVE INTO THE LIGHT."

The closing scene of Rev. Dr. Wallace's life is thus related by one of his daughters :

"Father said but little after he came home, on the subject of religion, but what he did say was very comprehensive. On the afternoon of the day before he died, we were near him expecting every moment might be the last we would look upon him living. My mother said, 'We are all watching you, dear, and there is One watching who never sleeps.' None of us who saw him then will ever forget the radiance that at that moment spread over his face; an apparently supernatural glory seemed to shine out from it. After a moment of what seemed to be rapturous contemplation, he said, 'Oh, the inexpressible glory! the ineffable sweetness of our Saviour! you must, just come to the cross in simple child-like faith! He wanted to hear some of the promises, and I repeated as nearly as I could the second verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' He answered simply 'Yes!' After this he did not talk much. The last words he said to my mother were: '*I move into the light!*'"

The following lines are a tribute to his memory by Rev. E. E. Adams, suggested by those memorable farewell words:

Out of the shadows that shroud the soul,
Out of the seas where the sad waves roll,
Far from the whirl of each mundane pole,
"I move into the light!"

Out of the region of cloud and rain,
Out of the cares that oppress the brain,
Out of the body of sin and pain,
"I move into the light!"

Out of the struggles of church and state.
Out of the empire of pride and hate,
Up through the beautiful sapphire gate,
"I move into the light!"

Beyond the noise of creation's jars,
Higher than all the worlds and stars,
Higher than limits of reason's bars,
"I move into the light!"

Far in the clime of the pure "Ideal,"
Where mind looks forth with an eye to see all,
Where matter is not, but life more real,
"I move into the light!"

We follow after to those high spheres;
Notes of thy rapture fall on our ears;
Out of our darkness, our sins and fears,
"We move into the light!"

PAUL AGAINST PAUL.

BY MRS. M. M. BOARDMAN.

Mr. H.—Did Paul look upon himself as perfect? Did he sometimes feel as if he had attained, and then again as if he had not come up to the full realization of all he might? What does he mean when he says, "not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect;" then again he says soon after, "Let us therefore as many as be perfect, be thus minded?" Now Mr. R, what do you make out of this?

Mr. R.—To me it seems very plain, nothing more so. The apostle asserts the fact that he had not attained the full knowledge of Christ; therefore as there was beyond, a prize of the high mark toward which they must be pressing, let as many of us as have this per-

fect desire, be thus minded to press on. Paul did not speak of their being perfect in attainment, that is very clear.

Mr. H.—It is however very discouraging to always be trying after that which we cannot attain.

Mr. R.—Not at all. The artist in pressing from step to step in the progression of his work is constantly advancing toward perfection. And as he gains one stand-point, and still sees another beyond, does not feel discouraged, but forgetting those things which are behind, he presses forward, to the mark of the prize of his high calling. Every step gained but raises the artist's conception of what he may acquire. Then as his views enlarge, and he sees what may be done, he does not think of yielding to discouragements because there are still fields of unexplored treasures beyond, but day after day as he gives the gentle touch of the brush to the canvass, his emotions expand, and he presses on with fresh vigor because he has not yet attained the highest degree of perfection in art, but sees that which requires the use of all the energy of his being and powers of mind to attain.

Thus it is with the Christian, as he advances in knowledge of God and of his works, and as he obtains glimpse after glimpse of his perfection and wisdom, he feels that before *him*, there are heights and depths of unexplored glories not yet attained; and as these beauties of the divine character open before him, he feels that there is enough to call forth all the powers of his being. And the fact of the field enlarging before him, makes him all the more eager to press forward, and as his vision expands, hope becomes more glorious, and nothing to such a mind is more abhorrent than the idea of having already

attained, or being already perfect, in the view we have taken of it.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PURITY OF HEART.

As Wesleyan Methodists, we hold most firmly the doctrine of Entire Sanctification. As believers in God's word, we insist on the possibility of the Christian being made completely holy in this life. As surely as it is said that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," so sure is the declaration that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." We cordially, and with all our hearts believe this. The word of God declares it, and upon its declarations we build our faith. We are constantly exhorted to "go on unto perfection," and to have in us "the mind that was in Christ." We have promise upon promise to the same effect. God "will sprinkle clean water upon us, and we shall be clean." "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness:" as faithful and just to cleanse us, as He is to pardon. We have the solemn command of Christ, to be "perfect as our Father which is in heaven is perfect." The Spirit inspires such prayers as "Create in us a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." Upon such evidence we ground our belief, that it is possible for the believer, even in this life, to be cleansed from all sin. Yet the persons who enjoy this Scriptural blessing are comparatively few. We thank God for some, who as clearly and blessedly experience it, as did any in the

days of Wesley. But they are few. A vast number live without it; either content to remain in a partially sanctified state, or thinking a state of entire purity too high for ordinary believers. There are many among us, who as Christians merely *exist*. Their souls cannot be said to *live* to God. The holy fire in their hearts burns but dimly; and, with few signs of growth in grace, they remain year after year, in a state of scriptural dwarfishness. These want *purity* of heart. Then we have numbers of young converts, who, after the first gush of joy, are sensible of the want of something more. These want *purity*. There are also many—some of them Christians of standing—who once enjoyed this glorious blessing, but have lost it. A cloud is over their experience; their joys are meagre, and they are constantly crying, “O that I was as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness!” These want *purity*. There are Ministers who are bewailing their leanness of soul, and absence of unction in their pulpit services. There are Leaders of Classes, who deplore the lifelessness of their members. There are Local Preachers who have gifts for usefulness and yet appear to labor almost in vain; and there are a host of persons, who, without doubt, are God’s children, yet whose constant cry is, “O my leanness, my leanness;” and who live in the experience described in such verses as,—

“Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord!”

These all want *purity* of heart. It is the very blessing, which, of all others, they most need. We speak not too

strongly in saying that, in the present day, this is the great want of the church. The best barrier against that rising tide of worldliness, which is sweeping round the church, is purity of heart. The best antidote to that cold and hollow formalism which robs the church of power, is purity of heart. The best preparation for large and extensive usefulness, is purity of heart.

But how shall we seek it? how obtain a blessing so greatly to be desired?

Let us first become satisfied as to the possibility of attaining it; and then, by God’s help, set our hearts on its possession.

Let us stir up ourselves to pray, and with heart-earnestness wrestle for the blessing.

Let us count the cost of a life of entire devotion to God; and then solemnly, and with all our hearts, give ourselves wholly to Him.

Let us, taking God at His word, trust, with simple faith, in the blood which “cleanseth from all sin;” and, assured that all things are “possible to him that believeth,” let us take hold on the promise, and “henceforth live, not unto ourselves, but unto Him that died for us, and rose again.” We are Thine, O Jesus, bought with a price. Claim us for Thine own.

We close by a short extract from the Journals of our Founder.

“The more I converse with the believers, in Cornwall, the more I am convinced that they have sustained great loss for want of hearing the doctrine of Christian perfection clearly and strongly enforced. I see, whenever this is not done, the believers grow dead and cold. Nor can this be prevented, but by keeping up in them an hourly expectation of being perfected in love. I say, an *hourly expectation*; for to

expect it at death, or some time hence, is much the same as not expecting it at all."—*Chris. Miscellany.*

FROM MRS. PALMER.

REVIVAL IN LEEDS, ENG.

Dec. 8, 1862.

The work is daily on the rise, and we are expecting that the Lord will mightily shake Leeds.

Three meetings are held daily and often four. In the morning at 7 o'clock, noon meeting at 12, and another from 6 to 7 prior to the evening service. Much prayer is offered, and God's Israel are grasping mighty things. Last night I felt much divine power resting upon me while speaking, and was informed afterward that three friends who were mighty in prayer had retired from the crowded chapel to plead that the Holy Spirit would speak through my lips and make the word quick and powerful.

The whole service was indeed gloriously owned of God in the awakening and conversion of sinners—believers were also sanctified wholly.

People seemed to be under awakening influences all over the house, but we have seldom been at a place where there has been so much manifest resistance to the Holy Spirit.

Every day in passing from the house of our host J. H——, Esq. to the chapel, we pass the place where the sainted Bramwell exchanged mortality for immortality. The holy William Bramwell, so eminently filled with the Spirit, has many spiritual children in these parts. He was once stationed in Leeds. It was in Woodhouse Lane, only a few steps from where I write, that the night patrol found him in the agonies of death, and took him back to Mr. Sigston's, where the vital spark

took its flight. We have visited the house where he

"Clapped the glad wing and soared away,
To mingle with the blaze of day."

We have called on Mr. Sigston the intimate friend and biographer of Mr. Bramwell. He seems to be as lovely a specimen of green old age as was our dear Dr. Bangs. He delights to talk about his loved, departed Bramwell, and when we said that the time could not be far distant when he would meet his sainted friend and many others, "on the banks beyond the stream," he exultingly added,

"Where all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the master beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph at sorrow and death;
The voyage of life at an end
The mortal affliction is past,
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last."

Dec. 24. We are now as you will observe in Yorkshire. Cross-Hall, the place where Mrs. Fletcher resided a little over fourteen years—is about three miles from Leeds. We visited the place—a wealthy gentleman belonging to the Wesleyans is the present owner. Though many things remain much as they were when the devoted Miss B—— occupied the commodious house and grounds, yet there is doubtless an air of ease and elegance to which they had never attained when Miss Bosanquet's large family of orphans were in possession of the domain. A place was pointed out to which I have observed but one reference in her memoir, and then I wondered what it could mean, or where it could be. You may remember she speaks of a gracious season at the *Hermitage*. This was a place built against the wall at the extreme end of the ample grounds. Mr. Fletcher spent about six months at Cross-Hall at the time of his marriage.

We did not seem to be strangers to the present occupants who made our visit as satisfactory as possible. We took pleasure in leaving as a memento of our visit one of our little volumes. Little did I think when I used to read Mrs. Fletcher's memoirs with such interest when a child, that I should ever be walking over Cross-Hall and its beautiful grounds. The present occupant evidently feels that his beautiful Hall and elegant grounds are far more valuable from the fact that they were once the property of Mrs. Fletcher.

He showed us the former deeds of the property by which it was conveyed from one purchaser to another. And here in the year 1781 was the hand writing of Miss Mary Bosanquet, and William Thomas Fletcher—she first signing away a portion of Cross-Hall property before she was united to Mr. Fletcher, and the latter after her marriage, to which both their names are appended. We visited Bramwell's grave at Westgate Hill about six miles from Leeds. It had been estimated that there never had been such a gathering at Leeds as at Mr. Bramwell's funeral. So Mr. Sigston informed us. He pointed us to the spot where the vast procession of about 10,000 parted on their road to the grave, and after singing the hymn commencing

"Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain,"

the vast assemblage partially dispersed and others proceeded with the remains of the loved and honored to Westgate Hill where the daughter of Mr. B—— at that time, as now, resided. We took the road by which the procession moved and visited the grave. A weeping ash overhangs a large horizontal stone on which is inscribed, "Here

lies all that was mortal of William Bramwell, Minister of the Gospel" &c. The remains of Mrs. Bramwell lie beside her husband, marked by a stone of similar dimensions. She outlived her husband ten years, and then triumphantly and alike suddenly as her husband went home to glory, with the name of "Jesus! sweet Jesus!" on her lips. We went into the chapel, and while I was actually bowing my knees in the same sacred desk in which one Sabbath, only three days before Mr. Bramwell's translation, he delivered his last message to the people of that place, the chapel-keeper arrested my attention, by saying that she was present, when that last solemn sermon was preached. She also assured us, she heard and distinctly marked his prophetic words in prayer, "Lord didst thou not this day speak to my heart, and say, thou shalt soon be with me to behold my glory?" Till Wednesday evening of that week he seemed to be happy, bright and well as usual, but ere the dawn of Thursday he was in glory; and on the Sabbath afternoon just one week from the hour she heard the prophetic words in prayer, she saw his remains committed to the tomb.

Leaving the chapel we went to see Mrs. Hargreaves the one and only daughter of Mr. Bramwell. She still resides next door to the chapel as we may imagine she did, when as Mr. Sigston says, "many friends took tea with him at the house of his daughter." Last week we spent part of a day at Harrowgate where we passed a pleasant hour with William Greensmith Esq. This is the individual whose restoration to eye-sight is related in Bramwell's memoir. Mr. G—— is now a hale, healthy old gentleman. When a child about nine years old, he was for a long

time so severely afflicted with a painful disease of the eyes as to be wholly unable to bear the light. One morning as Mr. Bramwell was about leaving the house, having preached in the place the evening previous, he called for the afflicted boy. Laying his hands on the boy's head, he lifted his eyes to heaven and uttered a short inaudible prayer, and then mounting his horse rode away. The boy immediately tore the bandages from his eyes, and to the great astonishment of the family looked out of the window and inquired if Mr. Bramwell was gone. From that hour his eyes were well.

CROWN OF LIFE.

BY MRS. E. DYER.

There is a crown laid up on high,
Beyond the portals of the sky,
Reserved for faithful souls;
No mortal eye hath ever seen,
Or mortal footsteps stood within,
To view the heavenly world.

'Tis not like crowns that monarchs wear,
Or one which earthly Princes share,
But an immortal crown,
Suspended in the heavenly halls,
Where glittering mottoes deck the walls,
This heavenly treasure's found.

It is a prize more pure than gold,
Its worth no language can unfold,
Or human mind conceive.
Hope will my weary soul sustain,
And bear me up through toil and pain,
Till I the prize receive.

The saints within that glorious sphere,
All lived by faith, and conquered here;
To them the Crown is given.
If back the curtain were but drawn,
And all the glories there be shown,
'Twould urge me on to heaven.

Bought by a Saviour's dying love,
Who intercedes for us above,
And lifts the prize in sight;
And when death's waves around us roll,

He will receive the faithful soul,
To that blest world of light.

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIV- INGTON ST., N. Y.

A minister said that the evening before he had seen the grandest sight of his life. He attended a meeting at the Cooper Institution, and the immense room was closely crowded—one third only white, the rest colored—it was a Jubilee emancipation gathering—a colored minister occupied the chair, who said he saw the people were very anxious to make some demonstration of their joy, and wished them all to rise and stand a few minutes in silent adoration, praise, and thanksgiving, to Almighty God for the work he has wrought. Promptly the vast assembly were on their feet in silent worship—each heart lifting up its own praise and thanks.

He then spoke of his progress in the divine life and his sweet communion with Christ and the blessings of the Holy Spirit.

Another minister said that this first Tuesday in the year was his anniversary in a closer walk with God; and although hindered by his pastoral duties from being as steadily at the meeting as he wished, yet like the pious Jew who worships with his face toward Jerusalem, so on Tuesday afternoon wherever he is, his heart turns to the meeting.

The meeting yesterday was full of interest—much unction was felt in the opening prayers. The seekers were immediately invited to rise and commit themselves—some for pardon and many for purity. The experience related was intended to aid their faith that they might lay aside their hindrances and

enter into rest through faith. Many profited by the way being made plain, and believed to full salvation. The afternoon being so short now, it was deemed most expedient to aid seekers first. Some of them who had long felt their bondage spoke and were strengthened. A minister from West Point who led the meeting, said he could not get along in his pastoral duties without a pure heart, and that lately while very weary in body on his way home, he had had a precious manifestation of his crown, when his weariness was all gone through the refreshment of his spirit. He solicited the prayers of the meeting for the cadets there; twenty-five of them now attend his preaching.

He exulted in the power, and grace of God in his own experience, and its adaptation to the wants of sinful men.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

"Angels adore him in slumber reclining,—
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour, of all."

In one of our churches it was concluded on Wednesday evening that we meet the next morning at six o'clock, to hail the infant Jesus. A few gathered before the early dawn, with our good pastor in his place. Singing and prayer were interspersed for some time, and our beloved country was not forgotten in earnest supplications. Then, the pastor thought it well to change the exercises, and relate experience, in which he led the way, and spoke of an early prayer-meeting to which he went with his mother on the centenary morning when quite a boy—he remembered the words that were sung as they approached the door, "where is good old Wesley now?" And he said, "where is the blessed Saviour now? At the right hand of God pleading for

us." Another said, she had been singing with the angels, "peace on earth and good will to men." One felt much, and said she had never before had such a visit to the manger, and desired more of the infant graces in her soul, those of gentleness and meekness.

Another who had until the last year, been groping her way to heaven through pictures, images and forms, said she was very happy, and felt that Christ was in her heart; she knew she loved Jesus.

A lad whose father had a few days before gone to the blessed world we have not seen, said, he preferred the love of God in his heart to any other gift that could be presented to him.* A sister spoke of the necessity of watchfulness for the young on that day. Then the pastor again reverted to his own experience in preserving a watchful, prayerful state of mind in all circumstances, to which we could all set our seal in his holy consistent example. Thus our happy Christmas day was commenced and we trust ended.

M. A.

*And the first Sabbath in the New Year, this dear lad was enabled to believe he was accepted in Christ, and thus received the gift he so much desired on Christmas morning.

TO THE ONE PANTING FOR LIGHT.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I read your interesting letter in the Dec. *Guide*, and in a measure can sympathize with you, having at times in my experience, stood on the same ground which I think you now occupy. We do not always see our true position, but this is not our worst difficulty, we might if we would, but do not always like to.

You seem to have sought in vain for

aid, but if I can succeed in showing you some of the obstacles that lie in your way, my labor will not be entirely in vain.

Holiness is the same in all ages; and it must be sought simply for what it is. Not for what it will make of us, or cause us to be or do, but only for what it is, leaving all else with God. Having holiness, which is Christ dwelling in us, we have the promise of all that is needful: for "in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily;" and he says "Lo, I am with you always."

The manner of obtaining this blessing is the same with all. The monarch and the beggar must get it in the same way. It seems, my sister, you must be laboring under some mistake with regard to the manner of obtaining this blessing. I have always thought where there is a fixed purpose to obey God in all things, the soul would not long be left in darkness; for it is written, "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart." God is no "respector of persons," neither is he a hard master. The willing heart may ever find the path of duty, for it is written, "I will instruct thee, I will teach thee in the way which thou shalt go." It may be you have been looking in a wrong direction:—perhaps too high. Although nothing can possibly be so elevating in its nature as holiness, yet we must look very low to find it. The precious pearl lies in a lowly bed.

You ask, can you tell me the way to Jesus?—to the all cleansing fountain, and show me into God's armory where the saints are equipped and fitted to do all the will of God? Can you tell me why I worship in the "outer court" and have not yet found my way into

the "holiest?" You say, I cherish no idols, I love not the world. But as I have said, we do not always know our true position, may it not be possible that you are dishonoring God, and grieving the Holy Spirit from you, by cherishing an evil heart of unbelief? Do you believe the promises of God? Do you believe he will do just as he says he will? Here is a point to be closely investigated. I cannot know surely just what you are withholding, but it is evident there is something. May it not be self? Have you yet laid self, "a living sacrifice" on the altar that sanctifies the gift? If you do not love the world, you may fear it. The fear of man bringeth a snare, and this may be the snare that binds you.

God never did nor never will refuse a perfect sacrifice. He says "come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty." Now when the whole heart is given up to Christ, it is just as sinful to disbelieve its acceptance, as to disbelieve God's acceptance of Christ as our atonement. But you say, "can you tell me the way to Jesus?" Undoubtedly you would have the image of Christ clearly and unmistakably enstamped on your soul, and ever wear the holy impress there: but do you still mourn your want of power against the mighty host of your inbred foes? then come and let us step aside a little from the busy world and seek Gethsemane's lonely garden. *Here is Jesus, the Saviour you seek.* Hear his earnest prayer! hear him cry in bitter agony, "My Father if this cup may not pass except I drink it, thy will be done." The bitterness of that cup no human heart can

conceive, yet with *meek submission* to his Father's will, for our sakes he *receives* and *drinks* it.

Are you yet unable to make the required consecration? Does the "strong man armed yet keep his palace? then come a little further and let us contemplate the scenes of Calvary.

"Behold Him now

Suspended on the cross! on his pale brow
Hang the cold drops of death; through every
limb

The piercing torture rages; every nerve,
Stretched with excess of pain, trembles convulsed."

O my sister! *here too is Jesus* the spotless Lamb of God! *suffering for sins but not his own*. At his dying cry the earth shook, and the vail of the temple was rent, and the way into the holiest was made plain. Will you suffer with him and for him, will you count all things loss for his sake? Are you ready to pass the crucifying test? to die to the world—to sin, that you may live unto holiness and to God? Will you *follow him* through evil and good report—through *shame* and *scorn*, and the various persecutions endured by those who "will live godly in Christ Jesus?"

Here too is the All-cleansing fountain; the boundless ocean of redeeming love. Will you

"Plunge into the purple flood,
And rise to all the life of God?"

Here is the way into the "inner court,"—into the holiest, where the saints are equipped and fitted to do and suffer all the will of God. Will you *take on the armor*,—the weapons that are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.

My dear sister, may I not hope you have found your way to Jesus, and by

faith in him as the all-cleansing fountain, been able to enter into the holiest,—the rest from sin? If so, you will no longer mourn your hardness of heart, your weakness of faith, your unfitness to meet responsibilities, or to labor at any time or in any part of your Lord's vineyard. You now find faith, which is made perfect by works, to be a plant of spontaneous growth ever springing up from the soil of obedience. Let me now exhort you to "commit the keeping of your soul unto him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator." "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Yours in Christian love,

ELIZABETH.

TO U. E. T.

Will you open your Bible at the 5th chap. of the epistle to the Ephesians, and read from the 2nd line in the 25th verse?

"Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

Of all the advices which have perplexed, that which has come the nearest to helping you, is, "Think no more about self, but go about the work of your Master." If you could do that, your soul would indeed be at liberty, for its trouble arises from a load which a Christian—except under peculiar crises of experience—is not called to sustain. A man who trusts in Christ must often bear the burden of other people's

souls, but he has no business with his own. So the counsel was good, albeit incomplete, for it did not first direct you to a position in which you *dare* leave self alone, in which you *could* go about your Master's work. You have no right to leave self alone while anything in it is out of Christ's government; you have no power to go about His work while you are unsubdued to His will.

I do not write now with the intention of multiplying advice, or with the hope of giving you any help,—no one can do that—but merely to direct where you may obtain it for yourself; and the overlooking of which has been, I think, the radical defect of your experience. In a word, you have never begun with Christ *early* enough. Do you understand this? For instance, I say to a sinner seeking pardon, "Come to Jesus." "I cannot do that," is probably the answer, "because I must first repent of my sins." "No you must not," I reply, "you must come to Him in order to repent; 'He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance unto Israel as well as remission of sins.' You may be mistaken in thinking repentance is the present need of your soul, but if it be so, you must still come to Him for it. Whether you want wounding or healing, breaking down or building up, the thing He insists upon is that you come straightway to Him for it, and then He will give you whatever you need.

Now do you not think that this mistake, so common to penitent sinners, has been yours, penitent believer? Have you not labored to bring yourself into a state in which you might be sanctified? and this perhaps in various ways. You have first endeavored to consecrate yourself into fitness for Je-

sus, having heard that this was a prerequisite of sanctification. True, it is so because the first thing he requires of every soul is to cease from rebellion: it is well therefore, as a test of submission, to try yourself by the details of consecration. But this is not to prepare you for the work of Christ. If you could not thus consecrate yourself, I would say to you, "trust your Saviour at this very point of new consecration, and trust Him to work it in you. Do not wait till you are given up to Him before you expect His healing power." But this is not your present stumbling-block. Perhaps therefore you are now trying to *believe* yourself into fitness for Jesus, having heard that this is a prerequisite of sanctification. True again, it is so, but what are you to believe? Admitting the worst, that you have no sanctifying faith, I would repeat, apply to Christ for it; do not stay away from Him till you have the inward consciousness of faith. The probability is however, that you have the elements of a faith as real, as is your consecration. For this latter, however entire you may deem it, is only in its elements. Practically perfected, it never can be, by any other means than work and suffering. Most likely, then, you have the faith that purifies, but are failing to use it, at the instant in which you are required to do so, or in other words, to begin with Christ early enough. Let us now go back to our scripture:—"Christ loved the church and gave himself for it; That he might sanctify and cleanse it, with the washing of water by the word. That he might present it to himself." Do you remark the order? He loves it,—He loves it to the death,—He so loves it that He may cleanse it,—(not cleanse it that He may love it, that is our order, but it is not

His) He cleanses it with the purifying energy of His Spirit symbolized by the washing of water,—He cleanses it by the instrumentality of the Word,—He cleanses it that He may present it unto Himself, meet for his fellowship. You see the first and last of these positions might be joined: Christ loved the church—that he might present it unto himself: they come naturally together, the one is a fit sequence of the other; and an inhabitant of another world, altogether ignorant of the drama of redemption, but who knew the character of Christ, and of the object of His love, could fill up the hiatus: loving the church he must seek its fellowship, then it is inevitable that He will do what may be necessary to effect this. Admit the love, and the cleansing preparatory to fellowship, is His responsibility. Now what is the basis of faith here? The word as the instrument of sanctification? No, this is part of the superstructure. The power of the Spirit as the sanctifier? No, you are not at the foundation yet. It is that Christ loves you—this simply—and resting upon this groundwork of salvation, if you really do rest upon it, every blessing necessary for the completeness of your salvation will infallibly be added unto you.—Fellow-Christian, do you know your divine Friend well enough, to assume every grace as the consequence of His love? If not, the shortest way for you to get sanctified, is to pray for the revelation of Jesus until you do. If you do, use the knowledge now—begin with Christ at this moment, by planting your feet on this rock of unutterable love, and He will begin to fulfil in you all the good pleasure of his goodness and the work of faith with power.

Can you accept this as the answer to

your question “what am I to believe?” Faith always strikes root in the character of God in Christ: every other variety of confidence is this elaborated. It is not therefore necessary, in order to be sanctified through the truth, that you lay hold on any particular promise; it may be better in some respects that you should, it gives point and finish to faith to do so; but failing this, you are still purified through the Word, for it is the Word that reveals to you the Character in which you trust, while did you rest on any specific promise, it must still be the character of God that could give value to the word. The essence of faith is the same in both cases. In both you are cleansed by the instrumentality of the Word, with the power of the Spirit, revealing through it the character of God in Christ, which character is Love. “Christ loved the church and gave himself for it; That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, That he might present it to himself. Does this love guarantee you in yielding yourself to its power, or not? Does its foundation work of laying down life for you, warrant the expectation of the supplementary one of sanctifying you? If you feel that it does, perhaps the only remaining danger will be lest you should mistake the nature of His operation and so ignore it when it actually exists. “He will fulfil in you” I said just now “all the good pleasure of his goodness and the work of faith with power.” Yes, He will surely do this, but pray remember, that His good pleasure may not be yours, even in the experience of entire sanctification; pray remember, that the work of faith, though it must always be with power to cleanse the soul, may vary infinitely in the measure of power;

and do not make any stipulation as to the complexion of your experience, or the degree of spiritual force that shall invest your life. With regard to the former, He will take care that you shall be "holy and without blame before him in love" (not in anything else recollect); with regard to the latter, that measure of the power of the Spirit shall rest upon you, which is sufficient for the work whereunto He calls you. Be content with these two. Christ neither undertakes to raise you to any standard of faultlessness not involved in love, nor to stock you with a surplus of power on which duty makes no demands. Be content with these—not in the sense of self-satisfaction—for as to that we must aim at faultlessness in everything because our Pattern was so,—but in the sense of freedom from harrassing misgivings. If you would hold fast your confidence in an inward Saviour, amid the ever recurring proofs of your own worthlessness, you will do well to rid yourself of everybody's standard of holiness, save *his* who learned it in the closest fellowship with Jesus ever enjoyed by mortal man. "Whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected."

Now let us read those words again.

"Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it;

That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word,

That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

E. R.

London, Jan. 1863.

LIGHT of the understanding—humility kindleth, but pride extinguishes it.

CHRIST AT THE WELL.

BY E. L. E.

The sun upon Samaria's plains
In noontide fervor shone,
When he who lightened others' pains,
Paused weary with his own.

Athirst with human want he sat
Upon the Patriarch's well;
Perhaps with longing more than that,
Of living streams to tell.

Samaria's daughter came to draw
The water such could yield;
The angels in attendance saw
A richer fount revealed.

From her, whatever was her sin,
The Prophet did not shrink;
And hers the honor rare hath been
To give the Saviour drink.

A simple act—a child may give
A beggar just the same;
But she in this one deed shall live
With an undying fame.

Yet not for this—but as she heard
Of Christ, the life, the way,
She answered with no haughty word
That leads the soul astray.

She boasted not the caviller's art
To reason and to err;
The stranger read her secret heart.
And he was Christ to her.

She thirsted—not as when she drew
For him at Jacob's well;
A deeper thirst her spirit knew,
Which he alone could quell.

O precious hour of wondrous good!
Her rapture who may tell,
As by a failing fount she stood
And found the living well.

So when the simple word we take
That proves a Saviour's powers,
The cup of life our thirst shall slake,—
The Christ, the truth, are ours.

WHERE real true fortitude dwells,
loyalty, bounty, friendship and fidelity
may be found.

The Guide to Holiness.

MARCH, 1863.

SELF DENIAL.

"And if thine eye offend thee pluck it out, and cast it from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire."

This scripture has a deeper signification than many seem to apprehend. It requires at our hand something more than the sacrifice of that which is in itself wrong, and the cutting off of sinful indulgence of every description. We are to deny ourselves that which is in itself innocent, if for any reason our souls are periled thereby; or if there are unmistakable providential indications that duty requires the sacrifice.

It is not wrong in itself to hold and use, as the steward of God, worldly property. It may be made one of the most glorious talents that God commits to any man, for the very reason that it requires so much faith and love to use it acceptably; and yet, when Christ required the young man that came, kneeling, to him, to become an apostle, rendering it impossible for him to manage his worldly estate, and thus indispensable for him to rid himself of it, this property which another might innocently have held, became an eye to be plucked out, at the peril of his salvation. This property, devoutly used, might have been made a wholesome means of grace, securing in the care of it, mental and spiritual discipline; but now it stood between the soul and eternal life, and it was better to sacrifice all these possible opportunities for cultivation and development—to enter heaven without the enlargement they might afford—than to have every advantage that might seem to be derived from their enjoyment, with the soul every moment in peril.

Our domestic and social ties are of divine appointment—they are innocent in themselves—they are even means of grace, and in their cultivation, the affections of the heart find their appropriate field for development: but if their enjoyment hinders our obedience to a providential indication of the will of God, as

when he calls one to leave father and mother, home and native land, to preach the Gospel in a distant field of duty, however acute the pang, the trembling cords are to be unhesitatingly severed. The otherwise innocent and ordained means of securing the soul's enlargement in this direction are to be cut off, and with these maimed affections it is better to enter into life, than to yield to their full enjoyment at the cost of duty, and the peril of spiritual death.

If the society of our friends, in itself harmless—the cultivation of our social faculties and the indulgence of innocent material pleasures are found to draw the mind away from spiritual things; if they are taking the place, as a source of comfort and of desire, that the Saviour ought to occupy; if they make the subdued peace of religious services, private or public, seem tame to us; if they quench the longings of the heart to partake of the Divine Nature; if they shut out the heavenly vision, and make earth to appear greater than heaven, and time than eternity; if they embarrass us in the discharge of our religious duties to our friends, and serve to deaden the constant testimony that our lives should give to the supreme importance of eternal things, then, without any question, these sensitive cords must be submitted to the sword of the Spirit—the less, although in itself innocent, must be sacrificed for the greater—this shrinking, delicate eye of the soul, admitting such a flood of enjoyment, must be plucked out to accomplish an infinitely greater good.

This simple principle at once settles the somewhat difficult question as to indulgence in what are called innocent pleasures. If these sources of pleasure in any measure disturb our spiritual life; if we cannot invite Jesus to them, and walk with him from them; if they veil our hearts in the hour of prayer and bring barrenness to the soul; or if they in any degree unfavorably affect our influence over others, however simple or innocent these forms of relaxation may be when considered by themselves, they are not wholesome elements in our spiritual life—it may be on account of our own weakness—they peril our souls and must be cut off.

The text refers to certain qualities of the mind, for the results stretch on into eternity. It may be necessary to cut the mind off from the cultivation of some of its esteemed higher

endowments. The individual may have received as his birth gift, an exquisitely delicate taste and a corresponding power of execution—a strong love for the beautiful arts such as painting or sculpture—a wonderful gift of song—a fondness and aptitude for the study of nature. While others, under the indications of Providence, may safely and to their utmost ability, cultivate these faculties, and while their cultivation would seem even a desirable training for the future and heavenly enjoyment, by significant providential intimations to us, it may be required that all this should be surrendered. The soul must be deprived of what seems its legitimate rights in this direction to secure a higher end in another. Taste must be crucified upon the cross of duty, the harp hung upon the wall, the cunning fingers submitted to exacting toil, the cultivation of the higher walks of literature replaced by the humblest services that can be performed for the good of others. The eyes and the hands and the feet of the soul must be surrendered if duty requires, and it must enter into life without these special developments, apparently maimed in its choicest members.

This however, is not the bitter and cruel requisition of a hard master. It is all right and beautiful. Our Scripture says it is *better* to do so. It is the ordination of an infinitely loving Saviour. We can see daily confirmations of the truth that it is better to sacrifice everything to duty—that the gain is greater than the cost.

A daughter, with every accomplishment, the idol of society, suddenly finds herself called upon to make a sacrifice of all her previous personal enjoyment, for the care of an invalid and widowed mother.

The beloved sufferer requires constant attendance and that for an unlimited period. The delightful circle of friends must be yielded, the opportunities for self cultivation surrendered, the instrument of music must be closed, the pencil must be laid away, perhaps forever, her hours of relaxation abridged, her necessary rest disturbed—all this must be exchanged cheerfully for the close, curtained room, the whispering voice, the weak helplessness and perhaps constant fretfulness of the dear patient. But who will not say that all this is better—better for the daughter—better than friends, studies, music—all besides. Who, of all her acquaintances looking upon

the moral beauty of such a sacrifice, marking the effect of this heavenly discipline, in drawing out the sweet and gentle charities of the heart, in maturing and ripening the highest qualities of the soul, will not say.—it is *better*. It is better simply as to enjoyment; all the pleasures that could be derived from the sacrificed forms of comfort, are not to be named in comparison with that all-pervading, heavenly complacency arising from a consciousness of having performed our duty, from the slightest intimation of an appreciation of it by the sufferer, or with the overpowering sense of the approbation of our Heavenly Father.

If such entire self sacrifice is necessary and commendable when offered for the mitigation of the sufferings of others—if our duty to our fellow-men rises up high above all self-enjoyment, what self denial is not justified when the salvation of the soul is at stake, and our duty to God in question!

It is better thus to *enter into life*. All that has been yielded will be more than returned. The members of the soul that have been maimed will be found to be replaced by others of sublimer mould. The great office of these gifts and capacities, so far as the subject of them is concerned, is by their cultivation, to secure pleasure to the individual.

Thus one finds pleasure in music, one in painting and one in study—the satisfaction from each is equally keen to the different persons. The earthly pleasure resulting from the cultivation of these endowments is yielded in their sacrifice, but a higher and consummate bliss will be the product of holy, humble self denial. “Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered into the heart, the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him.” The development of the heart in another and nobler direction, will be more than a compensation for any loss resulting from earthly self denial. It is better therefore, to enter into life maimed of these social and intellectual endowments, than, having enjoyed them all to their utmost degree here, to lose the eternal improvement and enjoyment of them hereafter.

“O, what are all my sorrows here,
If Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet.
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,

But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day."

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

REV. A. ATWOOD.

The week of united prayer, which opened the present year, appears to have been attended with divine influences throughout the land. The special call for supplication for increased holiness among the disciples of Jesus, on one of the evenings of the week, awakened new interest in behalf of this precious but neglected doctrine.

Our excellent brother, Rev. A. Atwood of Philadelphia, thus writes upon this subject, in connection with a sketch of the interesting services held in that city.

I have been preaching holiness for many years. Have noticed the special power that has always attended its clear enunciation. But was never more struck by noticing its effect on a mixed assembly, than during the week of prayer in this city. All denominations united in a prayer meeting held each afternoon in different churches. On Wednesday it was held in the Baptist church on Spruce Street, and the matter for which we were requested to pray was "*increased holiness in the children of God, and their closer union.*" A capital theme, and well did the brethren cleave to it. Never did a minister stick more closely to his text. All the prayers and speeches run in the same channel. A minister of the German Reformed church, said "he who had not piety enough to die for it, had not much," and went on with his own experience far enough to proclaim his readiness at any time to suffer death rather than renounce his Saviour.

Others in prayer or exhortation, kept the thoughts of the crowded assembly on the subject of Christian holiness throughout the hour and a half allowed for the service. The feeling was most intense and seemed to be shared by all. On the other days of the week of prayer, when the thoughts were turned to other things, the contrast as to depth of emotion was most manifest. All were excellent, and vastly useful no doubt, but that which took the strongest hold of the people, which awakened the most intense interest was the doctrine of holiness. And this not only among those who had heard it taught, or read

the most about it, but the whole mass of professed Christians present, representing all denominations, thus showing that God specially favors the inculcation of the doctrine, as the highest effort of man to do his will.

Mr. Wesley says somewhere "the work at Bristol has been at a stand still for some months because holiness has not been preached." Perhaps the work of conversion has been suspended in many other places for the same reason. Sure I am that nothing shows the ungodly more his lost and sad condition, so quickly or so clearly, as a true view of gospel privilege. And nothing is more certain, than that God's special favor has rested on, and attended its enunciation. The history of the church is so fully in proof of this, that it is marvelous that so few ministers even among those who believe in the doctrine, clearly and explicitly urge it on the people.

But there is cheering evidence that belief in the doctrine is becoming more general in all denominations. This was clearly evident to us in this city during the week of prayer. God is passing our nation through a fiery trial. Its issues are as yet shrouded in mystery. Faith and hope still cling to the promise, that, "all things work together for good;" and that Christianity with its institutions will come out of the terrible contest purified of much dross, and invigorated with a far greater power to bless the world.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

In the mean time let incessant prayer be made to the great Head of the church, for the gift of power. And there is no power in the church equal to that of HOLINESS.

BROADCAST.

Dr. Nehemiah Adams has been accustomed to note down, "in the briefest form, such of his own reflections as might serve him for hints on preaching"—a habit that cannot be too highly commended. Many rich thoughts, suggested by our reading, or occurring to us in hours of devotion, may thus be preserved and be of service to us hereafter, if carefully noted down, which now simply pass through the mind and leave no further remembrance of themselves.

Two of these embodied thoughts, upon

which we open, full of delightful suggestions, will give a good idea of their character.

"John discovered the Saviour before the rest, on the sea-shore. His quick, discerning love helped him to say to Simon Peter, 'It is the Lord.' Happy he who in darkness and storms can exclaim thus to his companions."

"After being loved as you are here by some, with all the strength and sweetness of human affection, you are going to be loved by One who is almighty and every way as infinite in his love as in his power. We do not yet know what it is to be loved by God, and by the Saviour, and by the Blessed Spirit, and by the Three together."

We add one other. "Paul gloried in his 'infirmities,' more than in his 'revelations,'—to honor Christ."

These striking thoughts have been very handsomely published in a small volume by Ticknor & Fields, and may be found at all the bookstores.

WHY THEY PRIZE THE GUIDE.

Thus writes an intelligent correspondent—a young minister—in a business letter, expressing thoughts which are constantly finding utterance in the letters which reach us from all parts of the country. There are evidently, many living and faithful members in the church, and they are praying and laboring earnestly, that she may come forth from a wilderness state, "leaning upon the arm of her Beloved," "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

It is but just to say, that in our weekly religious newspapers, which may in many respects be open to the criticism of the writer, we could hardly expect the unity of purpose, and the entire absence of a secular tone, which we have aimed (we are glad to know, with considerable success) to attain in our monthly. We permit our earnest and devoted young friend to speak for himself.

The first number for 1863 presents some attractions which render it more desirable than last year, and I have circulated it hoping to secure more subscribers, for I am more convinced after reading the different articles presented from time to time, during the past two years in the "*Guide*," and the enjoyment for one and a half years of the blessing of *Holiness*, that one reason for so much apparent indifference, and want of *real* knowledge respecting

this *Bible doctrine*, in our church, not only among the laity, but preachers, is the vain endeavor on the part of our publishing house to mingle *Holiness*—Politics—controversies—and secular business—in our periodicals without hardly a dividing line, which your monthly has in part remedied by considering *only* the subject of *Holiness*—as it were—aside from the secular affairs of church or life. If for no other reason than this, I would recommend the "*Guide*" as the most effective means under God at the present time of keeping alive in the heart of the church the *fires of holy love*, for which our founder, the sainted *Wesley* so earnestly contended and jealously advocated.

When I call to mind how *few* of the many called Methodist in this day, speak of "*Perfect love*" "*entire sanctification*" or *Holiness*, I am led to say "*The Glory is departing.*" May God bless the efforts of the faithful *few*, and hasten that day when there shall be written not only "upon the bells of the horses *Holiness unto the Lord*"; but the people "*as volunteers,*" shall stand robed in the "*beauties of Holiness*" "*perfecting Holiness in the fear of God.*" I *often* think of that day, and would urge the more extended circulation of the "*Guide*" in order to keep before the minds of Christians, *Holiness*, not only as a doctrine in life, but a subject of prayer. I would recommend the apostles exhortation and prayer (see *Thes. 5: 23*) to all my *brethren* in the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ; believing with the apostle, (see *Ephs. 5: 25, 26, 27*) for this purpose Christ came into the world. I wish the "*Guide*" in its monthly visits might be found a *welcome guest* in every Methodist family throughout the States.

GLIMPSES OF INNER LIFE.

We have published a volume of three hundred pages bearing the title of "*The Huntingdons or Glimpses of Inner Life.*" We are assured that all the incidents of the story are actual facts, although all did not occur in precisely the relation to each other here recorded. The book contains the history of a family, moving in worldly circles, but blessed with the piety and precepts of a devoted wife and mother.

The incidents are well arranged, and are related in an attractive style. The object of

the volume is to awaken an interest in the higher walks of a religious life, and to develop some of the many ways in which an earnest young Christian may accomplish great practical good in any community. The volume will be a wholesome acquisition to the Sablath school library, and will profitably while away the hours of family reading. Its sketches of the temptations and consequences of a simply worldly life are drawn with much power, and will make a strong impression upon the mind of the reader.

The advertisement of the volume will be found upon the cover of the Guide.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have been particularly favored of late with interesting communications from the friends of the *Guide*, and the lovers of the doctrine of holiness. These articles have now accumulated upon our hands, and it will require some patience on the part of our friends, before they see their articles in print. It is not that they are not esteemed valuable that they do not appear, but because of the abundance and richness of our supply. They will, however, lose none of their interest, by the delay.

The communication from our respected correspondent in Brunswick will appear in the April number.

Children's Department.

THE PROOF OF LOVE.

BY E. L. E.

A very little girl said to her mother one day, "Mamma, I love you!" The mother was busy and did not reply, and so she repeated her words—"Mamma, I love you!"—Still the mother made but slight answer, and little Ella said again, very earnestly, "Mamma, I do love you!" "But why do you think so, my child?" said the mother. "Because," said Ella, "I love to do all I can to please you."

That was a very true and a very sweet reason why the child might think she loved her mother. And it must be for just such a reason as that we can ever know that we love Jesus. Do you, little reader, do all you can to please him? do you *love* to be kind and gentle and obedient? *love* to pray, and to forgive, and, to be generous to every one?

Now if the little girl had obeyed her mother because she must do it or be punished, she could not be sure there was such a precious love in her heart; but when she pleased the kind mother because she wished to do it, there was the sweet proof that she really *loved*. It is just so in obeying Christ; you do not love him unless your heart *chooses* above all things, to please him in whatever you may do.

WATCHING FOR PA.

Three little forms in the twilight gray,
Scanning the shadows across the way;
Six little eyes, four black and two blue,
Brimful of love and happiness too,
Watching for pa.

May, with her placid and thoughtful brow,
Gentle face beaming with smiles just now;
Willie, the rogue, so loving and gay,
Stealing sly kisses from sister May,
Watching for pa.

Nellie, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Cosily nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window-pane,
Wishing the absent one home again—
Watching for pa.

O how they gaze at the passer-by!
"He's coming at last," they gaily cry;
"Try again, my pets," exclaims mamma,
And Nellie adds: "There's the twilight star
Watching for pa."

Jack nods and smiles, as with busy feet
He lights the lamps of their quiet street;
That sweet little group he knows full well—
May, and Willie, and golden-haired Nell—
Watching for pa.

Soon joyous shouts from the window-seat,
And eager patter of childish feet;
Gay, musical chimes ring through the hall;
A manly voice responds to the call—
"Welcome papa."

Two little boys sat listening eagerly while their grandmother was telling them the Bible story of Elijah going to heaven in a whirlwind, with a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted her with—"Oh, Sammy, wouldn't you have been afraid!" Sammy hesitated a moment, and then replied: "No, not if I had the Lord to drive."

THE CLEAR FLOWING FOUNTAIN.

Arranged by W. Mc DONALD.

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin;
 2. He will pro - tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - e - ry fall - ing tear;

3. Come, then, to Je - sus thy Sa - viour, He will re - deem thee from sin;
 Go He to the clear flowing fountain, Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, for th' avenger is nev - er, Cherished so tenderly there; Haste, then, the hours are Bless with a sense of his fa - vor, Make thee all glorious with-in: Call, for the Saviour is

near thee; Call, and the Sa - viour will hear thee, He on his bo - som will fly - ing; Spend not the moments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and near thee, Waiting in mer - cy to hear thee; And by his presence to

bear thee, Thou who art weary of sin, O thou who art weary of sin. cry - ing, The Saviour will wipe every tear, The Saviour will wipe every cheer thee, Thou who art weary of sin, O thou, who art weary of sin.

PRIMITIVE CHURCH — CAUSES OF ITS SUCCESS.

BY REV. WM. MC'DONALD.

We attempted, in a former communication, a sketch of the unparalleled success which attended the efforts of the early Church. When we contrast their success with that of the modern Church, we are struck with the contrast, and are led to search for the cause. This want of success must be looked for in the agencies employed, and not in the machinery. There must be a want of power. The machinery is not worked up to the original design of the author. A limited examination of the elements of power, possessed by the Primitive Church, must convince us that our failure is here.

The Apostolic Church possessed the spirit of heroic self sacrifice, to an extent unknown in the modern Church.

When Christ undertook the recovery of a revolted world, he not only developed in himself the grand system of sacrifice which was to work out this glorious result, but he selected from this rebel race a class of moral heroes such as earth never before witnessed. Aided by these, he erected on the enemy's soil batteries of power, by which nations, creeds and laws should sooner or later be subjected to himself. The moral forces there set in motion were intended to overthrow the world's idolatry and oppression, and restore man to his lost purity, dignity and power. Success was not to be looked for from kings, senates, schools of philosophy or worldly policy, but from the voluntary activity and sacrifice of men redeemed from sin, and thirsting for the great spiritual conflict, which was to result in the supremacy of their

glorious leader and redeemer on earth.

Christ set the example of sacrifice—"He that was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." The agents selected were of the right stamp. They faltered not. In every place—in season and out of season—they seized the pillars of the fallen temple of human nature, and sought to fashion them after the great model. The love of Christ constrained them to count all things but loss. Paul forgot *himself*! When sent far hence to the Gentiles, he did not ask, what shall be the reception, or what the salary. He simply put his heart into God's great crucible, and when melted to a white heat, he bore it through the land, gleaming with love. He consecrated his matchless intellect—all of it—to Christ, since which time it has come blazing down the ages, burdened with the profoundest thoughts that heaven ever inspired. He relates his unparalleled sacrifices as the things in which he most gloried. He approved himself in all things as a minister of God; in afflictions, distresses, stripes, imprisonment, tumults, labors, watchings, fastings, long-sufferings, dishonor, evil report, unknown, dying, chastened, sorrowful and possessing nothing;—in labors, more abundant, in stripes, above measure; in prisons, more frequent; in deaths, oft. He received of the Jews, at five different times, forty stripes save one; thrice he was beaten with rods;—once, stoned; thrice he suffered shipwreck;—a night and a day he was in the deep;—journeying often;—in perils of water; of robbers; of his own countrymen; of the heathen; in the city; in the sea, and among false brethren. He was weary, painful, hungry, thirsty, cold, and naked. No complaining that

the field was hard and unpromising—that others were more highly favored—that his talents were not appreciated—that the salary was small; no: in all this he gloried.

This spirit of self sacrifice—of peril—daring—this spirit of heroism, which hastens to the charge with an unwavering faith in the great Master, is the need of these times.

We have wealth enough to convert the world, so far as wealth can do it, were it all on the altar of God, and at his disposal. We have talent enough to set the world in a blaze of moral glory, were it all consecrated to the one work of spreading scriptural holiness over the land.

We are ready to make sacrifices for every thing but the gospel. We look from our gilded palaces upon the huts of heathendom, with little concern. We arise in our churches of costly architecture, and without a tear sing,

"See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have;
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save."

If silks, carpets and mirrors are wanted, there is no lack of funds. If stocks are in the market, millions are furnished to purchase. If parties of pleasure make a demand, millions are forthcoming without complaint. If Railroads are demanded, millions are offered. If war makes the demand, thousands of millions are furnished. But if the Treasury of God and the Lamb is empty, and nine hundred and fifty million heathens are exposed to eternal damnation, the sum doled out to meet this want is so small, in comparison, we are ashamed to mention it.

Robert Hall well said, "We throw mites into the treasury of the sanctuary,

and heap ingots on the altar of Moloch."

Reader, nothing but a return to the self sacrificing spirit of apostolic times, will insure a world-wide triumph of the cross of Christ. Our system of sacrifice should be reconstructed. God's claim should be first discharged.

The Primitive Church, in her ministry and membership, possessed the power of holiness to an extent unknown in modern times.

It has been justly said, "The simple preaching of the cross, accompanied by a holy, self-denying life, like an earthquake, struck dumb a giddy and clamorous world, and carried terror to the very gates of hell! Who can look back to the period when Christianity achieved her noblest triumphs, and see altars and temples crumbling to dust, and the gods of the heathen given to the moles and bats—the Church multiplied and increased under the bloodiest persecutions—martyrs going to the stake in ecstasy, and their very executioners converted by the grandeur of their example, and in their turn, following them to the possession of the martyr's crown—who, I say, can survey these scenes without feeling convinced that there is a power altogether unearthly in a life of purity and self-denial."

When the simple, unaffected holiness of apostolic times shall be possessed by the great mass of Christian believers, then shall we witness the wonderful manifestations of apostolic power and success; and the kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heavens shall be given to the saints of the most High, and they shall possess it.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," was a

most sublime utterance of the king of saints, to a few unfamed and unlearned men. "The world was their Parish," and its restless millions their congregation. But, "*beginning at Jerusalem*"! was a requirement calculated to test their faith to its last point of endurance. What, begin at Jerusalem! The blood of their Master has scarcely cooled on the brow of Calvary! The rocks have scarcely ceased their sympathetic throbbings! The cross still stands; and the maddened populace have scarcely ceased uttering the jubilant taunt,—“He saved others, himself he cannot save!” when lo, the few frightened, flying followers of the slaughtered Captain are arrested, gathered, and commanded to go, proclaim him at Jerusalem, as the world’s conqueror! They are to erect their standard where their leader fell, and proclaim to his murderers that God had made this Jesus whom they had crucified, both Lord and Christ.

That was a sublime faith which responded to the command, and with heavenly daring hastened to its accomplishment. It was a grand moral attack of truth upon the powers of darkness.

The chivalry which marked their conduct was the result of that “upper room” meeting at Jerusalem, where “they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.” That baptism made them philanthropists of the right stamp—fearless, powerful and successful. That was the spirit which this world needs. That was a faith which saw behind the clouds which blackened the heavens, a hand almighty, upon which they depended, to give success to all their efforts. God was *with* them, and *in* them.

They passed by none. In the capital of the proud Jew, they proclaimed

the power of the crucified Nazarine. To the polished Greek, they made known a living, saving faith, infinitely superior to the teachings of their oldest and most Christian philosophers. To the warlike Roman they presented a bright field of conquest, where he might win eternal honors. With hearts hot within them, and with tongues touched with the live coal from off the altar, they grasped the torch of salvation, and bore it blazing far out into the mist and darkness of earth, arousing and cheering the lost and wandering tribes, and calling them back to truth and God. Such deep devotion—such unpaid activity, the world had never before witnessed.

What the Christian Church needs to-day is this peculiar baptism. Just in proportion as the heart of the Church is fired and filled with God, will be the area and success of her labor. John Wesley’s Parish is none too large for a soul filled with the Holy Ghost.

The Church purified in the manner we have indicated, is divested of that *covetousness* which is binding the hands, blinding the eyes, corrupting the hearts, and dwarfing the moral power of millions.

The treasury of the Church is unlocked, in most cases, by very questionable means. We reach the pockets of the people by the force of excitement, and the amount contributed is often regretted by the donors afterwards. We pander to the pride of the natural heart, by offering the contributors an honorable record in our Reports, or the perpetuation of a name attached to some heathen boy, or a membership in some honored society. Is this primitive benevolence? Must God’s cause go begging? Is this the extent of that faith which asks and receives all

things? We need another baptism of fire to consume this spirit of covetousness in the Churches.

We coax, and beg, and plead, and offer almost every earthly inducement to professed Christian men; men who claim to be bought with the precious blood of Christ, and to believe the promise, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure; pressed down, shaken together, and running over;" and the result is, less than fifty cents a year, for the conversion of the world to God. The Church needs a different faith from this. When this spirit of covetousness is consumed by the baptism of fire, there will be no lack of means to spread the gospel, and that too, without excitements of a questionable character.

The Church, thus baptized, grasps every promise of Revelation with the strength of a God. If God says, "The Kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ," that declaration settles the question, and they look for it with absolute certainty. If they read, "Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands unto God;" the eye is not fixed upon the chains, with which those hands are heavily loaded, but

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks at this alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, it shall be done."

Such, we confidently believe, will be the effects of holiness on the ministry and membership—on the laborers in the home and foreign lands.

Before our hopes of a world's conversion are realized, the Church must receive another *pentacostal baptism*. All our places of worship should be shaken by a rushing mighty wind, and

tongues of fire set on each of us, and we all filled with the Holy Ghost. Then will a power go forth from Zion which shall shake the world. We find no substitute for this in the schools—it is a power from on high.

With this spirit it will be said of us as it was of Alleine, that "he was infinitely and insatiably greedy of the conversion of souls; and to this end he poured out his very heart in prayer and in preaching." Possessed of this spirit, Matthew Henry said, "I would think it a greater happiness to gain one soul to Christ, than mountains of silver and gold to myself." David Brainard could say, "I cared not where, or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so I could but gain souls to Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things; and when I awaked, the first thing I thought of was this great work." How often did John Smith cry out in the earnestness of his soul, "O Lord, give me souls or else I die."

To what extent do these Christ-like yearnings touch cords of sympathy in the heart of the Church? How far do they awaken respondent echoes in the bosom of those who bear the vessels of the Lord? O let us clothe ourselves with the mighty power of pentacost. Let brain, and heart, and purse, all contribute to this one grand result—the salvation of the world. Earthly crowns and coronets will soon be gone, but the living jewelry of brands plucked from the burning, shall cluster around us as the honored instruments of their salvation; to give dignity to our persons, joy to our crown, rapture to our emotions; and adorned by their seraphic radiance to shine as the stars forever and ever.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF GO-
ING ON UNTO PERFECTION.

SECOND SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection. Heb. vi. 1."

It is true that all Christians wish the cause of God well, and so far as they can without inconvenience to themselves, they are willing to promote it; but that is not the tone of devotion that will subdue the world. Never, till our men of wealth are ready to lay their great fortunes on the altar for the world's conversion, never till our Christian parents bring their children to Christ and offer them willingly to go forth to the ends of the earth to proclaim Immanuel's name, never till the ministry and the Church shall have drunk so deeply of the waters of life, that not only a man here and a man there, but the great mass of believers everywhere, shall stand ready to do, to suffer or to die for the Master, shall we witness exhibitions of the power of God that are worthy of the gospel. The Church needs a ministry whose only quest is for *work*, telling work. Who by faith and prayer and high example will beckon on the hosts of God. Men who will incite the Church to come at the gospel's richest stores of grace, who will urge them on to the delectable mountains of holiness, encouraging them to seek for the deepest and richest experiences, and guiding them in their seeking.

We want men for the subordinate posts of duty in the Church, who like Stephen, the deacon, are full of faith and power and the Holy Ghost. Men who will hold up the hands of faithful ministers, and co-operate with them in their labors of love. Men of light and

heat; of zeal and knowledge in spiritual things. There is no office in the Church but demands a high tone of personal piety in its incumbent.

This deadness to the world, this deep consecration to God in all things, this mighty endowment of spiritual power is the great want of the whole body of believers, whether in the shop or at the counter, in the field or at the forge; and who shall tell the value of its gracious power in the household, when all mere guises instinctively drop off, and when the real spirit which animates father and mother acts perpetually upon the forming character of childhood. How blessed is the little group at home, whose characters are allowed to bud and blossom under these genial influences of purity, and patience, and faith, and love, and prayer.

"But," says one, "can a man attain eternal life without a clean heart; without the blessing of entire sanctification?" If you mean to ask, "Can any unholy thing enter Heaven?" the answer must be, no. If you ask, "Will any regenerate child of God be shut out of Heaven?" the answer must still be, no. "What then will become of a man who is a child of God, but whose heart is not entirely sanctified?"

I answer, if he is a child of God; that is, if he is clearly in a justified state, he is not now resisting any light which it may please God to give him, touching his need of entire sanctification: and therefore he is not in an attitude of resistance to the operations of grace. He needs purity, and must have it, for no impure thing can enter Heaven; but God will certainly purify such a soul before death. I know some stagger at this solution of what is sometimes put forth as a very grave difficulty in the way of the advocates of a dis-

inct work of sanctifying grace upon the heart as a necessary pre-requisite for Heaven; but it seems stranger to me that men never appear to feel the force of that difficulty only when they view it in this particular connection. All Christians agree that infants are in a justified state; all agree that their natures are not pure, not sanctified; and all believe in their salvation in Heaven through the atonement, in case they die in infancy. But if they enter Heaven, their natures must be purified by the Holy Spirit even in the hour of death. As with a justified infant, so with a justified believer. Both continue in a state of acceptance with God as long as they obey the light they have, and so long as they have that acceptance, they are heirs of all the blessings of the covenant, including Heaven and all its pre-requisites.

But now, my dear brother, having answered your question with great plainness and with entire candor, allow me to inquire what was your motive for asking it? Did you desire to find a solution of a question that had troubled you? Or did you desire to be furnished with an answer to that question, which you might use in meeting an objection often thrown out? In either case it is well. But did you feel in proposing it, "I hope the question will prove a hopeless puzzle,—and will somehow upset the theory of the necessity of heart purity as a pre-requisite to Heaven." Alas, my brother, if you felt that in your heart, you have reason to fear that you are not now even justified before God, and whatever may be true of others, you need to seek at once that you may know yourself a child of God, and that refining fire may go through your heart, and sanctify every part of your nature to him.

The truth is recognized and held by all orthodox people that no man enters Heaven who finds himself an inhabitant of eternity with an impure nature. But, though the heart is not cleansed from sin by the grace of regeneration, the regenerate soul is in a safe relation to God, for he is a party to the covenant, of which some of the stipulations on God's part are, "He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." "And if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you." "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it;" that is, will "sanctify you wholly."

The case is plain enough then, in regard to every man whether newly justified or not, who is living up to his light; who is not, in any degree, nor in any sense, *refusing* the grace of God. But this does not at all apply to one who has been in the Church for years, who has had light on the subject, and much of the Spirit's invitations to go on unto perfection, but who still shrinks from the exceeding narrowness of the way set before him, and rather than be singular in an age when there is much worldliness and pride in the Church, deliberately refuses the proffered grace of heart purity, by refusing the terms upon which it is suspended. Such men are commonly betrayed into considerable latitude of self-indulgence in one way and another, and as to religious duties, they perform few of them except it be in a sort of official or professional way; a mere matter of routine, whether in the family, the social gathering or the Church.

The position of such men is one of opposition to holiness, just as the position of an unconverted man is in opposition to religion in general. They

watch the professors and advocates of holiness with the same spirit, and rejoice at their failures, shortcomings or sins with the same spirit; yet, though they deliberately disobey the divine requirement which enjoins them to go on unto perfection, do these men talk of being in a justified state, and open their eyes in holy horror at any doctrine which implies that all is not well, that they are not in a safe condition to die and go to the judgment.

It is a fearful thing to say to Christ, in the work of our salvation, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; to arrest the work of grace before the process of salvation is completed and refuse to have it completed, by going on unto perfection. In every such man there is a preference of sin—some sin—to holiness; a deliberate violation of the order of God which requires us to "Go on;" and it would be folly and presumption for such a sinner to consider himself safe because the justified man is so.

Salvation is one of those things which must be *completed* to attain its ultimate end. The arch is useless till the *key stone* is in place. The end is not reached at all till the *last mile* of the journey is travelled. The house, however costly, which is never to have a roof is never to have value. The field, however sowed and tilled, yields no return till the *final process* of the autumnal gathering; and the farm enclosed on every side but one, or by every rod but one, is not enclosed at all, till that last rod of fence is built. So with salvation; no man is saved till *he is saved*.

God, who sees the end from the beginning, *provides* for the end from the beginning; and having begun a good work in you, will, unless the work be

retarded or arrested by your own hand, perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. But if you rebel against him by refusing to go into the land of promise, the Canaan of perfect love, you are in great danger of suffering like those Israelites who turned back from Kadesh Barnea, to wander in a waste howling wilderness, and at length to hear God swear that they should not enter into his rest.

"Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."

Columbus, O., Dec. 30, 1862.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

BY MRS. E. DYER.

When sorrow's waves around me roll
And wind and storm begin to rise,
And fears o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
And darkness intercepts the skies,—
Then O my soul have faith in God
And trust in the atoning blood.

May the sweet whispers of his voice
Speak peace unto my troubled heart,
And bid my inmost soul rejoice,
And bid my fears and grief depart.
Have faith in God, so shall it be,
His word shall calm the troubled sea.

Give me this faith, though earth may frown,
Then shall I feel thee ever near;
Though friends and comforts be withdrawn,
'Tis life and light if thou appear;
Through faith I view the eternal throne
And claim thy fulness as my own.

Through faith I feel thy blood applied
And claim the promises divine,
Pardon and peace flow from his side,
Through faith in God these all are mine,
Then let me feel thy sprinkled blood
And say by faith,—thou art my God.

Then will I shout in death thy name
And say, I feel that God is love,
To-day as yesterday the same;
Send some sweet promise from above,
Then faith shall penetrate the night,
And rise to pure and endless light.

FROM MRS. RUTH HALL TO
THE REV. J. WESLEY.

JAN. 18, 1783.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—According to your desire, I will simply relate to you the Lord's gracious dealings with me. I had oft times serious impressions upon my mind when I was very young. The Lord drew me with the cords of his love. When in the means of grace, or in the company of serious people, I often wished to enjoy the happiness which I heard others speak of, but these impressions soon passed away. I went on thus till the year 1772 when I was much stirred up to seek the Lord that I might know him for myself, but I let these convictions also die away.

The Lord then permitted me to be sorely harrassed with temptations from the devil, so that I had scarce any rest from morning till night. Blasphemous thoughts of God were mostly urged upon my mind. I then began to think I had sinned beyond the reach of mercy. This brought horror into my soul and made me miserable, till I opened my mind to my dear mother who encouraged me to seek the Lord, assuring me he would be found of me if I sought him with my whole heart. This generally gave me ease for the present, but I soon sunk back into my former despair. I went from home after this, and was in some measure diverted from what oppressed my mind by giving way to trifling, and as my seriousness wore off, I was less harrassed with temptation. In this state I continued till the year 1776, when I was again stirred up by hearing that a young woman who had not been long in the society had received the blessing of sanctification. I was cut to the heart when I thought

how long I had been and knew nothing of the divine life, notwithstanding the precious means I enjoyed. I then determined not to rest till the Lord should bless me also. I wrestled with him much in prayer at all opportunities for about a fortnight, when one night, after I had continued pleading with God till almost midnight, these words were impressed on my mind, "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole, thy sins are forgiven thee." I could not believe it at first though the words were repeated many times, for I doubted whether they came from God. At length I determined to strive to believe, and as soon as I did this, I felt power to believe that Jesus was my Saviour; my burden of guilt was removed and I could now rejoice in the Lord. I was soon tempted to think that I had deceived myself, but I saw this was from the enemy and was enabled to resist it. I went on comfortably for a few weeks, and then gave way to sin by which my soul was brought into darkness, but the Lord again shed abroad his love in my heart.

I was convinced by degrees of the necessity of holiness. The Lord showed me how much I lived beneath my privilege, that I was called to love him with all my heart and devote myself entirely to him. I often felt a strong desire to experience this blessing, but I found in me an evil heart of unbelief. When I felt evil tempers arise and get the better of me, I thought it impossible that I ever could be saved from them, but as my dear mother was such a witness of it in every respect, I had some hope that I too might experience the saving power of God. Indeed I was much hurt by the conduct of a young person of my acquaintance, who professed to be in this liberty but did not walk ac-

cordingly. I often feared that I, in like manner, should be a reproach to the cause of God, but the Lord graciously helped me, particularly by the conversation of one who I believe lives near to him. Having an opportunity of being with her alone, I found liberty to open my mind freely, and the Lord so blessed what she said to me, that I thought I could give myself into his hands. All my doubts were removed, my soul was as melting wax before the fire, and at a love-feast about two days after, was set at full liberty. These words were then applied to my mind: "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made thee free." Fear again arose in me and I said, "Lord I shall not stand, I shall not hold the blessing;" when immediately these words were applied, "Thou standest by faith, be not high-minded but fear," and with them such light shone into my mind, that I saw more clearly than ever, how the soul by believing every moment in Jesus, is upheld and strengthened; and in that moment I was enabled to give myself to the Lord to be entirely his. I felt such humility of spirit as I never did before. I saw myself to be nothing, and that Jesus was all in all to me. And glory be to his holy name, since that time, I have proved his saving power. I have been much exercised both from outward and inward temptations, yet I find by looking to the Lord, he maketh my peace to flow as a river. I still see heights and depths, lengths and breadths before me, and feel a determination to press forward, that I may be made all he would have me to be. I beg an interest in your prayers and am, dear sir,

Your affectionate

RUTH HALL.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM
MR. J. BROWN TO THE REV.

J. WESLEY.

DOUGLAS, Isle of Mann, }
June 7, 1783. }

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Through abundant mercy the work still goes on among the poor people here. We had a little addition the last month and our hearers do not appear to be weary of hearing of a precious Christ, therefore I hope the Lord will not stay his hand among them. Many of the old members are in earnest for all the mind that was in Jesus. About three days ago one told me that in her band, she was much drawn out in prayer for the cessation of all indwelling sin, and in a very little time she by faith obtained the blessing, and the Spirit witnessed that her heart was cleansed from all unrighteousness.

I lately met such a dear friend on the road; we sat down to relate to each other the dealings of God with our souls, and he told me that for twenty-one years he had been a lover of the meek and lowly Jesus, but in general there had been such a sand-bank before him that he thought he gained little ground. The evening coming on we parted, and soon after I received the following lines from him: "Glory be to God most high, I believe he hath removed the sand-bank from my soul, so that now I hope, Jesus being my pilot, to sail into the haven of eternal happiness. Blessed be my faithful God, have no doubt that he has purified my heart by faith. I am emptied, I believe, of envy and wrath, desire and pride. One act of simple faith has done more than twenty-one years striving in prayer without it."

I believed the report and could congratulate the happy man on his deliv-

erance. In a second letter he writes thus, "I believe that sin has ceased, yet I find I must keep watching that it do not enter in again. The just shall live by faith, and he that is begotten of God keepeth himself and the wicked one toucheth him not, while he keeps believing in Jesus." O that thousands and tens of thousands might witness the good confession before men and angels! I am, Rev. and dear sir, your very affectionate son in the gospel.

J. B.

—
 'EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM
 MISS A. BOLTON TO THE
 REV. J. WESLEY.

WATNEY, Sept. 17, 1783.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—My heart is full of joy and longs its glorious matter to declare. The Lord is visiting his people with the blessing of peace. On Sunday evening while my brother was preaching, an old member of the society was made partaker of that grace which bringeth full salvation, and her testimony is undoubtedly received. In conversing with several of our members, I find in them a thirst for the full redemption of God's Israel. There seems to be a peculiar dispensation of the Spirit gone forth, as a refining fire; the people see a great light and are attentive thereto, and I do not doubt but a much greater will be manifested unto them. One of our new members who was clearly justified a few weeks since, now believes that God has purified his heart. His manner of expressing himself is thus, that he has an assurance that all he has is given up to God, and all that God has to bestow is *his*.

Your ever obliged servant,

A. B.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM
 WM. G SHADFORD TO THE
 REV. J. WESLEY.

HULL, Jan. 12, 1784.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Blessed be God we are in a prosperous way in many parts of this circuit. We have added in Hull between thirty and forty new members; ten or twelve have found peace lately, and one or two found perfect love a few days back. I am continually with God. I can with humble confidence declare this, the tender mercies of my God, I enjoy a glorious victory over the world, the flesh and the devil. I never did continually feel such a tendency to goodness, and such a habit of holiness wrought in my soul. I trust the whole stream of my affection goes out after God, the fountain of happiness. I am sorry to say this is greatly neglected amongst some of our leaders, who should be in earnest for it themselves and should also press it upon others. The reason why many grow cold and decay, is, because they are not going on unto perfection. Dear sir, pray for me and my yoke-fellow, that we may be more and more useful, in our day, our short day of probation, that all our future days whether many or few may be spent to the glory of God. I am, Rev. Sir, your unworthy son,
 G. S.

WE should so live and labor that what came to us as seed may go to the next generation as blossoms, and what came to us as blossoms may go to them as fruit.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, speak to the children of Israel that they go forward."

It is the ordinary way of the world, to keep folly at the helm, and wit under the hatches.

"JESUS CHRIST IS BETTER THAN A MOTHER."

BY A STUDENT.

What a potency is there in the expression of a thought at the right time. And how timely was the expression of this thought to the dying soldier when with unutterable emotion he said, "I want to see my mother." *Jesus Christ is better than a mother.* How this truth charmed away the pain from his heart, as it was pronounced to him by his friend. It was not a thought merely, but a reality. Jesus Christ came in a moment, in answer to his wish and his confidence, and stayed with him in that awful hour. There has never anything impressed me more deeply with the divinity of Christ than his real, and almost visible presence with dying soldiers. The suddenness with which they are brought to cry for his presence,—the contrast between the scenes that surround them, in which they have just been engaged, and the peacefulness of his presence as he comes,—swifter than the light, how wonderful! Not that his presence condemns the sword, else he never would have said once, as he did, that he came not to send peace, but a sword. A sword is better than some kinds of peace, otherwise Christ himself would have stayed away, when he knew that his coming would bring a sword. But that he should give such an unwonted touch to the spirit—that he should give such victory—the eternal victory, when all of earth is lost, at least to the man that has fallen; and that so many should evince a sense of that Divine uplifting who never expected uncommon manifestations from above—this is wonderful. They are those who offer themselves as martyrs to a good cause. Mistaken or not in their ideas, they go to offer themselves,

and Jesus gives them the martyr's victory when they fall. They remembered his words, when they went, that "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword," physically; and this they are willing to bear, if need be. No one can very strongly believe that he shall be among the exceptions, though he may hope to be. Many take the sword, we know, who do it, not from the highest motives; but they are not forgotten by Christ in the hour of their awful extremity, if they cast their sinking souls upon him, no more than he forgets to have pity upon others, who have not acted from the highest motives, and yet come to him for mercy at the last. But these are not such as have the martyr's triumph in death. They are such as suffer loss, though they may be saved as by fire. Many go into the eternal world without Christ when they fall in battle, as they would have gone had they died at home. The cry of war stirs up the worst of men to go, as well as the best; but from a very different set of feelings. This difference is seen all the way there, and while in camp, and when dying. The seal is set on a man before he becomes a soldier. If he will not seek God in the face of dangers and death, he would never have sought him. It shows him to be hardened and lost, though still a living man, and a young man, it may be, if he can go into battle, which is to face sudden death, without casting his soul upon God. It may be said that the mind is so excited under such circumstances that it cannot act itself. It does act itself, and so much the more vigorously, and with the greater directness. So that we believe war, not to be the occasion of the loss of souls, but of bodies only.

But how I have wandered from my first intention in quoting the words of the dying soldier's friend. I thought only to tell what a power these words had been to me during a late illness. Jesus Christ is better than a mother. Who but him can be as good as a mother? but He is better. He can come when she cannot. We can speak to him when too weak to speak to her, were she present. He is Omniscient—he knows all our case as she cannot. He is Omnipotent; he can raise our spirits above everything, when she can only comfort them. He can give us to lean upon his own immortality while the body is sinking as she cannot, though she might try to do it with love next to his, in degree, and in kind. O yes, I said, again and again, Jesus Christ is better than a mother, for he need not be away; he is better than a husband, for he is never dead; he is better than children, for he does not lack experience. O Jesus! thou art our all, in life and in death.

Feb. 1863.

O JESUS I LOVE THEE.

BY R. BURGESS, V. D. M.

O Jesus I love thee,
 Creator Supreme!
 I love to behold thee
 By river and stream,
 By forests and fountains,
 By mountain and lea,
 By sunshine and shadow.
 By land and by sea!
 By starlight and moonbeam,
 Thy glory I view;
 Thy painting in flow'rets,
 Thy tear-drops in dew!
 The birds and their singing,
 Awake at thy tread,
 The arch of the rainbow
 Encircles thy head!
 O Jesus I love thee,
 Arrayed in thy might,

Upheaving the nations
 To vindicate Right!
 Proclaiming to millions
 The glad Jubilee,
 Blood flowing like water,
 That *all* might be free!

Thy Providence rolleth
 Its wheel within wheel,
 Its wings of the eagle,
 Its canopy steel,
 All speeding to rescue
 Thy children from thrall,
 To gather the outcasts,
 To watch over all!
 O Jesus I love thee,
 My Saviour, my all!
 Who drankest so freely
 The wormwood and gall!
 Who sheddest so freely,
 Thy blood and thy tears,
 By dying to save us,
 From wrath and from fears!

Wake, ten thousand voices,
 O praise, praise our King!
 For his great salvation
 In ecstasy sing!
 For love like a banner,
 That greeteth the gales,
 For hope that ne'er dieth,
 For faith that ne'er fails.

O Jesus I love thee,
 For mansions of rest,
 The land of thy glory,
 The home of the blest!
 For saints reunited,
 All bathed in delight,
 And shouting that shadows
 Have ended in light!
 For beautiful garments,
 For sceptres and crowns;
 For good that is real
 And love without frowns!
 For anthems eternal
 On harps of pure gold;—
 The light of thy presence
 And raptures untold!

Kinsman, O., Dec. 30th.

THE pulpit is the loftiest throne of man's intellect and heart. It is the seat of God among men.

A RE-UNION IN THE ALLEN ST. M. E. CHURCH, N. Y.

Since the doctrine of holiness led us into Methodism, we have in the classroom, prayer, and experience-meeting looked for characteristic experience according to the doctrines of this branch of Zion. Sometimes we have thought all was in divine order, first pardon, then purity. Then again, when we had the greatest reason to expect to hear of advanced exercises arising from constant abiding in Christ, through deliverance from the old nature, we have been disappointed.

But in the Allen St. Church there was a re-union lately, and the afternoon was entirely occupied by those from far, and near, who were converted at that altar; it was a time of special interest. The prompt, decisive work done at the altar was highly honored in making Methodism, "Christianity in earnest," by those who spoke of themselves, wives and children having found the Saviour there.

The first aged disciple who related his experience said, he had found pardon at that altar, but after a time was brought into bondage through the remains of his corrupt nature, then sought the blessing of entire sanctification and has been ever since fully saved in the cleansing blood of Christ.

A minister spoke, whose father was one of the pastors of the Church years ago, although he was not converted at that altar, yet some of his best and dearest associations in early life had been with this people. At his sitting down a sister rose and meekly said, "Our last testimony brings to mind an item of experience in connection with his honored father, and this Church, which I feel impelled to relate. When our brother Silleck was pastor here, he

called at my house: his inquiry was, 'Sister—do you enjoy the blessing of sanctification?' I said no, I never expect to enjoy it. He looked surprised, and said, 'What do you mean?' I mean just what I say, I never expect to enjoy the blessing of sanctification, I have forfeited that state of grace, I have enjoyed it and have drawn back, and believe God can no more have pleasure in me. He said, 'Sister you astonish me, how can you give way to such a temptation?' I could hardly believe it to be temptation, but considered it a just punishment as I had been so ungrateful in drawing back. Our good minister asked if I expected to get to heaven? I answered I might just be saved, at last, 'but,' said he, 'you can never be saved without holiness.' He then assured me God would not withhold spiritual blessings as a punishment. I prayed that this temptation might be removed. Afternoon meetings were then being held, and those who felt the need of more religion, or a thorough work of grace in the heart, were invited to the altar to pray for it. I went to that altar, I knelt just about there," pointing to the place, "and there, the temptation was removed; and never since, have I doubted the sufficiency of the atonement to cleanse even me." Throughout time and eternity, praise is due to Christ, for this deliverance, and the eminent fruits of it. M. A.

N. Y., Feb. 3, 1893.

FLETCHER illustrated in his own life that which he urged upon others. In consequence of living wholly for Christ, he led a happy and a useful life. Here is the secret of happiness and of usefulness.

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIV-
INGTON ST., N. Y.

In the opening service, the minister while commenting on the appropriate portion of Scripture read, insisted upon the faithfulness required from every child of God who abides in Christ to make known this great salvation in their different Christian relations, for the general Church is ready to receive the truth of God in its power to sanctify them wholly—yea, many are hungering and thirsting after the fulness of Christ. This seemed to give the keynote to the meeting, and a great amount of simple experience was related. A sister said she was thankful for the good counsel she had received from a person of experience in the beginning of the way, that to keep this state of grace clear in the heart, and life, it must be confessed in all suitable circumstances; and she had found this the only way in which she could keep her vision clear, as well as be enabled to live rightly. She had known many to fall when they began to be indefinite, and thought if all the Methodists who once enjoyed this state of grace were called upon to say that they fell in this way, they would be a host. She had known many who had fallen through silence, and indefiniteness in their experience. A sailor said he had thought it would hardly be possible for him to keep his conscience clear, and the grace of God in his peculiar circumstances at sea, exposed to sudden perils and confusion; but he found that Christ was able to save him in all his necessities. Another sailor said when a boy he ran away from his home in South America, but here God had found him and converted his soul. Then he spoke most clearly of his sanctification, often re-

ferring to the mottos on the wall, especially "Sanctify them through thy truth." Yes, he said it was through the belief of God's truth. Although his English was imperfect all were greatly edified, and rejoiced in his joy. Two others of the same class of persons, witnessed to full salvation. And then another, a younger one, defined his state as needing a clean heart to save him in the hour of temptation, and make him useful—he was tired of sinning and repenting. These men of the ocean when they come into port seek the meeting as soon as possible, for in their own language, it is the spot nearest heaven to their souls. A gentleman who had been an earnest seeker last week and had received aid in the way of faith, described his present state as one of perfect rest in God; the light he now enjoys in reading the Word is beyond anything in the past, yet he hardly dared to say he was sanctified wholly. We think he was confirmed in believing that he was fully accepted and cleanse d.

Amid the press of many who desired to speak, a Congregational minister said he would only take a few moments to make his confession of guilt—ten years ago when he began to preach, he was convinced that the Bible insisted upon *holiness of heart, and life*—but he had been unfaithful and withheld it from the people—now he desired prayer in his behalf, for his light is not as clear as it once was. He was ashamed of his unfaithfulness. The wife of an Itinerant made a similar confession, that for years she had withdrawn from the full service God required of her. Affliction and chastening had beset her path, and only within the two past years she had made the sacrifice complete, and believed unto righteousness,

and been enabled to bear corresponding fruit.

HIGHLAND JESSIE AGAIN.

Some time since we began to go to the lowly cottage of a pious old saint, who is a member of the Free Church. There is something wonderful in this old saint's prayers and exhortations, and an aptness in quoting Scripture all her own. As often as three times a week a few praying saints gather there in the name of our blessed Lord, and sit at his feet until two or three in the morning. We have been several times, but stayed no later than 12 o'clock. God has blessed us in our efforts in going to that lowly cottage, for that dear old saint and another precious soul have received Jesus as their full and present Saviour. Now they meet with opposition—still they seem to be filled with the Holy Spirit, and are made blessings to others:

HAPPINESS OF PERFECT LOVE.

William Sharply said to me this morning: "O Miss Roe, I now prove a heaven below! I go to bed believing and hanging on Jesus, and I awake as in his immediate presence. When I go out he is with me, at work he is my companion, and when I return home I bring him in my heart. His love gives a relish to my food; and when I drink it reminds me that he is a well of living water which can never be exhausted. When I find a temptation from the enemy, I tell him, I have nothing to do with thee; go to my Saviour, he will answer thee. I am kept in perfect peace. I find every spiritual and temporal want supplied the present moment, and I take no

thought for to-morrow. I trust the Lord for that; and I am sure that while I live by faith he will never leave me nor forsake me." I exhorted his wife to look for the same salvation; but she cannot yet see that the promise is for her, though she earnestly desires the blessing. I went with S. Hancock in the evening to see Ann Shrigley, where we had a precious season, for we found her rejoicing in God, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Knowing that she had to encounter many and severe outward trials, I asked her, "Do you ever repine at the dispensations of Providence?" She answered, "Ah, no! I have Christ, and that is enough. I want nothing; all is welcome. My beloved Saviour sheds his love abroad in my heart, and all is trifling that I suffer. My pain is nothing; my trials are nothing. His love is above all. It springs up in my soul with such a sweetness that I can mind nothing else!" While praying with her it was a time of love indeed.

Hester Ann Roe, 1781.

REST YONDER.

This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

In all its light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has passed away.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

Bonar.

NOT FIRMNESS OF MIND.

“ ‘All things shall work together for good, to them that love God.’ My reliance, being poor, is in the love of God; if I were ever so rich, I could not be more secure; for on what else but on his will can the most flourishing prospects depend for their stability?” The Abbie felt some emotion at this pointed observation; he however smothered it, and said, “Very few have your firmness of mind.” “Sir,” returned the man, “you should rather say, few seek their strength from God.” Then steadily fixing his eyes on M. de Rance, he added, “Sir, it is not firmness of mind. I know misfortunes, as well as others; and I know too, that when affliction comes close, no firmness of mind only, can or will carry a man through. However strong a man may be, affliction may be yet stronger, unless his strength be in the strength of God. Again, sir, it is not firmness of mind. But it is a firm and heartfelt conviction, founded on Scripture, and experience of God’s mercy, in Christ. It is faith, and that faith itself is the gift of God.” *Lancelot.*

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

Blessed be God! he has given faith and love to all his suffering children, to bear each other on their hearts; and he has promised that where two agree on earth, touching anything, it shall be done for his sake in heaven. Let us then pray in faith, that all his holy will may be wrought in us; that waiting on him we may daily renew our strength, and experiencing his faithfulness, that we may be more deeply rooted and grounded in the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. The Lord increase in us that faith which is

the *substance* of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.

Lancelot.

THE BOOK OF CANTICLES.

Thus the book is *full of Jesus*. But it is Jesus in a peculiar character. He is not seen here as, “Saviour,” nor as “King,” nor as “High Priest,” nor as “Judge,” nor as “Prophet,” nor as the “Captain of our Salvation,” nor as “the Great Shepherd of the sheep,” nor as “the Mighty God,” nor as “the King of Kings,” nor as his people’s “Surety”—no! it is in a clearer and closer relation than any of these—it is Jesus as our “Bridegroom,” Jesus in marriage union with his Bride, his Church.

A. NEWTON.

PROMISES WITHOUT DATE.

You say you have peace, but not joy in believing; blessed be God for peace! May this peace rest with you! Joy will follow, perhaps not very closely, but it will follow faith and love. God’s promises are sealed to us, but not dated: therefore patiently attend his pleasure; he will give you joy in believing. Amen.

Susannah Wesley.

WHEN we suffer for well-doing, we are in the best of company, but when we suffer for evil-doing we are in the worst society. G.

Lay down thy burden here;
With such a weary load,
Thou canst not climb yon hill,
Yon steep and rugged road.

So shalt thou bear the toils
Thy God appoints to thee;
So shalt thou serve thy God
In happy liberty.

Bonar.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY A. H. G.

At an early age I felt the strivings of the Spirit of God with my heart, but to these I yielded not until my fourteenth year, when I sought and found peace in believing in Jesus. Not many weeks passed ere I felt the lurkings of the carnal mind within: the roots of sin and bitterness rising up, though the past had been forgiven. Frequently in reading God's word my youthful mind would be forcibly struck with such passages as, "Be ye holy for I am holy," "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," "Without holiness no man can see the Lord." I thought that there was something more for me to obtain, and my prayer was for "*a clean heart.*"

At times my mind was much exercised upon this subject, but on looking around me at others who seemed to enjoy religion, and had a bright prospect of Heaven, who did not profess any higher blessing than that of justification, I thought it unnecessary for me to be so troubled about it, and I would try to throw off these impressions, and would fall back into indifference. But still the Spirit strove with me calling me to *a holy life.*

Months and years passed by thus, till God called me by His providences to "a closer walk" with Him. While laid upon a bed of suffering, the impression fastened itself strongly upon my mind that God was thus chastening me in order to draw me more closely to Himself. I then prayed earnestly for a holy heart, but the way to the attainment of that blessing seemed

hidden. I knew not how to obtain it.

In the following year, with partially restored health, I was privileged to attend a meeting on the subject of Holiness, in Baltimore, the first I ever attended. I there heard the testimony of the humble followers of Jesus, who professed to enjoy this great blessing, who stated plainly and unequivocally that they realized the efficacy of the blood of Christ *to cleanse from all sin*; that they had received this as *a distinct blessing*, in answer to prayer; since which time they had experienced a high state of enjoyment—close and uninterrupted communion with God—hitherto unknown to them.

I could not doubt such testimony and I thought if others enjoyed this, why should not I? and I then resolved to seek it with all my heart. I did so, and not in vain, for through the instrumentality of a holy man of God who pointed out, clearly, to me this "hidden" way, I was brought into it. One morning, in the Spring of 1856, I retired to my chamber; my heart was lifted to God believing that he would grant me the blessing *then*. I fell upon my knees, and casting myself at the foot of the cross, I consecrated *my all* to God, and prayed Him to accept me *fully* and *seal me* His. The answer came—*the work was done*. The long-sought blessing was mine, my heart was purified in the precious blood of Christ from all the stains of sin.

It was no ecstasy of joy which I then experienced, but

—"all the silent heaven of love."

Words would fail to convey more than a faint idea of that hour's experience. I felt, as it were, *lost in God*.

I lived in the enjoyment of this blessing until I began to be backward in confessing it publicly. It was sug-

gested to my mind that I could enjoy it just as well silently, as by speaking of it, and I might injure the cause of Christ by professing so much, when my life did not accord with my profession, in the estimation of others. I then determined upon a course of silence upon the subject. I suspected not for a moment that this was a snare of the evil one. Here I was entangled and overcome—I soon fell into doubt and darkness—and finally concluded that I had lost the blessing entirely, as God did not reveal Himself to me as He had formerly done.

But, thanks to His name for His amazing mercy, I sought Him again and I can *now* testify that He rules *supremely* in my heart, *casting out all sin*.

This state does not exempt me from conflicts with spiritual foes, sometimes severe, but I have a strength within which is not my own, enabling me to overcome—nor from a liability to fall, as the past has given evidence of; I must “watch and pray.”

I live by faith from moment to moment, “kept by the power of God.”

Of one thing I feel assured, that God intends to have the glory of the work done in us, and we must acknowledge Him as a *full Saviour*—His power to *keep from sin*, as well as *pardon sin*—if we would enjoy this blessing in all its fulness. “Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord.”

I have thus borne my humble testimony, praying that it may be a blessing to some fellow-traveller to the “Celestial City.”

Millersville, Md., March, 1863.

Many cannot endure the excitement of prayer who are fond of the excitement of carousal.

WOMAN'S FREEDOM IN WORSHIP.

BY MRS. P. L. U.

REV. H. V. DEGEN—Dear Brother in Christ. I have been requested to write an article on Woman's Freedom in Worship. I have hesitated to do so, because as it seems to me, it is like getting up an argument to prove that woman has a soul, and is responsible to God, her Creator. I view the opposite custom, restricting woman in worship, as a part of heathenism, and one of its worst features. The law of God, as given to Moses, and as unfolded by Christ in his precepts and life, makes no distinction between man and woman. And this is the only infallible standard of God's revealed will to man. Whatever principles of man, or practices, are in disagreement with this standard, must be condemned as false. The law of love is equally binding on woman and on man, and is to be carried out in word and in deed.

To *impart* what one receives from God, is the out-going life of the new Christ-nature. It is the highest happiness, and the most Godlike work of the soul. How opposed then to the new Christ-nature, and to God's Word is the sealing of woman's lips in the public exercises of the Church. And what a loss that Church sustains, where the heart of the Church—the heart of woman—is closed, leaving only the *head*, or man, to edify the Church.

It gives *me* pleasure here to exonerate Paul from the charge of condemning to silence Christian woman. (1 Cor. 14: 34.) It is strange indeed that he should be so understood, when in a previous passage (1 Cor. 11th ch.) he recognizes the spirit of prayer and

prophecy as exercised by woman, in public, and also makes such honorable mention of the women who labored with him in the Gospel, and everywhere speaks of the oneness of believers in Christ.

It is evident to my own mind from the general tenor of Paul's writings, and comparing Scripture with Scripture, that at this time, Paul was speaking of the ungodly, and not Christians. As if he had said, let not your women, unbaptized, unchristian, seek any publicity in the Church of Christ, nor claim authority over us the Apostles of the Lord Jesus, commissioned by Him to preach to them the Gospel,—it becomes them to be silent and listen to us.

This expression of Paul's, spoken I believe, of irreligious woman, is the only Scripture I have ever heard cited against woman's freedom in worship. And yet, what power has it obtained in the Puritan and Presbyterian Churches—excluding one-half, and perhaps I may say three-fourths of the Church members from all active participation in social worship. And yet the pastor reads to woman the covenant of entire consecration, by which she surrenders all her powers of body, mind and heart, to the service of God and the Church, while at the same time he puts a seal upon her lips in all the assemblies, where the saints are to be edified and the world convinced by the power of a living, breathing testimony. But I must close, and will refer those who need more light and deeper convictions on this subject, to a work of Mrs. P. Palmer's, entitled "Promise of the Father," published at the Office of the Guide. Also, to a Work of Rev. B. F. Tefft, D. D., L. L. D., entitled "Methodism Successful."

Permit me also, to add the following comments:

In Psalms lxxviii. 11—13, we read "The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it. Kings of armies did flee apace: and she that tarried at home divided the spoil. Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Says Adam Clarke, in his comment on this passage,

"Of the *female preachers* there was a great host—such is the literal translation of this passage—the publication of good news, or joyful events belonged to the women."

See also his comment on Isaiah xl. 9, "O Zion, that bringest good tidings," or, "O daughter, that bringest good tidings to Zion—the word *daughter* being added to give the true sense of the original—the women were exhorted by the Prophet to publish the joyful news with a loud voice from eminences, where they might be heard all over the country; and the matter and burden of their song was to be, "Behold your God."

Thomas Scott also, in his comment on this same text, says, "O Zion, or, the *daughter* of Zion, the announcer of the glad tidings being feminine." Also, in his notes on Psalms lxxviii. 11—13, he says, "the Lord gave the word—he put into their mouths the words of praise and thanksgiving, and great was the company of those that published it—the word rendered published is feminine. The form of the verb in the original language showing the gender of its nominative." And, Scott adds, "the whole of these verses are in the future tense, and may be considered *prophetical*."

LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

SIR:—Some days ago, I received some lines from you and they were very welcome; for I know no better news can come from any corner of the earth, than of a soul attempting to overcome the world and its own self, and in any degree prevailing and still resolving onwards; all the projects and conquests of the world are not to be named to it. Oh! what a weariness it is to live amongst *men*, and find so few *men*; and amongst Christians, and find so few Christians; so much talk and so little action; religion turned almost to a tune and air of words; and amidst all our pretty discourses, ourselves pusillanimous and base, and so easily dragged into the mire, self and flesh, and pride and fashion domineering while we speak of being in Christ, and clothed with Him, and believe it because we speak of it so often and so confidently. Well, I know you are not willing to be thus gulled, and having some glimpses of the beauty of holiness, aim no lower than *perfection*, which end we hope to attain; and in the meanwhile the smallest advances towards it, are of more worth than crowns and sceptres. I believe you often think of those words of the blessed champion Paul, 1 Cor. ix : 24. There is a noble guest within us. Oh! let all our business be to entertain Him honorably, and to live in celestial love within, which will make all things without be very contemptible in our eyes. I should rove on did I not stop myself, it falling out well too for that, to be hard upon the post hours, ere I thought of writing. Therefore, *good night* is all I add; for whatsoever hour it comes to your hand,

I believe you are as sensible as I, that it is still night, but the comfort is, it draws nigh towards that bright morning that shall make amends.

Your weary fellow pilgrim,

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

Edinburgh, Oct. 24, 1659.

A PSALM.

BY REV. D. WILLIAMS.

In Thee O Lord, are all my springs,
And thou, my fountain art,
Thine everlasting depths of love,
Supply my thirsty heart.

My spirit pants for holiness—
Thy holiness, a sea,
Its breadth, and depth are measureless,
Its waters are for me.

For power, my soul aspires aflame,
Immortal forces wait,
I gird me with unearthly strength,
And God doth make me great.

For riches, burn my soul's desires,
And more than golden ores,
Invite me to their darkling depths,
I gather priceless stores.

Thou openest with mighty hand,
The promised land to me,
I wander o'er its hills, and vales,
Its living founts I see.

In sleep, or wakefulness I find,
Upwelling in my soul,
The crystal waters of thy love,
They flow at thy control.

The mountain of thy holiness,
I hope at last, to see,
Whose everlasting fountains gush,
In ceaseless purity.

My love shall for thy nature thirst,
And at life's river brink,
I'll dip salvation's golden cup,
And of thy fulness drink.

THERE would be less skepticism if men's hearts were as pure as the evidences of religion are clear.

HOW FAR MAY WE TRUST THE LORD?

For many years I had been a professor of the religion of Jesus Christ, and had truly believed that in his hands might safely be trusted all of the soul's interests. To Him I prayed, and unto Him rendered thanks. When sickness came, and the dark shadow of death approached those that were dearest to me, my faith ventured another step, and I prayed, not only for the salvation of the child, but that it might also be restored to health, beyond this I never used to go. The wide field of temporalities, where the Christian finds his trials, his defeats, or his conquests, to me was practically beyond the care of the Almighty. The every day business of life I dared to transact without praying to Him for success in it, or asking His wisdom to guide me. Thus I passed through several years of extensive business transactions with almost unvaried success, and was esteemed rich. A terrible financial crisis which fell suddenly and with crushing force upon every part of the country, brought embarrassment for me also. My property was not lost; my securities had not depreciated, and my name had not been dishonored; yet I owed money, not in large sums, only such amounts as I ordinarily could have obtained in an hour. The times were very hard; my neighbors were begging for loans; still I felt confident that I could obtain what I needed from any of several quarters. The time for payment came nearer, and with it the pressure grew harder, and more than all, came that universal distrust which made men doubt even their own flesh and blood.

I applied to one after another for temporary loans, and went away from each disappointed. Then I attempted to sell property, which at another time would have found ready sale at its full value, but now it would not sell at any price. The money must be paid; a business reputation, which had cost many years' labor and many sacrifices, was at stake, and to preserve it I was willing to give all of the wealth that I possessed, but no one of my friends could or would help, and no one would buy.

I had but a day left, and went home at night with a sad heart. My dear wife was devoted and faithful as ever, and when I saw the sweet joy that my coming gave her, I thanked God for such a wife. My only son came with beaming eyes to tell me of his success in the school examination, which had that day taken place. His joy was contagious, my heart softened, and I thanked God for that child. Then little Ellen came, the youngest, so fair, so innocent and happy, and climbed up into my lap; in her little hands my heart became a harp of the sweetest melody. Again I thanked God for His infinite and His constant love. And with the prayer a blessed thought came into my mind. "You are discouraged; you have applied to friends for relief; you have used all the means in your power to obtain it, and have been everywhere disappointed. Why not go to your Father in Heaven?"

This seemed to be whispered not into the ear but into the heart. It seemed to me to be a suggestion from above, and I followed it. That night I prayed that the Lord would relieve me from my embarrassment, and no one who has not experienced the same feeling can tell what a burden that prayer removed,

or how much courage it gave me. "The Lord is my Shepherd," constantly came into my head and up to my lips for utterance. A sweet and refreshing night's sleep was enjoyed, and in the morning I went to my office, without money it is true, but with a faith and hope that left no place for fear, and only patiently waiting for the fulfilment of its desire. Before that day had gone, a gentleman to whom I had before applied and who had refused me assistance, called and asked what amount of money I required. I named the sum, and he sat down and made out his check for the amount. That day my debts were paid, my property was saved, my business reputation was preserved, and best of all, I that day learned to trust the Lord in temporal matters, as well as in spiritual concerns.—*Wesleyan*.

BESET BY GOD.

"Thou hast beset me behind and before and laid thine hand upon me." Ps. cxxxix: 5.

BY E. L. C.

Beset by God behind—before—

No way to turn, no place to flee—

Why is it Lord, in all thy power

That thou hast laid thine hand on me!

I cannot move but thou art near

To tell me when to rest or do;

I cannot think, but thou art here

To search the secret purpose through.

Nor will of mine, nor strong intent

Avails against thy stronger hand;

In vain the will—the force is spent,

Thou hast me all in thy command.

Thy presence were a fearful shield—

My conscience said in former days;

But since thy love has been revealed,

Thy presence is my song of praise.

I would not break the solemn bound

That thus besets me; day and night

Thy love and faithfulness surround,

And I am sheltered in thy might.

THE CHRISTIAN'S BELOVED.

Now, Christian, I want thee this morning to rejoice in this: thou art accepted "in the beloved." Thou lookest within, and thou sayest, "There is nothing acceptable here!" Man, look at Christ, and see if there is not everything acceptable there. Thy frame depresses thee, but look thou to Jesus and hear him cry, "It is finished!" Will not that death-note re-assure thee? Thy sins trouble thee; but remember they were laid upon the scape-goat's head of old, and they no more exist, for He cast them into the depth of the sea. Whilst thou hast still to bear groans, and doubts and fears; to fight with corruption, and wrestle with temptation, thou art still accepted in the beloved. Never accepted in thyself; never anything but a condemned sinner in thyself, never anything but accursed both of God and of the law out of Jesus. But in Christ never accursed; in Christ never condemned; for he that believeth in Him is not condemned, and he that believeth not is condemned already, because he believeth not in the Son of God. "Accepted in the beloved!" This sentence seems to me to be such a mouthful; it is a dainty all your own. Let it lie in your mouth like a wafer made with honey. "Accepted in the beloved!" How I pity you who cannot say this. How I rejoice with you who can. You have troubles, you say: what are your troubles? You are accepted in the beloved. You tell me you have to fight with flesh and blood; what of that, so long as you are accepted in the beloved? But you are so poor, you say, and you have to go home to a miserable meal to-day; but then, how rich you are, you are accepted in the beloved. The

devil is tempting you : never mind, he cannot destroy you, for you are accepted in the beloved.

HE HATH MADE US ACCEPTED.

Do not you see, beloved, the whole way through, it is of God and not of man? It was Christ who first put us in his Heart to be accepted there. It was the Father who put us in His book according to the pleasure of his own will to be accepted there. It was Christ that took us into his Hand, according to his suretyship engagement, that we might be accepted there. It was Christ that took us into His loins, begetting us again into a lively hope that we might be accepted there. And it is grace that has united us with the person of Christ that we may be accepted there. You see it is all of God from first to last. Jonah learned sound divinity when he went into the whale's belly, for he said, "Salvation is of the Lord." And before the throne of God in heaven they always sing sound theology, for a part of the song is, "Salvation unto God and unto the Lamb." Not of man, neither by man; not of the will of man, nor birth; but according to the counsel of Him that worketh all things to the good pleasure of His will. Sinner! does that suit you? You that are in Christ in your own experience; does that suit you? It ought to do so. If you had to put yourself in Christ you could not do it. Men and women, if God asked anything of you to qualify you for Christ, you could not do it. But He asks nothing of you whatever. His mercy comes to you, not when you have made yourselves alive, but while you are yet dead. It comes to you, not merely when you seek it, but it first seeks you and makes you seek it. This is the good point about it, that it is

most free. And this Gospel I am sent to preach to you this morning :—"He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ hath everlasting life." God give thee grace to lay hold of it now, or rather that it may lay hold of thee. And if thou believest in Him, thy eternal life is sure, because thou art one in Him, and "accepted in the beloved."

Spurgeon.

NEARER.

We are too far from thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee,
Before our eyes,
Dark mists arise,
And veil the glories from the skies;
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
Fierce pains oppress,
Dark cares distress,
Made darker by our loneliness;
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
Dark waters roll
Above the soul;
Striving to reach the heavenly goal,
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
Alone, afraid,
Our path is laid
In darkness; send Thy heavenly aid,
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
E'en if Thy rod
Bring us to God,
In meekness be thy pathway trod,
If it but lead to God.

Draw us more close to Thee, our Saviour,
More close to Thee;
Let come what will
Of good or ill,
'Tis one to us, dear Saviour, knowing still
Thou drawest us to Thee.

CLINGING TO JESUS.

BY S. G. S.

The past! what volumes lie hid in that little word. Sometimes we have to look back through clouds so dark ere we reach the sunlight that gilded our early morn, that we shrink from a task so painful. Sometimes the clouds lie behind our meridian sun, shading life's early dawn with sorrow. It is only when the soul finds its true resting place, that the rainbow of promise shines—always above our head, and the thorns are taken from our path. Well do I remember my first great sorrow, when awakening from life's early dream, I found all earthly props fail—when death entered my dwelling—trembling I looked to Jesus; and oh! how his hitherto neglected word soothed my bleeding heart. In that hour of sorrow and contrition, I clung to Him alone, crying "Lord be merciful to me a sinner." Time passed on—cares increased, the world asserted its sway over my heart, but I never yielded wholly. When almost sinking in the vortex, still, though feebly, I clung to that dear Saviour. He did not leave me to myself—treasure after treasure was taken—my fairest flowers removed from my fond arms to be transplanted to His Heavenly garden. I gave them up submissively, but still clung to Him. I reached the meridian of life—and half a century had borne its burdens hitherto—only my precious buds had been called for; but I had consecrated my all to Him who had thus far been my sun and my shield. I was wholly the Lord's, yet He would further try my faith. One after another, He asked me for my three eldest born, the props of my declining years. Clinging

to Jesus still, I said, "Thy will be done." Oh! it is sweet, 'tis blessed to cling to Jesus. Have any who read this known what it was to have a light removed from their dwelling, in the person of a beloved and lovely daughter, and have all things outwardly been shrouded in gloom, earth for a season losing every charm? In such an hour the soul goes forth from every other object and clings to Jesus. He has never failed me—no matter how dark the cloud, or how crushing the weight of affliction and bereavement. His loving voice was heard—"It is I—be not afraid," and as the child in her early griefs flies to her mother's arms for help and sympathy, so have I fled to Him, and though in agony of tears it may be, yet He who wept at the tomb of Lazarus

"Could sweetly soothe, and gently dry
The throbbing heart—the streaming eye."

Truly have these great sorrows been sanctified to my soul—bringing me out into a large place, where I could enjoy that full and present salvation, offered to all. Oh! that all who are like afflicted might know the joy and peace of always clinging to Jesus.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Leigh Hunt says: "Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who in one sense retain it always, and they furnish other parents with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This alone is rendered an immortal child."

WHERE real true fortitude dwells, loyalty, bounty, friendship and fidelity may be found.

A HOLY LIFE.

BY E. J. R.

How differently this simple form of words is viewed even by those professing the same blessed faith in Christ, and united in the same communion.

To one it is a sour asceticism, a gloomy path from which all the sunlight of human life and love is excluded, a round of forbidding duties prompted perhaps by impulse, and miscalled "leadings of the Spirit." These *duties* often consist in harsh reproofs, and in frowning down everything even though innocent and pleasant, which does not harmonize with their own gloomy and saddened fancies. Others, taking the opposite extreme, locate a holy life high up in the regions of imagination. It is to them a thing of frames and feelings, of dreams and ecstatic visions, of freedom so absolute that the common duties of Christianity affect them not. The heathen vainly hold out their hands for the bread of life, the poor cry in vain, the *slave* is not entitled even to their *prayers*. The scanty pittance doled out for the support of the ministry at home seems grudgingly bestowed. The Sabbath School is neglected, for they have not the *talent* to lead the little ones to Jesus, and the Bible class, because *rest*, or class room chit-chat is preferred. Alas for the Church which numbers many of these *patterns of holiness*.

A holy life with *Christ* for the pattern, and the *Bible* the *revelation*—this is the *ideal*, and often the *reality* of every true believer. A pure heart is the first requisite. A holy life will flow as naturally forth as sweet waters from a pure fountain.

The stream may be impeded by obstacles thrown in, but it will find its way; its waters may even be defiled for a moment, but the pure currents from its fountain head will wash all impurities away and it will flow sweetly on, blessed and a blessing. Thus the Christian may falter, but "looking unto Jesus," the Great Fountain, he shall not fail. A holy life;—in this alone is safety, for it alone will lead to a holy Heaven. All along the pathway hands are stretched out for aid. Come and help us is their cry, and with the overflowing love of the great Exemplar it will not be disregarded. What if the flesh be weary and the heart faint. Are not body and soul His, "whose we are and whom we serve?"

He who rightly comprehends and truly lives a holy life may "rejoice evermore," for "all things are his." He may love and admire this beautiful world, for it was fashioned by *His* hand; and the lost race *He* died to redeem, how will his heart go out after them, bound to the same judgment seat. His life is one of toil and labor for "Christ himself came not to be ministered unto but to minister," but it is one of rich and abundant blessing, with the assurance of eternal rest when toil is done, for "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

If the works are so perfect, how glorious must be the Maker of them. If the beauty of that which he has created is inexpressibly great, infinitely greater must be that Being who surveys all creation at a single glance.—*Sturm*.

HOME.

Oh, where shall the soul find her rest and her home?

Whose wings will protect her? How long must she roam?

Does not the world offer one city of peace,
One spot free from sin, where our labors may cease?

No, No, No, No! Far out of sight,
Beyond is our Home in the kingdom of Light.

We'll leave, then, the world in darkness behind,

And walk in the light, if our home we may find;

The great New Jerusalem God has prepared,
His word has been given—His counsel declared.

Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes! Yonder must be
Those mansions made ready for you and for me.

And Jesus our Saviour, our Brother is there—
No Sin shall oppress us, no Death, Pain, nor Care,

But melodies sweeping from angel harps roll
A welcome of triumph to each ransomed soul.
Rest, Rest, Rest, Rest! There we may rest
Forever with Christ in the home of the blest!

For we, who have loved his appearing below,
By faith—then by sight our Redeemer shall know.

In garments of holiness, free from each taint,
Shall worship before Him the lowliest saint.
Free, Free, Free, Free! Freed from our sin—
From fightings without and temptations within.

Dear Saviour, our hearts burn within, and we long

To join in the angel's victorious song
Hallelujah to Him who hath bought us!—
they cry—

The Lamb who hath loved us, who reigneth
on high!

Wait, Wait, Wait, Wait! Soon shall we hear

The voice of the Master who bids us appear.

Then courage, our souls! For the warfare is short,

Our armor is strong, and secure is our Fort;
And when we have triumphed, and each has his crown,

At the feet of the Lord we will cast them down.

Joy, Joy, Joy, Joy! Safe home at last—
The battle is over—the peril is past.

MURMURING AT PROVIDENCE.—It is foolish as well as wicked to rebel against the allotments of Providence. It is like the eagle beating his breast against the iron bars of his cage, until he falls down bleeding and exhausted. It does no good, but much harm. We cannot change our condition by murmuring at it, but we can make ourselves and all around us very miserable. God knows where we can do most for him, and he puts us in the *very place* that is best for us and for all. It is a hard trial—one of the hardest, no doubt—for an active and devoted servant of Christ to be rendered unfit for work. But we are very unwise to murmur at it. Those who are deprived of the privilege of laboring for Christ may suffer for him, and by their suffering in a Christian spirit do more good than they could in any other way.

WHY CHRIST LEFT NO IMAGE.—Four men who loved Christ with a love stronger than death, wrote his life, but left no hint of his height, complexion, features, or any point that could help the mind to a personal image. Others wrote long epistles, of which he was the Alpha and Omega; but his form was as much kept secret as the body of Moses, hidden by the Almighty in an undiscovered grave. The Christian tombs and relics of the first centuries show no attempt to make an image of Christ. Too deep a sense of the divine rested upon the early Church to permit any attempt to paint the human as it appeared in him.

Rev. William Arthur.

"IT IS THE SAME VOICE."

Some years since, while laboring in the south-eastern part of Massachusetts, I became acquainted with a mother in Israel, whose faith in God had such a living reality in it, that I often sought an interview with her to converse about things pertaining to the Christian life. I found her to be a woman of rare experience, feasting upon the hidden manna. Her life was a living illustration of the power of divine grace to comfort the soul, and that grace made her ever joyful in hope, notwithstanding the severity of the trials through which she had been called to pass. All who knew her regarded her as "a living epistle of the grace of God." At last the hour of trial came when her faith was to be tested by the approach of death. Her children were gathered around her dying bed, with their heart-stricken father, to witness the conflict with the last enemy. The disease which was checking the wheel of life at the fountain had been watched by her loving, afflicted daughters with that emotion which dreaded to see the breast on which their heads had been so often pillowed cease to heave, and to hear it said; "She is gone!" They were too deeply affected to speak to each other, yet each hoped that the mother would speak one word more of comfort before her pure spirit took its flight from earth, when one of them said to her, "Mother! we think you are dying! how do you feel about it? can you speak to us again?" That mother opened her eyes again, and with that smile of joy so peculiar to her when in health, said, "Mary! do you suppose I am afraid to die? I heard the voice of Jesus many years ago saying, 'Thy

sins are all forgiven thee.' That same voice I now hear saying, 'Fear not, I am with you;' and it is so—the Lord is mine, and I am his—I go to meet him—yes, *it is the same voice.*"

A slight movement of the head was the only indication that death had touched her with his dark wing, and all was still; those children were indeed motherless, but another gem had been added to the crown of the Redeemer!

I have often thought of that death-bed scene, and of those words of child-like confidence, "It is the same voice!" How forcibly the experience of this disciple of Jesus illustrates the truth of His declaration: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me!"

The dark valley of the shadow of death does not intimidate them; they follow Him whithersoever he leadeth them! How many, alas, fail to distinguish the voice of Jesus from all other voices! "Let me *die* the death of the righteous!" is the exclamation of many; but how few strive to live the *life* of the righteous!

Reader, have you heard the voice of Jesus saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee?" If not, do not flatter yourself with the delusion that you will hear him say at last, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

EVERY Christian is a bush *burning*, but *unconsumed*. Each has the flame outside and the fuel within; each kept from ruin by grace.

WE should so live and labor that what came to us as seed may go to the next generation as blossoms, and what came to us as blossoms may go to them as fruit.

"ONWARD AND UPWARD."

BY R. V. A.

The *Christian's* motto is "onward and upward." That he sometimes forgets and loses sight of these words, is true. When he turns away from the cross, wandering into by and forbidden paths, his heart no longer breathes, "*Be thou, my helper, O my God,*" nor does the banner, upon which is plainly written this motto, unfurl itself before his eyes. Onward, still onward, though the clouds darken and the storm beat hard against his frail bark; yes, through the deep waters of affliction, sorrow's billows tossing him here and there, he must leave all and bid his soul *onward—upward!* He has no right to expect a sunny sky and gentle breeze; his bark gliding smoothly and lightly o'er calm waters, for it is written, "*through much tribulation, ye enter into the kingdom.*" Can he meet temptation in *all* its forms and resist? Can he pass through scenes of severe trial and shrink not? Can he wear the garb of sorrow and faint not? Can he endure even unto the end, his motto and life corresponding, "Onward and upward?" Yes, he can do all this, not of himself, for he is weakness, but in the strength of his Redeemer, he may do all things. Sitting at the feet of Jesus; clinging to the cross; trusting in redeeming love; his eye fixed on Calvary; his foot resting on the "Rock of Ages," he may "come off conqueror and more than conqueror" at last. Onward—upward, towards the celestial city, whose gates shall open at his approach, while the angelic host attend him as he still urges his way onward—upward to the throne where Jesus, his "Saviour, Brother,

Friend" waits to welcome him to his rest. If, then, your heart faints and your feet falter, Christian friend, remember your motto which bids you hope at last, to rest from your labors and "go no more out forever." A crown of glory shall adorn your brow; a golden harp be yours, while with all heaven you touch the strings and blend your voice with theirs, in singing, "Worthy, worthy the lamb for sinners slain."

Andover, Feb., 1863.

"THE DISCIPLE AS HIS MASTER."

Shall I, a blood-bought sinner, dare,
Presume to shua my Master's lot?
Shall I whose guilt he deigned to bear,
Let his example be forgot?
What though he trod a thorny path!
What though he met a cold world's frown!
Enough be this; the servant hath
His Master's lot—"No cross, no crown."

Christ had his work. His meat and drink
Were just to do his Father's will.
From pain, from toil, he would not shrink,
But bore the cross unmurmuring still.
Christ had his work: his work is ours;
If in our hearts his spirit glows,
We bear the cross, we task our powers,—
We scorn to seek a base repose.

Christ had his trials; sore they pressed
Like thorns upon his bleeding brow,
Though he had gained triumphant rest,
He wears a blood-stained vesture now.
Christ had his trials: and shall we,
Who from his death derive our life,
Repel the thought like him to be,
To bleed, to suffer in the strife?

Christ has his crown—of duty done—
Of victory over death and hell;
Angels before his glorious throne
In rapturous strains his triumph tell.
Christ has his crown, and so hast thou,
If thou his path of struggle tread;
His foes and thine to thee shall bow,
And thou shalt reign with him that bled.
N. Y. Observer.

THE WAY I WAS LED.

BY A. D.

In reviewing the past, it is always pleasing to recall our seasons of prosperity in our religious experience, but we shrink from speaking of our disobedience and unfaithfulness to the God we profess to love. But it sometimes becomes a duty, and should even tend to increase our humility and Christian charity.

Some years since, I sought and found the pearl of perfect love. For five or six years I lived in the land of perpetual sunshine,

"Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest."

But in an evil hour, the enemy, knowing just where to make an attack, began secretly to whisper, that I was making the way of holiness a little narrower in some places than God would have it. And if I would conform to the world a *little more in some things*, which were entirely non-essential to Christianity, my Christian influence and usefulness would become more extensive and effectual; while all other points might be effectually guarded. O vain delusion! I listened, and my soul was taken captive. Jesus turned and looked upon me and said, "Will ye also go away?" I replied, "Though all men forsake thee yet will not I." O no, I would not leave my Saviour; *but only do just a little more as others did*. But alas, "the gold had" already "become dim and the fine gold changed." I soon became like the barren fig tree, healthy and flourishing in appearance, but with leaves only; having the form of godliness, with little or no power. At times I would bitterly lament my departure from the

way of holiness, and made many feeble attempts to return; but found that

"Sin's deceitfulness had spread
A hardness o'er my heart."

During this season, I did not enjoy one hour of entire justification. I think no one can who has in any degree lowered the standard of piety in the soul, or enjoys less salvation than at any former period, because the Holy Spirit will ever whisper, "*I have somewhat against thee.*" I knew I was a backslider in heart, but the enemy suggested that I should have very little trouble as long as I kept the fact as closely concealed from the world as possible. He knows he shall not only succeed in holding his present position, but be able to advance, as long as he can persuade us to act on this principle. But when my Saviour would say, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say," I was speechless. Thus I lived, sometimes advancing a little but as often retreating, until the beginning of the year 1860, when by the blessing of God on the labors of a faithful and devoted pastor, I not only saw, but felt my true position, and the necessity of regaining my lost treasure. I grieved to see and feel the moral distance between my soul and Christ. I must now confess my sinful wanderings to the Church and the world and humbly crave their forgiveness. Through divine grace I was strengthened to bear the cross thus far. But the enemy, knowing that thousands stop just at this point, and that I had sometimes done the same, did not as yet seem to be greatly alarmed.

I knew that the victory that overcometh the world was obtained only by faith in Christ, and that faith was obtained only by works. But would I do

the works and meet the conditions? Would I come out and be separate, and perchance stand alone, and seek the honor that cometh from God only? Here the conflict commenced. But I had laid off my armor and was unable to use it effectually. I had no power to wield the sword, or grasp firmly the shield. The helmet and breastplate too were missing. I went to my closet. I fell before the throne of my offended God. I earnestly implored grace to humble myself under his mighty hand. For some days my petitions seemed to be unheard; but at length the Holy Spirit whispered, "Fear not. for I am with thee; I will help thee." I now felt that God had forgiven my past wanderings, but the *foes I had within* troubled me. How earnestly I cried,

"Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there."

But I could not yet count all things loss for Christ. Sin had still dominion over me.

In the midst of this conflict with the powers of darkness, Jesus presented the cross, and asked if I would bear it for his sake. If I would be crucified with him,—be dead to the world, that I might live to him only? But such was its peculiarly mortifying and humiliating character, that my whole soul and spirit shrunk from the crucifying test. In anguish of soul I was almost ready to say, "Let this cup pass;" but Jesus said, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." I could not think of retreating; I could not remain where I was; my path was distinctly marked, but how could I go forward? How much I needed, but lacked the faith

"That bears unmoved the world's cold frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile."

In the strength of grace I took up the cross and moved forward a little way, but seeing the wind boisterous, I was afraid, and my duty was imperfectly performed. Consequently the cross still rested on me with increased weight. In speaking of my present trials to a friend, he replied, "Sister, God will give you an opportunity to finish your work." I involuntarily replied, "I fear he will." Yes, it now became my duty to seek for an opportunity;—to seek for what I feared to find, if I may so speak. But the Lord soon opened the way and strengthened me to do his will. I felt no murmuring spirit, but almost wondered why such discipline was necessary at that time. But Jesus, who was leading me in a way that I knew not, said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." The bitter chastening then so grievous has since, I trust, "yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness." I seem now to understand why my heavenly Father dealt thus with me in that instance. It was like shutting off the water from the great wheel that carried much of Satan's machinery. I shall ever recall with gratitude, the sympathy and assistance I received from our pastor, in these days of severe trial and temptation; by his timely counsels and suggestions, I was strengthened and encouraged to trust alone in the promises of God, and press onward for the prize. May God preserve him blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

My hunger and thirst for righteousness daily increased. My duty was plain,—I knew what I must do,—but I wanted submission. I was yet clinging to the world. I could follow Christ

under certain circumstances; I could follow him as Creator and Sustainer of the universe,—as King of kings and Lord of lords;—but to follow him as the lowly Nazarene, despised and rejected of men, who made himself of no reputation,—yea, to follow him wherever he might lead me, not knowing whither, as yet I could not. But I constantly prayed,

“To perfect health restore my soul,—
To perfect holiness and love.”

Being at home alone one evening, I was blessed with an unusual spirit of earnest wrestling prayer for present strength to lay all on the altar that sanctifies the gift. The conflict was severe and somewhat protracted, but grace triumphed. Jesus said, “I will receive you,—be not afraid, only believe.” Immediately, faith rested with implicit confidence in the promises, and with sweet submission I could say,

“Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.”

There was no ecstatic joy, but a sweet heavenly assurance that the work was wrought,—the blessing received. Through grace, I was able to confess all the Lord had done for me. From that time to the present, I have realized a constant progression in the way of faith. I have at times been in heaviness through manifold temptations and trials, but Jesus ever says, “Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” Whenever the enemy would tempt me to withhold a *full confession*, then is the time for me to bear the stronger testimony. I ask no higher state of enjoyment than is obtained through simple obedience to the divine will. And I pray to my heavenly Fa-

ther, for all the mind of Christ; that I may be able to “glorify God in my body and in my spirit which are his.”

Vermont, Feb. 24, 1863.

A WITNESS FOR JESUS.

BY HANNAH SMITH.

I feel the blood of Jesus still: cleanseth from
all sin,

And wish to live his witness and precious
souls to win;

To him I am indebted, owe more than I can
pay,

For oh, the blood of Jesus wash'd all my
stains away!

'Tho' millions wash'd before me in the all-
cleansing blood,

I found it efficacious as I plung'd beneath the
flood;

It had not lost its virtue for power it did
impart;

Oh, how the blood of Jesus did purify my
heart!

Great numbers since have tried it and found
it still the same;

Then come, dear child of heaven, with faith
in Jesus' name;

Step out upon the promise, give Christ thy
heart and hand;

Plunge deep into the fountain and rise to
Beulah's land.

PIETY, which is a true devotion to God, consists in doing all his will, precisely at the time, in the situation, and under the circumstances in which he has placed us.—*Fenelon*.

As nothing can be more conducive to security, so nothing can better insure a quiet and pleasant life, than to live innocently, and upon no occasion to violate the common covenants of peace and propriety.

THE GOOD are not too good to need the Gospel; nor are the BAD so bad as to have no hope, if they will accept it.

"HIS BLOOD."

"What avails the blood of Christ?"

It avails what mountains of good works, heaped up by us—what columns of the incense of prayer, curling up from our lips toward heaven, and what streams of tears of penitence gushing from our eyelids—never could avail: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"Helps us to cleanse ourselves, perhaps?"

No, cleanseth us.

"Furnishes the *motive* and *obligation* for us to cleanse ourselves?"

No, it *cleanseth* us.

"Cleanseth us from the *desire* to sin?"

No, cleanseth us from *sin* itself.

"Cleanseth us from the sin of *inactivity* in the work of personal improvement?"

No, from *all* sin.

"But did you say the *blood* does this?"

Yes, the blood.

"The *doctrine* of Christ, you must mean?"

No, his *blood* .

"His *example* it is?"

No, his *blood, his blood* .

Oh! what hostility the world still betrays toward this essential element of Christianity! Can anything be stated more plainly in language than the entire word of God declares that our redemption from sin is by the blood of Christ? And yet what strenuous efforts are constantly made to set aside this plain, essential, wonderful, and most glorious truth, that "the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

KRUMMACHER.

COUNSEL and wisdom achieve more and greater exploits than force.

"SWEET WILL OF GOD."

I worship thee, sweet will of God!

And all thy ways adore;

And every day I live, I long

To love thee more and more.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,

Its end can never miss;

For men on earth no work can do

More angel-like than this.

He always wins who sides with God,—

To him no chance is lost;

God's will is sweetest to him, when

It triumphs at his cost.

Ill, that God blesses, is our good,

And unblest good is ill;

And all is right that seems most wrong.

If it be his dear will!

When obstacles and trials seem

Like prison-walls to be,

I do the little I can do,

And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, oh, blessed will!

For all my cares are thine;

I live in triumph, Lord! for thou

Hast made thy triumphs mine.

TRUST IN GOD.—"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help," is an old precept, well known and easily repeated. One would think that such a precept would be accepted at once in times of distress. Though we can talk about it nobly, and recommend it to others when everything goes smoothly with us, how prone we are to go to one and another for help in seasons of affliction, forgetting to look up to the hills whence cometh our help. Hence so many passages in God's Word declaring the folly of trusting in man, and directing our attention to Him alone who can succor in time of need. Hence, too, it is that we are so often like the heath in the desert, not seeing when good cometh.

THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD.

BY REV. W. REDDY.

The term *Standard* in military parlance, signifies an ensign of war, a staff with a flag of colors, to which the troops repair as their standard. The term is also used to denote a *rule* or *measure*, established by sovereign power or authority by which others are to be adjusted. Such are the standards of coinage—of weights and measures. There are also standards, established by authority, of public opinion, or by respectable opinions, or by custom or general consent; as in *literature*: in the departments of poetry—of language—of style of composition—of taste &c. And though in all these departments there is a liability to be misled in following the standards, because everything merely human is imperfect, yet it is vastly important to have an acknowledged standard, even with the possibility or even certainty of some imperfection attaching to it.

THE GOSPEL STANDARD.

God has not left us without a standard in religion. That standard is found in the gospel, and it embraces in its range, doctrines and morals, duties and privileges—what is prohibited and what is enjoined. This standard embraces “all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not found therein, is not to be required of any man as an article of faith, or be thought requisite to salvation.” (Art. V. Discipline.)

With this general statement as to the Christian standard, we may now more especially note some particulars.

I. In regard to the *commission of sin*. The standard of prohibition here is “*sin not*.” Total abstinence from sin. “I write these things unto you

9

that ye *sin not*.” (1 Jn. ii: 1.) “Awake to righteousness and *sin not*.” (1 Cor. xv.) “Have *no* fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.” (Eph. v.) “Now I pray to God that ye *do no evil*.” “Abstain from *all appearance of evil*.” (1 Thess. v.)

II. In regard to *consecration*. This should be *entire*. “Present your bodies a living sacrifice holy and acceptable, which is your reasonable service, and be not conformed to this world.” (Rom. xii: 1. 2.) “Likewise I say unto you except a man forsake all that he hath he cannot be my disciple.” (Luke.)

III. In regard to the performance of duty. “He that *knoweth to do good* and doeth it not, to him it is *sin*.” “When ye shall have *done all that is commanded* you say we are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do.” (Luke xxii: 10.) “Zacharias and Elizabeth were both righteous before God, walking in *all the statutes and commandments* of the Lord blameless.” (Luke.)

Of *ministerial fidelity*. “I kept *nothing* back that was profitable to you, but I taught you publicly and from house to house.” “I have not shunned to declare unto you *all the counsel of God*.” “Warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom that I might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.”

IV. Note the standard in regard to Christian privileges.

1. As to *Purity*. “Having these promises, let us cleanse ourselves from *all filthiness* of the flesh and spirit perfecting holiness in the fear of God.” “The blood of Jesus *cleanseth us from all sin*.” “If the blood of bulls and goats and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean &c., how much *more*

shall the blood of Christ purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God"

2. As to growth and developement. "That ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge; and that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." "But speaking the truth in love may grow up unto him in all things." (Eph. iii: 17-19.)

3. In regard to prayer. Three things are embraced in this item of privilege.

a. Pray about every thing. "Be careful for nothing; but in *every thing* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." (Phil. iv: 6.)

b. Pray constantly. "Pray *without ceasing*." (1 Thess. iv: 17.) "Praying *always* with all prayer." (Eph. vi: 18.)

c. Assurance of success when we ask according to God's will. "If we ask anything according to his will He heareth us, and we know that we have the petitions we desired of Him." (1 Jn. v: 14, 15.) "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." (John xiv: 13, 14.)

4. As to rejoicing and praise. "Rejoice ever more." "In every thing give thanks." (1 Thess. v: 16, 18.) "Always rejoicing." (2 Cor. vi: 10.) "By him let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God *continually*, that is, the *fruit of our lips*, giving thanks to his name." (Heb. xiii.)

5. This gospel will be the standard of judgment. "In the day when God

shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ according to my gospel." (Rom. ii: 16.)

Two things will qualify this judgment in the light of this standard.

1. The endowments bestowed. "It is accepted according to what a man hath and not according to what he hath not." (2 Cor. viii: 12.)

2. The improvement made. "Thou hast been faithful over a *few* things, I will make thee ruler over much."

REMARKS.

1. God's standard is a practicable one. He does not require us to aim at an impossibility or an impracticability. It is not that we are to *aim high* with the expectation and necessity that we must fall below our mark; but rather we are encouraged to expect to reach the standard.

2. We are not sufficient *of ourselves* to do or think any thing *as of ourselves*. "*My grace*" is sufficient for *thee*," says Jesus. Precept and promise go hand in hand. *Privileges* imply liberty, and assistance to claim and enjoy them. Otherwise they would be no privileges. Assistance therefore is coincident with duty and privilege.

3. We see the duty of ministers—to "lift up a standard for the people." What are ministers for but to "hold forth the word of life," and lift up the standard in all the particulars enumerated, and lift it up as high as God has placed it? Not lower it to suit human weakness, prejudice or caprice. Not to let it droop or trail, in the presence of opposing influences and agencies. Ministers are standard-bearers—watchmen to give the "certain sound."

4. How precious to have an infallible standard, in the midst of human speculations and human devices—in

the midst of conflicting opinions, and a low state of religious interest, with tendencies downward in society around us. O! to have a divine and an authenticated standard of doctrine, duty and privilege. This is matter of praise and gratitude. "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, to him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." Eph. iii: 20, 21.

Casnovia, Feb. 10, 1863.

THE BLIND CITY MISSIONARY IN CINCINNATI.

From the twentieth Annual Report of Rev. Horace Bushnell, the blind city missionary, sustained by the ladies of the Second Church, (Dr. Thompson's) the *Herald and Recorder* extracts the following incidents:—

Leaving the omnibus one day, and feeling for the side-walk with my staff, a woman's voice inquired, "Are you blind, sir?" "Quite blind." "Well, here's the side-walk; but can you guess where you are?" "Yes, at the corner of — and — streets." "Well, you are good at guessing; but can you tell me why God has deprived you, a holy man, of sight, and left me, a drunken sinner, with my eyes?" "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." "Yes, he may be your Father, but he is not mine." "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us all?" "One God created us, but I am now an enemy and not a child." "It may be so, yet through the blood of Jesus they who were sometime alienated, and enemies through wicked works, become

reconciled to God." "It may be you would be offended if I offered to lead you over this rough place?" Now Simon, the Pharisee, said silently in my heart, if this man were of God, he would know what manner of woman that is that toucheth him, for she is a sinner; but the scene of Bethany was present, and I said, "I will not be offended; take my arm." She did so, saying, "Thank God! thank God!" "For what?" "That I may guide the feet of one of his servants, for I am not fit to touch the hem of his garment. I had a brother once, and he was a minister of God, like you." She was weeping. The hearse passed before us. She said, "You can't see that?" "No, what is it?" "That is the pauper's carriage. Even we drunken paupers ride home in that, when life ends." "To what home?" "The grave." "Is the grave a sinner's home?" "Would to God it were; then I would have hope of rest, at least." "Have you no hope?" "No hope! Their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." "But you *should* hope." "Why should I hope?" "God is good!" "But I have abused his goodness." "God is merciful!" "I have despised his mercy." "But God is love!" For a short time she was silent, and then resumed: "How can such a sinner as I have hope?" "It is a faithful saying that Jesus Christ came to save sinners." "But I am a *great* sinner." "His blood cleanseth us from all sin." "I'm a lost sinner!" "But he can save to the uttermost all that come to God by him. Now, go and put this trembling hand into the hand of Jesus. At his feet confess your sins and ask for mercy, and you shall obtain it." She wept aloud, and with a voice of agony exclaimed,

"Oh! that I knew where I could find him. I would kneel at his feet and wash them with my tears, and never leave the place till the paupers' carriage came to bear me to the grave."

Here I parted with the despairing stranger, whom I had never met before; but recently, when passing an unfrequented street, that same voice called, "God bless you, sir! God bless you! Let me help you over this broken way, for I have found him." "Found whom?" "He that can save to the uttermost; and blessed be his holy name, for his blood cleanseth us from all sin."

One day while addressing a class of small girls on the condescension of Jesus, the whole group seemed affected. The smallest of the number led me to the door. Her little hand trembled, and her whole frame shook with emotion. At parting I inquired, "M——, do you love the Lord Jesus?" Bursting into tears she cried "No! No! My heart is so wicked, it won't love him at all. Do pray for me." A few kind words were addressed to the grieving child; and on my next visit she again guided me to the door. She was calm now, and I inquired. "Well, M——, have you found Jesus yet?" "I guess Jesus has found me, was the reply, "for it is easy to love him now."

Incidents occur, not less interesting than the above, but less fraught with hope. Duty had called me a few miles from town; and returning I met an aged acquaintance, long known as a confirmed infidel, when the following conversation ensued: "Well, my poor old friend, how are you?" "Oh, bad enough; poor, old and almost blind; no one loves me, every one tries to rob me, and soon I shall die, and that will

be the end. How do you find yourself?" "Oh, poor and old and quite blind, but if everybody don't love me, I am quite certain that I love everybody. I shall soon die and then really begin to live. This makes me happy." "But you have property." "Not so much as you have." "Well, you have kind friends." "No better friends than you possess." "I, friends! Not one! This world is a miserable place." "You are mistaken; God is your friend, Christ is your friend, and you dare not look me in the face, and call to mind the past, and say that I am not your friend." "Yes, you have been honest, truthful, and kind to me." "Well, honestly, truthfully, and kindly, I tell you now that God loves you and gave his only Son to die for your salvation. Your misery is the result of your sin. God has smiled upon you in childhood, youth, and even now in age he entreats you to be happy. You are not an infidel, after all you know there is a God." "Perhaps there is." "You know there is a heaven, for you can remember when in faith and love you clasped your parent's neck and was happy. You know there is a hell; you feel it in your own bosom. You feel the pain of hunger and God has provided food; you feel the need of pardon, and of grace to help you, and God has provided both, in Jesus Christ. At the end of your journey your soul needs rest, and God has provided it in heaven." The old man wept like a child, and said, "Will you pray for me?" On one condition I will pray for you." "What is the condition?" "That you shall now confess your sins to God and pray for yourself." The old man promised, and we parted, perhaps to meet next on the other side of "the dark river."

THE LINE OF DEMARKATION BETWEEN THE HIGHER RELIGIOUS LIFE AND FANATICISM.

BY REV. J. F. CRAWFORD.

In our last we aimed to show what were the characteristics of the higher and lower religious life, and how they differed from each other. We come now to show the points of experience where fanaticism is most likely to show itself.

1st. On the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." This is true in every degree of grace to which we attain, as when we are justified, the Spirit bears witness with our spirit that all our sins are pardoned, so when we are entirely sanctified, the Spirit beareth witness to that also. Therefore, "we have not received the spirit that is of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we may know the things that are freely given us of God." Entire sanctification is one of the things that is freely given us of God, and we see no reason why this should not be included when the apostle says that we receive the Spirit for this very end, that we may know the things that are freely given us of God. We see then that we should look as much for the witness of the Spirit to our entire sanctification as to our justification.

The exhibition of fanaticism on this point, is to look for and receive a witness that we shall never again fall into sin, but are so far saved as to be beyond all liability of losing our acceptance with God; or, to receive a witness that we have arisen to a point where there is little or no need of prayer, where the ordinances of God's house are of no value to us, and therefore not

essential to be attended, where study and reflection are little needed, for God explains his own Word, where others can tell us nothing new about the Word, having known it already by the direct teaching of the Divine Spirit.

2d. He who becomes deluded that he shall never fall, will soon find himself in the bonds of iniquity; he who thinks he has no need of the ordinances of God's house, will soon find himself like Samson shorn of his locks, *weak as other men*; he who neglects the study of the Word of God, and turns away from the ministry of the Word, and from the instructions of good and holy men, will soon find himself either in the wildest fanaticism, or else walking in the low, dark pathway of the backslider in heart, if not in life.

3d. Another point on which many run wild, is on the leading of the Spirit. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." This is a most glorious doctrine of the Bible, and full of encouragement to every believer, that through the mazes and gins of life he may be led by the Lord, and guided by the unerring Spirit of God. The exhibition of fanaticism on this point is, that we must do nothing unless led by the Spirit of God especially. Thus some will have special impressions to confess Christ, exhort sinners, labor for the salvation of souls, &c. In following these special leadings, they meet with great success; then comes the tempter to persuade them not to speak, exhort, pray, &c., unless they have some special leading so to do, then he will point them to the very marked usefulness which characterized their efforts when they were thus specially led. The doctrine of the leading of the Spirit is blessed to every true believer, and to it

he will cling while in the light of salvation, and when he loses the light he will deplore the loss of that leading which ever was with him while in the light.

But that Spirit will always lead him in accordance with the Word of God, for the same God that gave us the Word, gives us also the Spirit, and as God cannot lie, so the Spirit and the Word cannot contradict. The same God that hath given us the Word, and gives us the Spirit, hath also given us reason and judgment; the office of these is to decide whether our impressions are in accordance with, or contrary to, the Word of God, as well as to lead us by the Word and the testimony when we have no special impressions from the Spirit of God. Where any of these, the Word, the Spirit, reason or judgment is ignored, there can be nothing but the worst of results expected; all our impressions, our reason, and judgment, are to be in subordination to the Word of God.

It is our duty, therefore, to pray, exhort, confess Christ, labor for the salvation of souls, whether we have any special impressions or not, for God has enjoined all these in his holy Word; therefore if we have no special impressions, they should be faithfully done at all times, and especially when impressed to do so, for then God designs to accomplish something through you, which, perhaps, could not be accomplished by the ordinary means, or by others. While, then, we hold to the leading of the Spirit, let us at the same time hold to these equalizing and balancing influences, that shall ever keep us steady in the highway of holiness, clothed with power from on high.

Northern Christian Advocate.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

LINES TO MY FRIEND, S. J. J.

BY P. P. DALEY.

In after years—when the grass grows
Above my breast, you'll think of me
My Friend. You will remember then
The lesson which my life hath taught—
That those our Father loveth well
He chasteneth—yet giveth grace
To such as *willingly* receive
These tokens of a Father's love
With humble gratitude of heart.
You will then sing a song of praise
To Him, who doeth all things well—
That he did plant so many thorns
Upon my pathway—lest that I
Might linger o'er the joys of time—
Which I might chance along life's road
To meet. Then should you ever hear
One speak in pity of—what seems
To them—so hard a fate as mine,—
Tell them to cease regrets for me.
Tell them that God but dried the streams
Of earthly joys, that I might turn
Me, to the fountains of pure bliss,
Which otherwise—I sure would miss.
You will remember then—my friend
That thus in me was fully wrought
A *more than* willingness to die;
That as the thorns pressed through my flesh
My heart did yearn, ah! yearn to die;
Yet sought to wait till God's own time;
And then rejoicing took its leave
Of Earth;—like some poor pining bird
Uncaged—seeks its native air.

Milan, Ohio.

WESLEY ON CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.—“Pure love reigning alone in the heart and life—this is the whole of Christian perfection. . . . Scripture perfection is pure love filling the heart and governing all the words and actions. . . . In one view, it is purity of intention dedicating all the life to God. Both my brother (Charles Wesley) and I maintain that Christian perfection is that love of God and our neighbor which implies deliverance from all sin.”

HOLINESS TO THE LORD;

OR, A MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

William Hill, whose experience is described in the following letter, was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Newburg, New York. He was a faithful man of God while he lived, and triumphant in his death.

"It is sweet to feel that we are *wholly the Lord's*, that he has received us, and calls us his. This is religion—a relinquishment of the principle of self-ownership, and the adoption in full of the abiding sentiment, 'I am not my own, I am bought with a price.' Since I last saw you, I have been pressing forward, and yet there has been nothing remarkable in my experience of which I can speak; indeed, I do not know as it is best to look for remarkable things; but strive to be *holy*, as God is holy, pressing right on toward the mark of the prize.

I do not feel myself qualified to instruct you; I can only tell the way in which I was led. The Lord deals differently with different souls, and we ought not to attempt to copy the experience of others; yet there are certain things which will be attended to by every one who is seeking after a clean heart.

There must be a personal consecration of all to God—a covenant made with God, that we will be wholly and forever his. This I made intellectually without waiting for a change in my feelings, with a heart full of hardness and darkness, unbelief and sin, and insensibility.

I covenanted to be the Lord's, and laid all upon the altar as a living sacrifice, to the best of my ability.

And after I arose from my knees, I

was conscious of no change in my feelings. I was painfully conscious that there was no change. But yet I was sure that I did, with all the sincerity and honesty of purpose of which I was capable, make an entire and eternal consecration of myself to God. I did not then consider the work as done by any means; but I engaged to abide in a state of entire devotion to God—a living, perpetual sacrifice. And now came the effort to do this.

I must also believe that God did accept me, and dwell in me and become my Father. I was conscious I did not believe this, and yet I desired to do so. I read with much prayer John's first epistle, and endeavored to assure my heart of God's love to me as an individual. I was sensible that my heart was full of evil. I seemed to have no power to overcome pride or to repel evil thoughts, which I abhorred. Christ was manifested to destroy the works of the devil, and it appeared that the sin in my heart was the work of the devil. I was enabled to believe that God was working in me to will and to do, while I was working out my own salvation with fear and trembling.

I was convinced of unbelief, and that it was voluntary and criminal. I clearly saw that unbelief was an awful sin—it made the faithful God a liar. The Lord brought before me my besetting sins, which had dominion over me, especially preaching myself and indulging self-complacent thoughts after preaching. I was enabled to make myself of no reputation, and to seek the honor which cometh from God only. Satan struggled hard to beat me back from the Rock of Ages, but, thanks to God, I finally hit upon the method of living by the moment, and then I found rest. I trusted in the blood of Christ already

shed, as a sufficient atonement for all my past sins, and the future I committed wholly to the Lord, agreeing to do his will, under all circumstances, as he should make it known, and all I had to do was to look to Jesus for a present moment.

I felt shut up to a momentary dependence upon the grace of Christ. I would not permit the adversary to trouble me about the past or future, for I would each moment look for the supplies at that moment. I agreed I would be a child of Abraham and walk by naked faith in the Word of God, and not by inward feelings and emotions—I would seek to be a Bible minister.

Since that time the Lord has given me a steady victory over sins which before enslaved me. I delight in the Lord and in his Word. I delight in my work as a minister; my fellowship is with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ. I am a babe in Christ. I know my attainments are small compared with those made by many. My feelings vary, but when I have feelings, I praise God and I trust in his Word, and when I am empty and my feelings are gone, I do the same. I have covenanted to walk by faith and not by feeling."

A TENDER conscience is an inestimable blessing; that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the eye-lid closes itself against a mote.

To obey the law as a covenant, is a work of sad and fruitless misery. It is like a clock undertaking to keep time without a main-spring. The main-spring is a new heart, and this the law cannot give.

AT THE LAST.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.—Psalm civ: 23.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings
doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must weep and toil,
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weary soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

O! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer evening down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

AN OLD SCOTCH CHRISTIAN'S
CHEER.—The excellent Mr. Finley, of
Edinburgh, spoke habitually of death
as only a step which would take him
into his Father's house. His conver-
sation was truly in heaven. In one of
his many errands of mercy, he called
on a young girl sinking in a decline.
Looking on her wan face, he took her
hand, and said with a smile: "Weel,
my dear, you're afore me. You're only
19, an' you're almost across the river;
a step or twa' mair, an' ye'll stand on
the ither side. I'm almost 70, an' may
be I'll hae some hard steps afore I can
hear its ripple. O, lassie, this is a
sweet day for you. Ye'll get hame
first."

THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD.

"You come to the fountain-head, I see?"

"Yes, Sir; the water is clearer here."

I admired the wisdom of the woman who gave me this answer. Her lowly cottage stood by the road-side, and, within a few feet of the threshold, ran a tiny stream of water. She was just leaving the door when I approached, carrying in her hand an empty pail. Walking beside the rivulet for some distance, she at length stooped down, and dipped her pail in the water. I came up just then, and saw that the spring was there. At that spot the bright water welled from the earth, and passing away in a little stream, was lost in the fields beyond. The woman to whom I had spoken had come to the fountain for water. A few moments sufficed to make the observation above, and hear her reply. A little was said about the "living water" that Christ imparts, and I walked on meditating. Yes, the woman manifested wisdom in going for water to the fountain-head. She might take the water freely there. Just below, the stream ran into Squire Somebody's meadow, and the gate was locked against trespassers. But at the road-side spring, none could lawfully hinder her; and the water there was to be had *pure*. I noticed that, below, it ran in a ditch, and in passing among the weeds, it became discolored. It was to be had pure and bright only at the fountain. And the water was there in the greatest *abundance*. It had scooped out for itself a deep cistern, and the overflowing of this formed the little stream below. The woman, therefore,

did well to go at once to the fountain for water.

There was something to be learnt from all this. It discovered to me at once the secret of the *power* which some men possess. It is not brilliant gifts or extensive knowledge which render them so successful in the work of God, but an undefinable *something* which attends their efforts, and brings to decision the souls they try to save. Mr. — is a case in point. I formerly sat under his ministry. I have heard better preachers, but few so powerful. There was a present *power* in his words, which sent them direct to the heart. In Mr. —, I see another who is possessed of this gift. He is a Class-Leader, and a successful one. The growth of his members in holiness is manifest to all, and his classes continually increase in numbers. There is nothing peculiar in his mental formation to explain this. We can only say, he has *power*. Mr. —, the Sunday-school teacher, is a man of the same stamp. He is not peculiarly gifted, nor does he seem specially adapted for teaching. Yet one-half of the children in his class have been brought to God through his instrumentality.

We all know such men, and are ready to envy them. We say, "Give us also this power." But they can not communicate it. What makes them to differ from their brethren? How have they obtained this priceless blessing,—this gift of power? It must be, that in seeking it, they have gone to the *Fountain-head*. This is their grand secret. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." They have waited for, and obtained, the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I am conscious of a hungering after spiritual knowledge. A vast ocean has

seemed to be before me, and around ; but all unfathomed and unknown. How circumscribed is my knowledge of myself, of the spirit-world ; and, above all, of God ! My knowledge is small, my ignorance great. And my prayer has been, "Lord, that I might receive my sight !" I have yearned for a deeper insight into the things of God. To comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height ;"—what can this mean ? "Let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me :"—can this be possible ? From whence shall I look for this coveted knowledge ? Whence shall I find the pearl of true wisdom ? "How can I, except some man should guide me ?" These have been my thoughts. But while I asked, I received the answer. It was this : "Go to the Fountain-head. 'God is light.' 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.'"

I knew a Christian man who woke up awhile ago to the necessity of living entirely sanctified to God. He saw this to be desirable above all things else ; but he knew full well, that against this one principle, a thousand others were in active opposition. It seemed plain, that unless he had powerful aid, separate from the purpose of his own mind, the desire for holiness would die away ; his view of its importance would grow dim ; and, in a while, he would again be carried away by the stream of worldliness. He wanted a helping influence to sustain his purpose till it became supreme. Such aid was needed only for a time ; but, for that time, was absolutely necessary. Like the train on the railway, which needs a power to move it,

but afterwards will proceed by the force of its own motion,—so needed he power to continue in pursuit of holiness, till his soul, of its own accord, would run after it. He knew that "as soon as the mind is under the power of a predominant tendency, the difficulty of growing into the maturity of that form of character, which this tendency promotes or creates, is substantially over."* The question then was, "From whence shall I obtain this moving, supporting influence ?" The constant companionship of holy men, in whose hearts the principle had become established, would suffice ; but such persons were not at hand. A continued perusal of such books as tend to stimulate desire for holiness, might have been effectual ; but his attention could not be so exclusively devoted. He sought therefore, for another stimulus, one near at hand, and suited to his case. But he sought in vain, till he fell into this train of thinking : "Why may I not go to the Fountain-head ? Why not, by constant communion with the Source of all holiness, gain increasing love for it, and an intenser ardor in its pursuit ?" Thus the necessities of his case were met. To the question, "How shall I, in the midst of unholy influences, maintain a steady pursuit of it ?" the answer was obtained : "Go to the Fountain-head, and by personal fellowship with Him whose Name is holy, secure at once, grace to seek, and ability to attain it."

God's ear is open to the cries of His children. They may, through Jesus, enter at once into His presence. "Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

* Foster.

HOW SHALL I GROW IN LOVE?

Do you still ask, "How shall I grow in love?" Does your soul yearn to love God and man with the fulness of a sanctified affection? Attend to a few simple particulars:

First. Give your soul to earnest prayer that the Lord and his Christ will reveal himself to you as "the chiefest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely;" that he will show himself to your faith in all his transcendent excellency, radiant with the glories of his own infinite goodness; that he will open your spiritual eyes to see him full of long-suffering and loving-kindness. And do not be sparing of your prayers. Let them rise morning, noon and evening, or, as David did, seven times in the day. Let them be burning, like a fire of holy incense, diffusing light and heat as well as odors. And let them be specific for the one petition, an increase of love.

Second. Meditate constantly and systematically on the Divine goodness as displayed toward this world, more particularly as shown in the salvation of men, and most especially as manifested in your own personal regeneration. You must think on God, and his infinitude of excellences, but especially of his more than far-seeing care for you. Do as did Isaac, go into the fields or some solitude to meditate on God—not on his works so much as on him; on his special providences in your behalf; and on his abounding love manifested in the gift of Christ to fallen man.

Third. Read your Bible, both to find food for Christian meditation and for encouragement and arguments in your prayers. Mark those glorious passages of the Word which tell of the

infinite glory of Jehovah, his greatness, power, love and kindness, and learn them by *heart*, so as to have them at hand at all times. Particularly, read the Psalms, and apply them to your own case. Do this daily, systematically, devoutly, with faith. And the Hymn-Book is a most desirable incentive to loving God. These Hymns, written by Charles and John Wesley, on the love of God and Christ, are without controversy, the best on earth. Many of them are fit to be sung in heaven itself. Our Church can hardly sing some of them, so exalted in sentiment are they. But that fact is one great reason why they should be read and prayed over till we can sing them with the spirit and with the understanding also. Our people do not often rise in their devotions high enough to see even the foot of that glorious "mount of song" on which the Wesleys stood almost like angels in the sun, when they chanted

"Thou hidden love of God, whose light,
Whose depth, unfathomed, no one knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in thee."

Read that whole hymn, and see if it does not make your heart thrill with warmer pulsations of a strong desire for a fervent, a burning love for your Maker. Read—and sing it, or at least try to sing, that most blessed, that divinest hymn of all earth's literature—the hymn which Dr. Isaac Watts declared worth more than all the hymns he himself had ever written—a hymn which many of our preachers, to their confusion be it said, never give out, called "Wrestling Jacob," beginning

"Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;

Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
 Be conquered by my instant prayer;
 Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love."

Such sentiments can only be understood and felt by long and earnest praying, thinking, and practicing. But these will bring you up to the work and the enjoyment.

But how can you love your fellow-men more and more? Evidently by getting filled with the love of God, and then by doing them good continually. Love is among the active powers, and in order to make it grow it must be exercised. It will shrivel and die if not made to work. Let it speak from your tongue, beam from your eye, move in your hand. Make yourself alive with it; and you shall love God and your race more and more daily.

Western Christian Advocate.

THE SOUL'S BLOSSOMINGS.—The sunlight makes the violet blossom. No surgeon's instrument can make flowers blossom, and no hammer can drive them forth. But the sweet, persuading sun can call them out. A seed is planted. The sun looks and kisses the place again, and a green plant appears above the ground! It looks once more, and kisses the place once more, and a beautiful white blossom unfolds itself!

And thus it is with the soul. No logic can pry out these devout aspirations. No philosophy can drive them forth. But let God's sweet, persuading soul rest upon ours awhile, and they come up and blossom. The soul is in the garden of the Lord.

THE voice of nature speaks with a divine wisdom when we take God's word to interpret its language.

UNDER THE CROSS.

I can not, can not say—
 Out of my bruised and breaking heart—
 Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,
 While blood-drops start
 From every pore, as I drag on—
 "Thy will, oh God, be done!"

I thought but yesterday,
 My will was one with God's dear will;
 And that it would be sweet to say—
 Whatever ill
 My happy state should smile upon,
 "Thy will, my God, be done!"

But I was weak and wrong,
 But weak of soul and wrong of heart;
 And pride in me alone was strong,
 With cunning art,
 To cheat me in the golden sun,
 To say "God's will be done!"

O shadow, dear and cold,
 That frights me out of foolish pride;
 O flood, that through my bosom rolled
 Its billowy tide,—
 I said, till ye your power made known,
 "God's will, not mine, be done!"

Now, faint, and sore afraid
 Under my cross, heavy and rude—
 My idol is in the ashes laid,
 Like ashes strewed,
 Thy holy words my pale lips shun—
 "O God, thy will be done!"

Pity my woes, O God!
 And touch my will with thy warm breath;
 Put in my trembling hand thy rod,
 That quickens death,
 That my dead faith may feel thy sun,
 And say, "Thy will be done!"
Poems of Sorrow and Comfort.

PAYSON, on his dying bed, said to his daughter, "You will avoid much pain and anxiety, if you will learn to trust all your concerns in God's hands. 'Cast all your cares on him, for he careth for you.' But if you merely go and say that you cast your care upon him, you will come away with the load on your shoulders.

TO ONE "PANTING FOR LIGHT."

SAS FRANCISCO, Feb. 3d, 1863.

The communication from U. E. T., in the Dec. No. of the Guide, did not meet my eye until last Sunday evening. I felt my heart drawn out in sympathy for the author of "panting for light," and told the Lord that if he would put upon me the honor of bearing a word in season to this one, ready to perish, I was ready to do his errand. Perhaps before this, U. E. T. has found the kingdom of heaven; if so, there are doubtless many who yet are only outer court worshippers, who may be aided by what I feel led to say.

Beloved, will you listen to these words of Jesus, "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven?" Have you poverty of spirit? if so, thank God he has thus far prepared the ground for the reception of the "Seed of the woman." Reckon yourself blessed that you are permitted to see that he who works in you effectually has so far completed this part of the work in you, that you can testify to its existence if not to its completion. Let me say when your poverty shall be so great that you have a complete vacancy, then the kingdom of God is nigh unto you. Do you say, "I know I have some precious things, I have an unsatiated thirst for God, I have strong resolutions, I have sorrows, I have a little faith, I have been faithful in a few things, shall I in my conscious lack of many things, despise the few things which have been committed to me? By no means. Take these few things which you have and do with them what the widow did with her two mites. Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God?

that he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever? Do you believe that He who saw and approved of her gift, *small though great*, sees you, and would approve of you, if you would learn a lesson from this example of holy writ? Are you quite sure you have *no idol*? If you have not, why this earnest desire that your Saviour should guide you to himself through the instrumentality of *some visible agency*? Are you willing that he should do *what he will* with his own? Where had that widow been instructed with regard to *her duty*? Is there *any truth* in the new Testament that you really embrace with a faith that says, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief?" Take that particular truth and carry it to Christ, the author of truth, and ask him to bless and break it to you, and your soul shall be fed and strengthened, and preserved unto everlasting life. Surely our blessed Jesus, "in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," never spake a word more appropriate to a hungry soul than this, "I am the bread of life." Appropriate to yourself this truth. I might add more, but I will conclude by saying that my little published work called "The Sheaf," contains all that I could desire to say to a soul panting for light, except that I am more than ever confirmed in the belief that the Lord of the harvest gave it me to be a word in season to such as should require it.

CORDELIA THOMAS.

THE Church is sent to wage war on the world; but do we not, in our present mixed condition, refuse to perform this duty, for fear of waging war in the Church?

RULES FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and, when you pray, remember that God is present, and that he hears your prayers. Heb. xi: 6.
2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and, when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe that all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. John v: 39.
3. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What am I doing for him?" Matt. v: 13-16.
4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. Col. iii: 17. If you cannot do this it is wrong. Rom. xiv: 23.
5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such people do so and so, that therefore you may. 2 Cor. v: 12. You are to ask yourself, "How would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow him. John x: 27.
6. Never believe what you feel if it contradicts God's work. Ask yourself, "Can what I feel be true, if God's word is true? and if *both* cannot be true, believe God and make your own heart the liar. Rom. iii: 4; 1 John 5: 10, 11.—*Brownlow North.*

CHRIST died because God was merciful; not to render him so, but to make a channel through which a stream of salvation might flow to guilty sinners.

O, LORD, THY WORK REVIVE

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

O, Lord thy work revive!
Behold with pitying eye
The Church but just alive
The sinner soon to die!
O, let thy yearning heart of love,
To pity and to mercy move.

Kindle our faith and prayer,
Lord, as we seek thy face,
In Jesus' name we dare
To ask large gifts of grace.
We plead the *special* blessings now,
As low in dust we humbly bow.

The Holy Spirit give
In Pentecostal power;
O, make the dead to live
In Christ, from this good hour.
Let hardened sinners be subdued,
And Zion be in strength renewed.

Cease not to work, O, Lord,
Till all shall know thy love—
Till Jesus is adored
Below, as now above.
Then through the ages will we sing
Of love redeeming through our King.

GOD EVER GOOD.—Omnipotence may build a thousand worlds, and fill them with bounties; Omnipotence may powder mountains into dust, and burn the sea, and consume the sky, but Omnipotence can not do an unloving thing towards a believer. Oh! rest quite sure, Christian, a hard thing, an unloving thing from God toward one of his own people, is quite impossible. He is as kind to you when he casts you into prison as when he takes you into a palace; he is as good when he sends famine into your house as when he fills your barn with plenty. The only question is, Art thou his child? If so, he hath rebuked thee in affection, and there is love in his chastisements.

Spurgeon.

TO PARENTS.

See on the one hand the blessed Saviour, with open arms, and the affectionate welcome, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not;" and on the other your little ones, with hearts gently drawn and ready to rush to the open arms of the Redeemer; and can you forbid them? Can you hinder them? No; every instinct of natural affection—every sense of religious obligation—prompts the emphatic response, never! And every parental heart, with an instinctive repulsion of the thought, echoes, never, no, never!

Then, do not practically what in thought you repudiate with such unmingled abhorrence. Do not, by an irreligious example, or by your neglect of appropriate and timely instruction, or by restraining prayer before God, prevent the little ones from going to Christ. By all the love you bear them, by all your love for the Saviour, by all that is stirring in the spiritual destiny of your children, and by all that is fearful in the retributions of eternity, suffer them to go, and forbid them not. For "whosoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea."

BRIEF THOUGHTS ON RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.—Experience may be as necessary in one case to produce a healthy religious feeling, as it may be prejudicial in another case as generating morbid sensibility. A contraindication, which would do harm in a fever, may be necessary to restore the circulation when there is a state of torpor. Archbishop Whately, one of the calmest of observers, admits this when he

tells us that "it is commonly taken for granted, that when the feelings are strongly excited, they are necessarily over-excited; it may be that they are only brought into the state which the occasion fully justifies; or even that they still fall short of this."

PRINCIPLE COMMANDS RESPECT.

Dr. Goodell states that during his missionary journey to Aleppo, he and his companions were obliged to spend a night at a Turkish *cafe*, where they were surrounded by a noisy set of natives. In the morning, when the question arose whether it was best to have prayers together, Dr. Goodell said that a Mussulman never hesitated to say his prayers in public, and why should they? He accordingly opened his Bible, read a chapter, and knelt to pray. He had hardly begun when he noticed that the Turks had ceased their talking, and were intensely watching their proceedings. He at once passed from the English to the Turkish language, in which he continued his prayer, till, when he closed, his "Amen" was echoed from the Mussulmen on all sides of the *cafe*. When they arose from their knees the Turks clustered around them, and inquired who and what they were.

"Are you Protestants?" said they.

Yankee-like, Dr. Goodell said:—"What are Protestants?"

"Those who do not tell lies," said one.

"Those who do not cheat," said another.

"Those who believe only in the Bible and try to live as it tells them," said another.

"Yes," said Dr. Goodell, "we are Protestants."

WITH THE HEART MAN BELIEVETH.

Bishop Colenso's late attack upon the authenticity of the Pentateuch has brought out, among other strong expressions of dissent from its weak assault upon the Word of God, the following autobiographical sketch, in which the experience of many an educated believer is more or less accurately mirrored. It appeared as a letter in the *London Record*.

I remember when I first began to read the Bible (and I thought I was sincerely seeking the truth,) I was miserable because I could not believe; I dared not reject any statement I found there; but I could not fully believe it was true. The Bishop of Natal just expresses what I felt; and the fact that we took exactly the same university honors (in different years, of course,) makes me sympathize with him peculiarly. My own history was just this: I had read and studied deeply in mathematics; had mastered every fresh subject I entered upon with ease and delight: had become accustomed (as every exact mathematician must do) to investigate and discover fundamental differences between things which seem to the uninitiated one and the same; had seen my way into the physical astronomy and the higher parts of Newton's immortal 'Principia,' and been frequently lost in admiration of his genius till St. Mary's clock warned me that midnight was past, three hours ago. I had, in fact (as we say,) made myself master of dynamics; and become more and more a believer in the unlimited capacity of my own mind! These self-conceited ideas were only flattered and fostered by eminent

success in the Senate House, and by subsequently obtaining a Fellowship at Trinity, and enjoying very considerable popularity as a mathematical lecturer.

"It would have spared me many an hour of misery in after days had I really felt what I so often said, viz., that the deeper a man went in science the humbler he ought to be; and the more cautious in pronouncing an independent opinion on a subject he had not investigated, or could not thoroughly sift. But though all this was true, I had yet to learn that this humility in spiritual things is never found in a natural man.

"I took orders and began to preach, and then, like the bishop among the Zulus, I found out the grand deficit in my theology. I had not the Spirit's teaching myself, and how could I without it speak 'in demonstration of the Spirit and of power?'

"In vain did I read Chalmers, Paley, Butler, Gaussen, etc., and determined that, as I had mastered all the other subjects I had grappled with, so I would the Bible, and that I would make myself a believer. I found a poor, ignorant old woman in my parish more than a match for me in divine things. I was distressed to find that she was often happy in the evident mercy of the Lord to her, and that she found prayer answered, and that all this was proved sincere by her blameless and harmless walk amongst the neighbors; whilst I, with all my science and investigation, was barren and unprofitable and miserable—an unbeliever in heart, and yet not daring to avow it, partly from the fear of man, but more from a certain inward conviction that all my sceptical difficulties would be crushed and leaped over by the expe-

rience of the most illiterate Christian.

"I was perfectly ashamed to feel in my mind like Voltaire, Volney, or Tom Paine. I could claim no originality in my views, and I found they were no comfort, but a constant source of misery to me.

"May we not compare this kind of state to that which God speaks of, Jeremiah xlix: 'Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart!' And observe what follows: 'Hear the counsel of the Lord. Surely the least of the flock shall draw them out.'

It may now be asked, how I came ever to view Divine truth differently. I desire to ascribe all praise to him to whom power belongeth: I desire to put my own mouth to the dust, and be ashamed, and never open my mouth any more, because of my former unbelief. I cannot describe all I passed through, but I desire with humility and gratitude to say, I was willing in the day of Christ's power. He sweetly melted down my proud heart with his love; he shut my mouth forever from cavilling at any difficulties in the written Word; and one of the first things in which the great change appeared was, that whereas before-time preaching had been misery, now it became my delight to be able to say, without a host of sceptical or infidel doubts rushing into my mind: 'Thus saith the Lord.' Oh, I am quite certain no natural man can see the things of God; and I am equally certain he cannot make himself do so. 'It was the Lord that exalted Moses and Aaron,' said Samuel; and 'By the grace of God I am what I am,' said St. Paul; and so, in a modified humble sense, I can truly say.

"It used to be a terrible stumbling block to me to find so many learned men, so many acute men, so many scientific men, infidels. It is not so now; I see that God has said, 'Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble;' I see as plainly as it is possible for me to see anything that no natural man can receive the things of the Spirit of God. Hence I expect to find men of this stamp of intellect coming out boldly with their avowal of unbelief in the written Word of God. The only answer I can give to them is, 'God has in mercy taught me better;' and never do I sing those beautiful words in the well-known hymn but I feel my eyes filling with tears of gratitude to the God of all compassion;—

"Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God.'

"So it was with me; so it must be with any one of them if ever they are to know the truth in its power, or to receive the love of the truth that they may be saved.

I feel very much for the young of this generation, remembering the conflicts I passed through in consequence of the errors of men of ability. I hope the Lord will graciously impress on many hearts the serious truth of these words, 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit;' and 'The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.' My own way of explaining it to myself and others, when required to do so, is by saying, 'it is not the mind, but the affections, which receive true religion.' 'Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.'

I remain, my dear sir,

Your obedient servant,
A FORMER FEL. OF TRIN. COL., CAMB.

REVIVAL IN FALL RIVER.

A morning prayer-meeting has been sustained uninterruptedly for five years in Fall River, though the state of religion there has been low; but now the city is blessed with a great refreshing from the Lord. The interest commenced with the "week of prayer," early in January. The meetings were continued, and the second and third weeks of the month witnessed a large number of conversions. Sunday, Feb. 1st, is spoken of as a day long to be remembered. A correspondent of the *Independent*, under date of Feb. 5th, writes:—

The friends of Christ stand amazed in view of this wonderful work of God. God is in our midst. In six or seven of the churches, the Lord appears in his glory by the power of his Spirit, and the glorious work is spreading from heart to heart, from church to church, and to neighboring towns. Religious interest seems to pervade the whole city, in shops, places of business, factories; and whenever people meet, this *work* of the Lord is the theme, and deep solemnity seems to prevail. The work is attended with remarkable demonstrations as the work of God—showing what his almighty power can do for the most hopeless. Strong men bow themselves, "the tall oaks are prostrated," men far gone in sin, error, and infidelity awake to spiritual life, and declare what God hath done for their souls—putting the *weakness* of Christian faith to shame. The glorious work is still advancing.

A correspondent of the *Providence Journal* writes: "It is the most quiet, orderly, and unobtrusive, and at the same time the most deep, thorough and aggressive in its operations, of any

religious interest with whose history I have ever been acquainted. A very large proportion of the converts are males. All the male members of the high school, except eleven, are among those who give evidence of a change of heart, and of this latter number several are inquirers. In one of the churches the entire choir are numbered among the converts."

CHRIST STILL SAVES HIS PEOPLE FROM THEIR SINS.

BY C. E. S.

DEAR READERS OF THE GUIDE:—
I feel it a duty as well as a privilege to tell you what the Lord has done, and is still doing, for my soul.

I was blessed with religious parents who taught me from my youth that I ought to serve God; but I put off my return to him, until Sept. 1853. After having been a seeker for four months, the Lord spoke peace to my soul. I was at camp meeting where scores were converted to God. It was a time long to be remembered by me. Since that time I have had many happy seasons in the service of God. At other times, I felt "the roots of bitterness springing up which troubled me." I felt that I was not entirely saved. I resolved at times that I would not rest until I had obtained the blessing of holiness; but soon those feelings were gone. Thus time passed away, until the beginning of 1862, when the Spirit of God mercifully strove with me again. I felt that without holiness I never could see my God in peace, and I could not rest till pure within. I felt for days that I had made a full consecration of my all to God; then I thought I must believe he would keep what I had

committed to his care. I labored under much temptation until June 6th. I went to God in secret prayer, feeling my littleness and my entire dependence on him, and that the blood of his Son was sufficient to cleanse from all sin. Then it appeared that Jesus came to me and said, "Lo I am with you always." The light then broke into my soul; and oh, what peace, what inexpressible peace, I then had! I felt that the way was so plain and easy, and mercy so free, that the language of my heart was

"Oh that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace."

Now I live by "faith on the Son of God," who has said, "Let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid;" and I know if "my earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved I have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I praise God for "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." My peace continues to flow. I expect when a few more days or years are ended to join the blood-washed company.

VIRTUE THE SECURITY OF SOCIETY.—As "no man liveth to himself," so no man sinneth to himself; and every vagrant habit uprooted from the young and ignorant—every principle of duty strengthened—every encouragement to reform offered, and rightly persevered in—is casting a shield of safety over the property, life, peace, and every true interest of the community; so that it may be said of this, as of every duty of man, "Knowing these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity—these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

Faith abideth? while we wander
Pilgrims through this vale of tears;
Faith it is that gazes yonder
Where a brighter home appears.
Faith abideth!
Quieting our anxious fears.

Doubt may cloud the path before us,
Sorrow's gloom obstruct the light;
Faith is present to restore us
Light for shadow, day for night.
Faith abideth!

Faith in Him who guards the right.

Hope abideth—kindly glancing
On the toil-worn sons of men;
Every joy of life enhancing,
Easing every grief and pain.
Hope abideth!

They that weep shall smile again.

Love abideth—never failing,
Never overcome by wrong,
Over every foe prevailing,
In its nature pure and strong.
Love abideth!

Bearing all things, suffering long.

Love, the human heart possessing,
Leaves no room for base desires;
Blest itself, and ever blessing
Holy feelings it inspires;
Love abiding,

Fills the soul with heavenly fires.

Faith and Hope on Love attending,
Guide her to a heaven of light;
There, their joyous labors ending,
Both are "sweetly lost in sight."
Love abideth!

Love, eternal, infinite.

Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

As nothing can be more conducive to security, so nothing can better insure a quiet and pleasant life, than to live innocently, and upon no occasion to violate the common covenants of peace and propriety.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE ATTAINMENT OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. J. A. WOOD.

FIRST DIRECTION.

Endeavor to get a clear and distinct view of the blessing promised. What is it? The extermination of sin from the soul—*freedom from sin*—SIMPLE PURITY. It consists in the destruction and removal of sin, and the renewal of the soul in the image of God, so that the *fountain of thought, affection, desire, and impulse is pure.*

SECOND DIRECTION.

Come to a *firm and decided* resolution to seek until you obtain the victory—a *pure heart*. You must have a resolution which will not cower when the knife is put to the heart to amputate its idols. Your purpose must be *settled, decided, unflinching and unconquerable*. “The day of the Lord is near in the valley of *decision*.” None but an invincible resolution will answer.

THIRD DIRECTION.

Endeavor to feel your need of it. If you have but little or no sense of need, you will assuredly make no progress. The feeling that is required is represented by the sensations of hunger and thirst. Our Saviour says, “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness.—Your efforts in seeking holiness will be likely to harmonize with the strength of your desires. The necessary feeling of penitence, self-abasement and strong desire for holiness, may be secured by *prayer, searching the Scriptures, meditation and self-examination.*

FOURTH DIRECTION.

Make an *entire consecration* of your-

self to God—your soul, your body, your time, your talent, your influence, and your all—a complete assignment of all to Christ. Search and surrender; and re-search and surrender again, until you get every vestige of self upon the altar of consecration. There is no sanctification without entire consecration. Consecration, which is your work, (with helping grace,) is not sanctification, but it invariably precedes it, and ever afterward accompanies it. Sanctification, which is God's work, invariably follows consecration, and must ever abide with it, as the *sin-consuming and soul-keeping energy*.—Entire consecration and entire sanctification, *our work and God's work, must be joined together.*

You must consecrate yourself in *detail*, get every item upon the altar. In order to grasp the whole, you must take in the items. Take a complete inventory of your all, and sign it over to Jesus. The consecration must be perfect before the offering will be received. God will have a thorough work, and purity will never be given or retained but on condition of *entire universal, unconditional, abandonment of all sin, and acceptance and approval* of all the will of God.

THE PROXIMATE CONDITION OF HOLINESS.

Faith. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Faith is the only immediate condition of sanctification, and God always saves the moment true faith is exercised. You ask, “Believe what?”

1. *Believe* that God has *promised* it in the Holy Scriptures. 2. *Believe* what God hath promised he is *able* to perform. 3. *Believe* that he is *able* and *willing* to do it *now*. 4. *Believe* that he *doeth* it.

If you are earnestly seeking holiness will you examine yourself thoroughly by the following interrogations?

(1.) Do I properly understand the nature of holiness? (2.) Do I clearly see, properly feel my imbred sin, and consequent need of holiness? (3.) Am I *willing anxious*, and *resolved* to obtain it? (4.) Am I willing to give up all to God,—self, family, property, reputation, time, talents, everything, to be his, used for him, and never withheld or taken from him? (5.) Do I believe he is *able* to sanctify me? (6.) Do I believe he is *willing* to sanctify me? (7.) Do I believe he has *promised* to sanctify me? (8.) Do I believe that having promised, he is able and willing to do it now, on condition of my faith? (9.) Do I then seeing all this, believe that he *now* will do it—*now*, this moment? (10.) Am I now committing all, and *trusting* in the *present* tense? If you are it is done! O that God may aid your trembling faith and give you the victory this moment?

Mr. Wesley says, "The voice of God to your soul is, *believe and be saved*. Faith is the condition, and the only condition of sanctification, *exactly as it is in justification*. No man is sanctified till he believes; every man when he believes is sanctified."

Wilkesbarre, Pa., 1862.

Northern Christian Advocate.

NOT THE SINNER, BUT SATAN.—It is a notable passage in Anselm, who compares the heretic and persecutor to the horse, and the devil to the rider. "Now," saith he, "in battle, when the enemy comes riding up, the valiant soldier is not angry with the horse, but the horseman. He labors to kill the man, that he may possess the horse for his

use." Thus we do with the wicked. We are not to bend our wrath against them, but Satan, that rides them and spurs them on; laboring by prayer for them, as Christ did on the cross, to dismount the devil, that so these miserable souls, hackneyed by him, may be delivered from him. It is more honor to take one soul alive out of the devil's clutches, than to leave many slain upon the field.

Gurnall's Christian Armor.

CHRISTIAN INTERCOURSE.

It is by throwing open a dark cellar to the sweet light and air of heaven that the mouldiness and dampness disappear; so it is by opening the heart to the influence of the love of Christ, and to the reciprocities of Christian society, that its gloomy and morbid feelings are chased away.

A plant that grows in a cave is pale and sickly; so is the piety of a Christian who shuts himself out from the fellowship of God's household.

A single stick of wood makes a poor fire, especially if it be green and covered with snow; but a mass of sticks can be made to burn, though they be at the beginning both green and wet. So what with inward corruption, and what with outward temptation, the Christian who shuts himself up from communing with his brethren finds it hard work to keep his bosom in a glow; but when he goes among them, and mingles his feelings with theirs, then his heart becomes hot.

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend;" a maxim that cannot be improved in its application to Christian intercourse. We leave it as it is.

The Guide to Holiness.

APRIL, 1863.

DOUBLE NUMBER.

The fire, of which we informed our subscribers in a previous number, so delayed our work, on account of having to re-print a portion of the *March Guide*, that, in order to issue future numbers promptly, we found it necessary to publish the two numbers for April and May together. We offer full columns and rich materials. Our friends will do us the kindness to accept under one cover, what they usually receive in two months.

GOD NOT ASHAMED OF HIS PEOPLE.

"But now they desire a better country, that is a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city." Heb. xi: 16.

There are two reasons given for the complacency with which God regards those who deliberately choose, through divine aid, to live on earth the life of heaven. The first is the effect of such a choice upon the character. Human imperfections and weaknesses cling to us while we remain in the body—the best of men fall into errors of judgement and practice; still this powerful faith in invisible things so transforms the nature and the life, and raises it so far above its ordinary path; it supplies it with such heavenly motives, and inspires it with such divine activities; it so blends and harmonizes it with the will and character of God, and presents it to the world so nearly after His image, that, although He sees, as man cannot see—as even the humble, self-condemning saint cannot see—He is not ashamed to be called his God. He is willing to be represented by him in his circle of life, and to be known as the God, loved, worshipped, and obeyed by this humble Christian man. He rests satisfied to have it appear that sincere and supreme love to Him and obedience to His law will make such a man as this. Sublime and overwhelming thought! As the artist stretches the canvass upon which he has lavished the labor of years, and the utmost of

his skill, before the eyes of the world, or presents the statue over which he has wrought with his cunning chisel for weary months, as the embodiment of his genius and the exponent of his power, so the infinite Creator, accepting the consecration of a life to Himself, and renewing it by his Holy Spirit, presents this life to the world as a child of Himself, a partaker of His nature, and a representative of His character. "He is not ashamed to be called their God." "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job, and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil." How marvelous the expression of the Divine interest and complacency in this man! "Hast thou considered my servant Job? the Lord says to the tempting spirit, distrustful of all goodness. "Does Job fear God for naught?" was the carping answer. "And the Lord said, behold all that he hath is in thy power." The Almighty Father knew His child. He was not ashamed to be called his God. He offered him, with Divine complacency to the extremest discipline of the adversary. Job knew not the sublime problem that he was working out in the unseen presence of principalities and powers. He saw not the loving smile upon the Father's face. Clouds and thick darkness veiled the heavens above him, and dreadful desolations spread around him; "but in all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." Up through the mists went the confiding cry of the suffering but trusting child—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.

The second reason suggested for this Divine satisfaction is, that He has made provision for His people so worthy of Himself, that He is not ashamed to be called their God; "for He hath prepared for them a city." The sacrifices that saints are called voluntarily to make in the present life, will be ultimately, fully justified, even in the eyes of those that have despised or pitied them. The yielding of present gratification, the simplest trust in an unseen Providence, the pilgrim life with all its dust and discipline, will be found a small price for the results, which, by the grace of God, they have wrought out. The social faculties of the heart have not been created simply to be denied; the lively sensibility to pleasure has not been given only to be

crushed. God has not created us with strong local attachments merely to have them voluntarily or involuntarily torn up. We were not made to love home and friends to yield them both forever to duty or to death. There is something before us. There is a life in store for us in perfect harmony with the nature God has bestowed upon us. There is a city with permanent foundations—a home in heaven—there are rivers of pleasure forevermore—there are unbroken friendships; the inhabitants never say “I am sick,” and there is “no night there.” “Not having received these promises, but having seen them afar off, we are persuaded of them, and have embraced them and confessed that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth.” And this faith will be so justified by what God has provided, that He will not be ashamed in the presence of His saints, in view both of their trust in Him and His own character, to be called their God. Whatever may have been their high expectations of the eternal life, it will be felt that it “hath not entered into the heart of man” to conceive what God has held in store for those that loved Him. It will be equal to the wisdom, goodness and power of that God, who has made even the vesture of this world, whose beauty perishes in a day, to excel the array of Solomon in all his glory. When the recovered Paradise shall be opened to the redeemed from earth, and they enter in to go no more out forever, then God will not be ashamed to be called their God, and to receive the triumphant shout, “Amen: blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever.”

HOLINESS.—It is holiness we want above everything else; holy principles, holy ministers, holy discipline, holy tempers, holy sermons and prayers, holy habits and conduct. Nothing will compensate for this. If the churches are not advancing in holiness, we cannot be surprised that there are few conversions—little spiritual life.

SWEET TO LIVE, SWEETER TO DIE.—Charlotte P., a pious, happy, loving, and loveable young lady, feeling that her death was near, said, “O, it is sweet to live and love, but still to be ‘with Christ’ would be far better.”

TESTIMONY FROM THE BRINK OF THE RIVER.

In a late number of the *Christian Advocate*, Rev. C. B. Tippet published the following thrilling letter from Rev. John Hersey written just before his death, and often interrupted by physical exhaustion:—

“I write more like a dead than a living man. But after much suffering, the God of all grace and truth hath (as he has done all through life) dealt bountifully with his unprofitable servant. Through the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, he has not only enabled me to demolish that most dangerous idol, *Self*—not only to cast him to the ground, but to have him *crucified*. As certainly as Christ was literally crucified for us, so must we be as certainly crucified with him. I awoke in the night from the arms of death, and was enabled by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ to despise and condemn all—*yes, all*—my good works, and trample them all under my feet in holy triumph, giving to God, through Jesus Christ, all—*yes, all*—the merit of good works I have ever done, and by the omnipotent arm of faith, claim perfect redemption through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Though I was too weak to stand up without support, yet in the midnight hour I felt not only like shouting victory to God and the Lamb, but as though I could shake the empire of darkness through the unlimited power of Jesus’ grace.

If, therefore, you hear any one say that your old friend, J. Hersey, expected to reach heaven through the slightest degree of merit attached to his own works, you may give it an unqualified contradiction; or if you hear any one say that myself or any other person will ever enter into heaven with one spot or wrinkle upon his garments, that will be equally untrue. I fear God and honor the king. I preach Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour; that his blood applied by faith, can and will wash out every stain, even the slightest spot or stain of selfishness, or pride or ambition. The *love of the world*, in any of its modifications, must and will shut us out of heaven; even a desire to shine as an orator. Ambition can no more be received into heaven than the love of the world—its gold, or silver, or honor, or desire of applause.

They all belong to the Beast, and where they are found in any degree they will identify us with Satan, and exclude us from God and the word of his power forever.

Surely God has dealt bountifully with his unprofitable servant."

HOLINESS IN RELATION TO REVIVALS—WILKESBARRE.

Some have feared that the preaching of holiness would divert the attention of the Church from the great work of saving souls. There can be no more serious error. It is ordinarily the "John the Baptist" that precedes and prophesies the coming of the Son of God. "Sanctify yourselves" said the Lord through Joshua, to Israel, "for tomorrow the Lord will do wonders among you."

Our brother Wood, well-known to the readers of these pages is now enjoying a rich illustration of this truth. A powerful outpouring of the Spirit has followed the clear and earnest inculcation of the full duty and privilege of the children of God.

A member of his charge at Wilkesbarre, Pa., writing to the *Christian Advocate*, says:—"The Lord has graciously visited this charge with the most precious and extensive revival perhaps ever witnessed in this region. About three months since our beloved and faithful pastor, the Rev. J. A. Wood, commenced a series of meetings with the membership alone, endeavoring, in short, pointed, and spiritual sermons, to impress upon them the necessity of a higher state of grace, and urging the doctrine of sanctification as held by our Church. These were followed, each evening, with seasons of prayer and wrestling with God for the outpouring of his Spirit. The membership soon evinced a desire for the deepening of God's work in their hearts. A number were enabled to rejoice in the assurance that the blood of the Saviour cleanseth from all sin, while the Church, as a body, greatly improved in its spiritual condition. When our pastor thought the Church in the right condition for the work he extended the invitation to all, desiring so to do, to meet with us, and thus commenced in good earnest a series of meetings looking to the conversion of sinners. From the commencement penitents flocked to the altar, and soon the re-

joicings of the converted began to cheer our hearts. These meetings had continued about six weeks, during which time more than two hundred persons presented themselves at the altar, or in some way expressed their desires for salvation, when brother Wood's health yielded to the pressure of his incessant labors and he found it necessary to spare himself. Dr. George Peck, our beloved pastor of former years, came to our pastor's aid for a few nights, and did great and good service in his stirring appeals to the immense multitude that nightly thronged the temple. Dr. Nelson, our highly esteemed presiding elder, during the greater part of the three weeks Brother Wood was confined to his house, took charge of the meetings and rendered most efficient aid in the work. Up to this time not less than four hundred persons have presented themselves at the altar for prayer. The number of conversions is not accurately known. Of these near one hundred and forty have joined our Church in Wilkesbarre, and several who were visiting friends here at the time of their conversion have, no doubt, joined on other charges. A number will probably connect themselves with sister Churches. Not less than half a dozen of the legal profession are among the accessions to our Church, embracing a high order of talent and the most active and zealous of the converts, filled with the genuine, fervent missionary spirit. Truly has the blessing of God attended the coming of Brother Wood to this charge. Never was our Church in better condition. Presiding elder, pastor, and members are rejoicing over what the Lord hath wrought among us."

Since placing the above in print we have read an interesting communication from Brother Wood himself, in the *Northern Christian Advocate*. We select from this a few additional particulars of general interest:—

"This gracious work had its foundation in the sanctification of believers. The blessed doctrine of perfect love, as taught in the Bible, and by Mr. Wesley, and the standards of Methodism, was plainly and perseveringly preached; and the Church invited, and kindly and faithfully urged to seek "a clean heart," and obtain "a fullness in Jesus." The result was a manifest increase of religious interest, a general quickening of God's people, and a filling up of our congregation during the early part of this Conference year.

Early in the fall, several among our best and most reliable members sought and obtained the cleansing power of Jesus' blood. Others found themselves groaning under a conscious sense of heart impurity, and of their moral deficiency, and began to struggle and pray for personal holiness.

Believing, as Mr. Wesley says, where one believer is sanctified, ten sinners will be converted; we devoted the first two weeks of our protracted meetings exclusively to the work of "perfecting the saints." During this time, quite a number among the most cultivated, stable and useful of our membership were sweetly and powerfully sanctified to God, and became living witnesses to a full redemption in the blood of Christ, and others were much blest of God.

Before we concluded our labors for the purity and moral power of the Church, sinners (without being asked and before a single sermon had been preached to them), arose and begged the prayers of God's people. The first invitation of sinners to come to the altar of prayer—was in the form of a permission for any to come who desired to; six grown persons came forward at once, and before the week closed, fifty-one came forward seeking the Saviour. The work of spiritual quickening and sanctification wrought in the Church, which laid the foundation of this revival, secured and infused through our meetings a power, sweetness and ease, such as this Church has never realized in revival meetings before. Many have felt and acknowledged this, who have but little understood its grand cause. Often our meetings have been so full of light, love, heavenly sweetness and melting power, as to constrain unbelievers to exclaim, "There is an invisible, indescribable something in those meetings which powerfully moves the people."

Thus far, over 400 different persons have come forward to our altar of prayer, either as penitents seeking pardon, or as backsliders, measuring back their steps to a neglected and abused Saviour. How many of these have been converted, I cannot say. The most of them have professed saving faith in Christ. They are badly scattered, and many of them will not be likely to be gathered into the Church. The work has usually appeared deep and thorough, and many of the conver-

sions have been so clear and powerful as to shake the whole community.

HOW OUR FRIENDS OFFER THEIR SYMPATHY.

We have received several letters from our subscribers, enclosing their subscriptions for the current year, and in addition, a quarter or half a dollar besides, with the kind remark, that the *Guide* was worth to them the increased sum that was forwarded, and they cheerfully sought the privilege of sharing in the great loss arising from the advance in all the publishing materials. Many have expressed their surprise and gratitude that we have been enabled to continue the *Guide* at the old price and size. Last year our periodical was published at a considerable loss; but such has been the vigor of our friends in securing additions to our list, and their punctuality in payment, that we strongly hope to pass this trying period without diminishing our pages, or raising our price.

Sincere thanks we offer to all who have so kindly volunteered their practical sympathy. We can encourage a continued interest in securing new names for our list, because, while our private interests are in a measure advanced, wholesome and blessed seed is scattered in the Churches.

The work of holiness is evidently advancing. God be praised for this; for when the Church puts on her beautiful garments, "pure and white," sinners will be drawn to her altars, and Christ will be present to save.

ENCOURAGEMENT IN OUR WORK.

A valued correspondent, residing in Hockwicks, C. W., thus writes in a letter received a short time since, in connection with contributions which will appear in a future number of the *Guide*.:—

I have been a reader of the *Guide* for the greater part of eight years past; and much of its contents has come home as in *living tones* and with *power* to my heart, and has exerted no small influence on my life.

Such has been my appreciation of it as an instrumentality for good, and my desire that many might be partakers in the benefit, that, whenever opportunity has served, I have re-

commended it to others, and solicited subscriptions for it. And—I write it not boastingly, but, “to provoke” others “unto love and good works,” I have purchased thousands of “back numbers” for gratuitous distribution, besides ordering premium copies, which as agent I could claim, to the addresses of individuals who never knew the agency through which they received them. Lately, however, I have been in such a position as not to be able to do much in any way for the *Guide*.

Once only, that I recollect, have I contributed to its pages; and that, by sending a portion of a private letter detailing my experience in entering and for a little way walking in the “Highway of Holiness.” The contribution appeared in the May number of the *Guide* for 1855.

HOLINESS IN BALTIMORE.

Our excellent friend, Rev. George C. M. Roberts, of Baltimore, in a private letter, appends the following remarks, which are of general interest, and will be read with pleasure and gratitude by all that are panting for the spread of holiness throughout our land:

“This blessed work (of holiness) is slowly, and I think steadily progressing in Baltimore. Our Saturday night meeting held in Wesley chapel, for its furtherance, is much more numerously attended, than it has ever been. Every week we there hear the plainest, and most conclusive testimonies borne to that great and glorious truth “the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.” Oh when will our people and our ministers awake to the extent of their privileges in the Gospel? oh when will Christians universally, of every name and denomination, be persuaded to behold their high calling’s glorious hope? The Lord grant that it may be speedily.”

HOW TO RETAIN THE GRACE OF ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

At first thought, we proposed to ourselves the pleasure of preparing a short editorial in answer to the important request of our brother in the letter appended; but upon consideration, as the theme is so rich and suggestive, we thought it would be more profitable to throw the subject open for our correspon-

dents and invite them to make short and scriptural responses to the invitation.

After investigating the subject of entire sanctification for more than twenty years, I find many more persons, in all churches than is generally supposed, have experienced that gracious blessing; and nearly as many lost it, in some measure, on account of some mistaken view of it; *i. e.* what it is experimentally. Will the Editor or some of the readers of the *Guide*, give us some articles on the simplicity, and ease, and delight of living faith necessary to regain and grow in that state.

JACOB MYERS.

Delaware, O.

AN HOUR WITH NEW BOOKS.

Our friend Randolph, the Publisher, of New York, whose whole active life has been devoted to the preparation and distribution of juvenile religious literature, has just issued from his press a valuable work entitled “*A Year with St. Paul*,” by Charles E. Knox. The history of the Apostle’s ministry, so interesting in itself, with full historical and geographical illustrations, is written in a plain and attractive style, the author making constant use of the volumes of Conybeare and Howson to enrich his own. This history is divided into fifty-two lessons; each lesson followed with appropriate questions, so that one year of study would carry a class, or the children of a family, through this most interesting and profitable portion of sacred history. For the older classes of lads or misses, with a teacher interested in the lessons, there could hardly be imagined a more attractive or profitable study for the Sabbath School hour.

The volume offers a grateful field for home reading and study; the questions serving to imprint permanently upon the memory the interesting incidents and impressive lessons of the great Apostle’s life. For sale at Hoyt’s, 9 Cornhill.

Two excellent juvenile volumes have been added to Mr. Randolph’s library for the children—“*Earnest: A True Story*” of a little Christian, who although he died at an early age, gave, as many of these “little ones” do, the most delightful and affecting evidences of the presence and power of the gospel. “Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.” The volume appears to be very judiciously written.

We know of one little girl upon whom it made a very deep impression. It is a wonderful gift to be able to write on such a theme wisely, truthfully, tenderly and attractively. The second volume is entitled, "*Under the Pear Tree*," and recounts the excellent use made by a wise and kind mother of a touching incident in her little girl's life. She had been reading of the martyrdom of Stephen and of others who had been burned at the stake, and tried to imagine how she would feel in the same trial; hoping that in the flames she might be able to sing

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

She feared she might shrink in such an hour. Her mother taught her that God had not called her to this, but that there were other, daily trials and crosses which He did send to her, in which she might sing and exhibit the same fortitude as the martyrs. The book recounts these martyr trials common to childhood, in a very entertaining and profitable manner. "*Streaks of Light*" by the author of "*Peep of Day*." This beautiful volume, full of illustrations, contains fifty-two Bible stories, told in the happy style of this author's former works. They will serve to win the heart of the child to the blessed Word, and with the Divine blessing, make him "wise unto salvation." These books are all for sale at Hoyt's, 9 Cornhill.

The American Tract Society has published in a cheap form, but in the finest style of execution, a "*Bible Atlas and Gazetteer*," containing six new and accurate maps and a list of all geographical names, with references to their Scripture places and to the proper maps, and also a variety of most useful tables." This long title fully sets forth the contents of the volume. The execution is equal to the promise. Every Sabbath School teacher and Christian family should have a copy.

Carlton & Porter of the Methodist Book Room, have just added to their list of question books one entitled "*Lessons for every Sunday in the year from the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles*." We question whether so small a volume ever enjoyed so varied and so dignified an authorship before. Its plan was suggested by the successful experience of

our friend Orange Judd, noted both for his unrivalled agricultural print, and for his marked success as a Sabbath School superintendent. The Scriptures embodying the New Testament history were selected and arranged by Dr. James Strong, author of the "Harmony of the Gospels," and the Questions were prepared by Mrs. Dr. Olin. From such hands, not to have a valuable and admirable work, would be nearly impossible. And such indeed this is. There are fifty lessons—a year's work. Each lesson embraces from eight to ten verses, which are printed in the volume and are to be committed by the pupil. The lessons are short and can be readily recited in the allotted hour, and when they are completed the student has passed over the whole evangelical history. Every Sabbath School should examine the volume. For sale at J. P. Magee's, 5 Cornhill.

We have received the first number of the "*Prophetic Times*," a new serial edited by Rev. Drs. Seiss, Newton, and Duffield. It is published in Philadelphia, and as will be seen by the editorial names, is in able hands. It is intended to be the organ of those in this country who hold the views of the English Millenarians, as to the literal fulfilment of prophecy and the early coming and reign of Christ upon the earth. Whatever may be our hesitation in accepting these views, we can but be impressed with the sincerity, ability and scholarly thoroughness of many of the essays of these writers. Some of the noblest minds among the evangelical members of the Church of England have been disciples of this system of interpretation, and their views are rather spreading than dying out. A thoughtful mind can profitably weigh these conflicting opinions, and the pages of this magazine offer a cheap and favorable opportunity for this.

Some English friends send us the first two numbers of a magazine entitled "*Richmond Hall Mission*." It is intended to embody and present the results of the practical efforts in Liverpool to preach the gospel to the poor. Mr. George Pennell, a wealthy Wesleyan local Preacher, assisted by a few gentlemen of like mind with himself, erected a small iron chapel, in a neglected portion of the city. This proving a success, five others were built in succession in various parts of Liverpool, affording religious instruction to 3,200 persons—all of them with the exception of the first

at the sole expense of Mr. Pennell. A great impetus was given to the work by the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer to Liverpool, who labored in connection with some of these chapels. Within a few weeks *eleven hundred and twenty-six* persons gave their names as having been hopefully converted to Christ.

Blessed and beautiful use of wealth! The founder devotes from fifteen to sixteen hours of toil each day to his wide field of Christian charity. "He is never so happy as when listening to the simple narratives of the poor who have been reformed and blessed through these missions." "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The magazine forms an interesting monthly tract for general distribution.

Would that such Mr. Pennells might be raised up for the evangelization of the neglected in our cities.

The Lambs Remembered.

NOT TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

BY EDWARD E. ROGERS.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:—I know that death is not usually a pleasant subject for youth and children to think about. Manhood, and old age shrink from the thought. But since we are in a world where all must die, and even little children may be summoned away to the spirit land, it is well, yes, necessary, that they should often think of the great change that sooner or later awaits them. How else shall they be prepared for it?

But the thought should not be repulsive;—it is not to the good. "The sting of death is sin." If you will give your hearts to Jesus, and let him wash all the stains of sin away, and make you earnest, loving Christians, as you may be, even at your early age; then the fear of death will be taken away. The land beyond the "swelling stream" will seem so *bright and beautiful*, that you will be willing to plunge into the cold waves, with Jesus' hand in your own, if the crossing will only bring you to that happy land. O, let the thought that you are *not too young to die* lead you to ask the question—"Am I prepared to die?"

I know I'm not too young to die,
Though hardly past my infancy,
For in the church yard oft I see
The graves of little ones like me.

I know I'm not too young to die,
And that's the very reason why
My thoughts should even now be given
To fit my precious soul for heaven.

I know I'm not too young to die;
And knowing this, henceforth I'll try
To be a good and holy child
Like Jesus, patient, meek, and mild.

I know I'm not too young to die,
The fearful hour may now be nigh;
O, if it should be, Jesus, come
And take me to thy heavenly home.

CHARLIE AND THE ROBIN'S SONG.

One summer morning early
When the dew was bright to see,
Our dark-eyed little Charlie
Stood by his mother's knee.
And he heard a robin singing
In a tree so tall and high,
On the topmost bough 'twas swinging,
Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin's praying,
In the very tree-top there;
'Glory! Glory!' it is saying,
And that is all its prayer.
But God will surely hear him,
And the angels standing by,
For God is very near him,
Away up in the sky."

"My child! God is no nearer
To robin on the tree,
And does not hear him clearer,
Than he does you and me.
For he hears the angels harping
In sun-bright glory drest,
And the little birdlings chirping
Down in their leafy nest."

"Mamma, if you should hide me
Away down in the dark,
And leave no lamp beside me,
Would God then have to hark?
And if I whisper lowly,
All covered in my bed,
Do you think that Jesus holy
Would know what 't was I said?"

"My darling little lisper
God's light is never dim;
The very lowest whisper
Is always close to Him."

Mother's Journal.

DID HE DIE FOR ME?

A little child sat quietly on its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story. It was a tale concerning the death of the Saviour. Sometimes her voice was scarcely heard above a whisper, but the listening child caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a long sob broke the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment and its ruby lips parted, and in tones, made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired:

"Did he die for me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child; for you, for all."

"May I love him always, mamma, and dearly too?"

"Yes, my darling, it was to win your love that he left his bright and beautiful home."

"And he will love me, mamma; I know he will. He died for me. When may I see him in his other home?"

"When your spirit leaves this world, my darling, and goes to a better and happier one."

"My spirit?" murmured the child.

"Yes, your spirit; that part of you which thinks, and knows, and loves. If you love him here, you will go to live with him in heaven."

"And I may love him here. How glad you have made me, dear mamma."

And the mother bowed her head, and silently and earnestly prayed that her child might grow up to love and revere the Saviour.

TRUST.—A few nights since, two little boys were lying together in their trundle-bed.—Willie, the elder of the two, who was only six years of age, awoke in the night, very thirsty. Being told that he could jump up and get himself some water, he cried, saying that he was afraid. Upon this, his little brother, two years younger than himself, spoke encouragingly to him, and said, "God is wight here, Willie! God is wight here! you needn't be afraid, Willie!" So Willie jumped up and got himself some water, and then came back to his little bed, all safe, and soon he and his little brother were fast asleep again.

THE WOUNDED BIBLE-CLASS SCHOLAR.—

He had lain there in that position for eighteen days. He was a young soldier from Wisconsin. He had been in seven engagements, but was never wounded before. "O!" said he, "it is very tiresome, lying here day and night with nothing to do, and nothing before me but a cripple's life! During these long nights, when I cannot sleep, my thoughts go away out into the future, and on to a boundless eternity." He was asked if he had ever been to Sunday-school. "O yes!" he replied, "and was a member of our preacher's Bible class. I didn't care much for what he said then, but now it all comes back to me." A Sunday-school paper was offered him, which he accepted with pleasure. "They are little," said he, "but they have many thoughts.—How much it makes me think of home! A lady brought me a few flowers the other day," he continued; "there was a splendid rose-bud among them, and some most beautiful pansies; but nothing pleased me so much as a sprig of mint I found. I put it to my nose, shut my eyes, and for a while quite forgot I was a poor crippled fellow in a United States hospital, hundreds of miles away from home."

A SINGULAR THOUGHT FOR A CHILD.—A

little boy whose heart was set on being a missionary, was one day reading an account of a young man who had attended and comforted his mother on her death-bed. "Well, Frankie," remarked the child's mother, "I should like to have you beside me when I die." The boy very affectionately replied, "Mamma, dear, *when* do you think you shall die?" "The time of our death is in God's hands, Frank; but why do you ask?" "Because, you know, mamma, if I am old enough to go to the heathen I *cannot* be with you."

THE PIOUS SOLDIER BOY.—In one of the

late Fulton-street prayer-meetings in New York, a gentleman said he had just come from the dying bed of a boy in the hospital, a lad about fifteen years old. The lad had gone to a better world. He died repeating the twenty-third Psalm. He went away with the voice of triumph and shouting. Oh! what a victory he gained! No more battles. No more forced marches. No more bivouacking in the midst of alarms. His feet are planted on the jasper sea.

FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.—A Sunday-school laborer, a missionary in a new country stopped at a blacksmith shop to get his horse shod. When the good blacksmith learned the character of his customer he grew communicative, and told his history. He was an orphan boy, apprenticed to a hard master, and had no chance to learn anything until he was nineteen years old, when a stranger came to the place and established a Sunday-school. This he attended, learned to read, and joined the Church when he was twenty-one. He had been for seven years trying to serve God, and the previous Sunday he had been made a Sunday-school superintendent. The missionary made some inquiry about the time and place where, the school was established in which the young man had learned to read, and found that it was one that he himself had started. You may imagine the joy of the poor blacksmith when he found that this was the man to whom he was so much indebted; and the missionary was no less rejoiced to find so goodly a harvest of the seed that he had scattered by the way-side so many years before.

ONE OF JESUS'S LAMBS.—Jenny was a sweet Sunday-school scholar, who suffered most severely before she died. Her sufferings greatly troubled her affectionate mother, who often inquired of the nurse if nothing more could be done to alleviate them. On one of these occasions, when the nurse replied in the negative, Jenny interposed with "Don't be troubled, mother; Jesus never lets his lambs wander about, but always takes good care of them." When, at last, she was going away from earth, she called all her loved ones around her, and, after she had bade them an affectionate farewell, she turned to her mother with the poet's words:

"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night
Are hiding your dear loving face from my sight;
But I hear your low sobbings. Dear mother,
good-by!
The angels are ready to bear me on high.
I will wait for you there, but O tarry not long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my
song."

And the Good Shepherd gathered her to himself, and carried her away in his bosom.

A SOLDIER lay mortally wounded on a battle-field in India. His officer came near him when the thunder of battle ceased, and asked what he could do for him. "Take my Bible from my knapsack, sir, if you please—it's the Bible I got at the Sunday-school—and read me the twenty-seventh verse of the fourteenth chapter of John." The officer got out the sacred book, and, amid the groans of dying and wounded men, read the beautiful words: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Then, with these words to cheer him, that graduate of some humble Sunday-school ascended to the heavenly home of the Giver of peace.

A LITTLE African girl giving an account of one of the school children having beaten her, was asked, "Well, what did you do! Did you beat her again?" She replied, "No; I left it to God."

MUSIC.

In the present number of the *Guide*, we present our readers with four pages of music from a forthcoming Sabbath School song book, entitled the "SABBATH SCHOOL GEM," now stereotyping, and which we hope to have ready by or before the first of June. It has been carefully prepared by Mr. Asa Hull, the author of the "STAR OF THE EAST," "CAMP MEETING MELODIST," &c., specimens of which have appeared from time to time in the *Guide*. It will contain 128 pages of choice music and hymns, much of it new and written in the style which has of late, become so exceedingly popular with all who love to sing the songs of Zion.

Nothing will be admitted into this collection which is not of itself a gem, and adapted to some department of Sabbath School exercises. Besides the original music, it will embrace some of the most popular tunes of the day, thus securing as great a variety of Sabbath School music as is usually found in much larger and more expensive works.

Price \$2 per dozen; \$15 per hundred, in paper covers.

Our friends will please favor us with their orders as early as possible. First come, first served, is the rule to which we shall scrupulously adhere.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

SOLL.

A. H.

1. We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watch - ing on the shore,
 2. Though the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its bil - lows loud - ly roar;
 3. And the bright ce - les - tial ci - ty, We have caught such ra - diant gleams,

On - ly wait - ing for the boat - man, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.
 Yet we hear the song of an - gels, Waft - ed on the oth - er shore.
 Of its towers like daz - ling sun - light, With its sweet and peace - ful streams.

CHORUS.

We are wait - ing by the riv - er, We are watch - ing on the shore,

WAITING BY THE RIVER. CONCLUDED.

9

On - ly wait - ing for the boat - man, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

4. He has called for many a loved one,
 We have seen them leave our side,
 With our Saviour we shall meet them,
 When we too have crossed the tide.

5. When we've passed that vale of shadows,
 With its dark and chilling tide;
 In that bright and glorious city
 We shall evermore abide.

VERY LITTLE THINGS ARE WE.

1. Ver - y little things are we, O how mild we all should be; Never quarrel nev - er fight,
 2. Just like pretty little Lambs, Softly skipping by their dams; We'll be gentle all the day,

That would be a shock - ing sight.
 Love to learn and cease to play.

3.
 We will love our teachers too,
 And be always kind and true;
 And attend to every rule,
 Of our much loved Sunday School.

FROM THE "SABBATH SCHOOL GEM."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by A. HULL, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

LITTLE ONES LISTEN.

A. F.

1. Little eyes, little eyes, Where are you gazing? Not where sin's fires arise Flashing and blazing;
 2. Little hands, little hands, What are you doing? Breaking his dear commands, Evil pur-suing;

Look up! the soft blue sky Bending enfolds you; Look up! a Father's eye Loving beholds you.
 Do the sweet works of love, Only and ev-er; God in his heaven above Aids that en-dea-vor.

3.
 Little tongue, little tongue,
 What are you saying?
 Speak ne'er a word of wrong
 Working or playing.
 Speak but for love and truth—
 Holy and winning;
 In the sweet bloom of youth,
 Heaven's song beginning.

4.
 Little feet, little feet,
 Where are you mooving?
 Let not the tempter meet
 Steps idly roving!

Walk where the good have trod,
 Heavenward before you;
 Christ's feet have pressed the sod,
 He watches o'er you.

5.
 Little heart, little heart,
 Seeking God's altar—
 Choosing the better part—
 O, do not falter!
 Gentle, and wise, and pure,
 All to him given;
 Thine is the promise sure
 "Written in heaven."

ROCK OF AGES.

A. H.

1. Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee,
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy woun - ded side which flowed;

2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
 These for sin could not a - tone Thou must save and thou a - lone;

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me Lord and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,

And behold thee on thy throne,—
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

FROM THE "SABBATH SCHOOL GEM."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by A. HULL, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. S. A. MILROY.

I. *General remarks.*

This doctrine is clearly taught, beautifully illustrated, and amply sustained by the Bible; and in the whole catalogue of doctrines there taught, not one can be found of more importance to mankind than it. It aims to raise poor, degraded, fallen man to the highest summit of Gospel blessings, the purest glory of Christianity, and the crowning accomplishment of human character. Without it no one can be saved in heaven, or see the Lord in peace.

This doctrine is set forth in the Bible under a variety of terms, such as "sanctification," "perfect love," "holiness," perfection," "purity of heart," "assurance of faith," &c. Hence we conclude that it is separate and distinct from other doctrines—as much so as conviction is distinct from justification. But although it is set forth under such a variety of terms, taught and enforced by the prophets and apostles, and by all our standard authors who are renowned for sound speech and excellent wisdom, and a thorough knowledge of the word of God, yet many have estimated it either too high or too low. Some set the mark so low as to suppose that it consists in ecstasy of feeling, and others in justification. These may not be so blended together. Ecstasy of feeling or joy is simply a fruit that arises from the conscious possession of some desirable object, or any good work done in us or for us, and not the thing itself. Take a few examples: When the man hath found his lost sheep, "he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing; and when he com-

eth home he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, *Rejoice with me*, for I have found my sheep which was lost." Also, when the woman maketh diligent search for the lost piece of silver, and findeth it, she calls together her friends and neighbors, saying, "*Rejoice with me*, for I have found the piece which I had lost." Likewise in the case of the prodigal son, when he returned to his father's house an humble, convicted and contrite penitent, he was restored, and the servant was ordered to kill the fatted calf, and they eat and were merry; for, says the Word, "*It was meet that we should make merry and be glad*, for this, thy brother, was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found." Now, what was the cause of all this joy? Simply a consciousness that the lost is found—the possession of an earnestly sought and desirable object. Had they not been found there would have been no ecstasy of feeling; but they were found, and there was great joy. Therefore, ecstasy of feeling is not sanctification, but may be the effect or fruit of it. When Jesus came to the Mount of Olives "the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen." And thus it was with the man at the beautiful gate of the temple; when he was healed he leaped, and walked, and praised God for very joy. Neither does sanctification consist in being justified; it is more. They two are not one, but separate and distinct, the one from the other. According to the definition given of these two terms, justification is a work done *for* us, and sanctification is a work done *in* us; therefore, these are not one, but two. Paul "spoke wisdom among them that

are *perfect*," "in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power;" but the "*babes in Christ*" (justified) he "fed with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto (he says) ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able." These "*babes in Christ*" had not yet arrived to the perfect stature of men and women in Christ Jesus, and consequently had to be dealt with very carefully; but to such as were *perfect* he could speak with power. These weak ones were yet in the initiative stages of Christ's holy religion—enjoying "the first principles of the doctrine of Christ," from which the apostle Paul exhorts us to "go on unto *perfection* ; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God." Justification always precedes sanctification. Justification is the first blessing received in the Christian life, from which we are commanded to go on perfecting holiness in the fear of God. Justification, according to Wesley, is the clearing off of the ground, and sanctification is the taking out or grubbing up of the stumps and roots—a holier, sweeter and purer life. Then we infer that sanctification may not be sought in these *low* grounds, but in the *high* lands of the remedial system.

But the second error of setting the mark too high is equally as dangerous in its consequences as the first, for it discourages all from seeking it. The perfection that the apostle exhorts us to "go on unto" is not absolute perfection, for that applies alone to God; and neither is it the perfection of angels who never "left their first estate," for they are a higher order of intelligent beings—dwelling where sin has never entered—where its raven wings have never been spread—its deadly poison

and burning curse has never fallen. Neither is it Adamic perfection, that from which he fell; for undoubtedly he was as pure, as free from sin as the holy angels; and it is very evident that man in his present sinful state and fallen condition cannot arrive at either Adamic or angelic perfection. Entire sanctification or Christian perfection is not even perfect obedience to the law of works—*legal* obedience to the moral law, or perfect knowledge, but a perfect and entire conformity to the evangelical law of the Gospel, which is love. This is the true and only standard. John says, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Then perfect love is that state of grace which Paul exhorts us to "go on unto;" which the Bible requires us to possess; which we must have if we would enter heaven—God's holy dwelling place. It is love to God without mixture or distraction; love to man without selfishness; love that springs up in the soul, expanding and extending over all the powers of the mind, conquering and wholly subduing the love of the world, in its honors, wealth and pleasures; love which honors the requirements of God, and makes the claims of God superior to the demands of self; love the reigning and ruling principle of the soul, which casts out every opposing principle, and consecrates the heart, soul and life to God and his service, now and forever.

II. *Entire sanctification defined by different authors.*

WEBSTER.—It is "the act of making holy. In an evangelical sense, the act of God's grace by which the affections of men are purified or alienated from sin and the world, and exalted to a supreme love to God; also the state of being thus purified or sanctified."

CLARKE.—"It signifies to conse-

erate, separate from earth and common use, and to devote or dedicate to God and his service; to make holy or pure."

WATSON.—It is "that work of God's grace by which we are renewed after the image of God, set apart for his service, and enabled to die unto sin and live unto righteousness.

WESLEY.—It is "loving God with all the heart, mind, soul and strength;" and "this implies that no wrong temper, none contrary to love, remains in the soul, and that all the thoughts, words and actions are governed by pure love."

According to the definitions given above, entire sanctification implies a pure, unsullied heart, a death to sin, a freedom from sin, and a cleansing from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit; the expulsion of every idol, the cure of every spiritual disease, and the right ordering of the whole man in keeping with the rule and standard given in the Gospel. The thoughts, affections, desires and impulse of the heart is pure, causing the soul to beat in unison with the divine will, and making every place an Eden seem.

III. *Entire sanctification does not preclude an increase in spirituality.*

It is true that objections are frequently raised against this idea by such as wish to oppose and discountenance the doctrine of holiness as taught by Methodists; but, as we regard it, there is no point in entire sanctification so high beyond which the faithful son or daughter of the Most High may not pass either in time or eternity. All orthodox Churches, as far as we know, believe and teach the doctrine of total depravity, and that the totally depraved may wax worse and worse—become

more and more degraded—sink from one degree of iniquity to another of deeper dye, until every moral quality, good principle, and humanity itself is entirely submerged and swallowed up in crime; and may we not with equal propriety teach that the wholly sanctified may continue to grow in grace and in the love of Christ? It is evident to all that a man of wealth can accumulate property much easier and more abundantly than a poor man; so in the same ratio can a sanctified Christian advance with alacrity and efficiency in the knowledge of God, pure religion and eternal life. The argument that entire sanctification puts a stop to Christian progress amounts to this: If a man cleanses his corn from weeds and grass, it must necessarily cease to grow; or if a tree is pruned, cleansed and purged, it cannot grow. The reverse is the truth. So it is when the work of sanctification is completed; for there is not as much as one evil plant or root left to hinder the soul from growing, increasing and expanding into the infinite fullness of the knowledge of God.

IV. *Entire sanctification necessarily leads to a correspondent practice in life.*

The conversation will be right, being seasoned with grace. The fruit of the lips, as well as the heart, will bring forth fruit unto the glory of God. Lightness, lewdness, jesting, vain and foolish talking, will be willingly dispensed with; neither will the conversation be confined to the things of the world; it will be directed to higher and more worthy subjects: the deep and undying interests of the soul; the salvation and eternal happiness of sinners; the many glorious and benevolent enterprises of the age; the gross

ignorance and depravity of man in his unregenerate state; the character of God, as revealed to us in the Bible—his providences, ways and glorious works; the Gospel, and its benefits to the world, and the relation we sustain to it; the best and most successful methods of usefulness to our friends, neighbors, and the poor and needy with which we may be surrounded. These, with other kindred subjects, will afford good, desirable, beneficial and soul-elevating topics of conversation to those who have died unto sin, and have been raised unto a perfect life in Christ Jesus, and expect to be kept by the power of God unto eternal life in heaven.

There will be, also, perfect obedience to the commands of the Lord God, humbly, constantly, not by constraint nor unwillingly, but of choice—out of pure and unfeigned love to God and his law. The pure and holy man is most delighted when he is conscious of having kept the commands and precepts of the gospel of reconciliation. Like David, he would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of God than to dwell in tents of wickedness. He walks softly, soberly and humbly before God—loves mercy, truth, fidelity, and deals honestly, justly and uprightly with all men; he loves and keeps the Golden Rule, to do unto others as he would that they should do unto him, and prays for them that despitefully use and persecute him, and blesses them that curse him; every root of bitterness is exterminated, envy and malice are dethroned, the carnal mind, with all its train of miserable and unhappy vices, is demolished, and the heart yields the peaceable fruit of righteousness. They comfort and edify one another; know them which labor among and are over

them in the Lord, and “esteem them very highly in love for their work’s sake;” they “comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak,” and are “patient toward all men;” “see that none render evil for evil unto any man, but ever follow that which is good, both among” themselves “and to all men; rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing,” and “in everything give thanks,” for they know that “this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning” them. Thus the pure in heart keep the commands of God, “prove all things, abstain from all appearance of evil, and the very God of peace sanctifies them wholly.” Fully controlled by the law of love, and possessing an inward consciousness that their fruit is unto holiness, they undoubtedly expect “the end everlasting life.”

V. *Entire sanctification attainable in this life.*

Whilst Christians generally admit the necessity of this work preparatory to entering the holy city of God and dwelling in the presence of the Almighty, who is absolutely holy in all his ways, yet many suppose that it cannot be obtained until about the last hour of life, or in the agonies of death. It may be true that most Christians do not experience the blessing until a late hour, but there is abundant evidence in the Scriptures that it may be obtained and enjoyed at any time of life, when sought as the word of God directs. If Christians generally concede to the doctrine of *entire sanctification* as being necessary to qualify souls for heaven, we have only to prove that it may be attained at an earlier period than death, and this I conceive to be an easy and delightful task, as sound reason and the Bible are both in its favor.

Why should it be thought an incredible thing with you that entire sanctification can be obtained and enjoyed whilst we live? Is it because Almighty God lacks power or ability to perform so great a work—a work that will make man more happy and useful than all things else? No. “With God all things are possible.” And an apostle says of Christ, that “he is able to save to the uttermost all that will come unto God by him.” Therefore, God neither lacks power nor ability to perform this great and important work; and neither is it because he is not willing to exterminate the last bitter root of sin from the heart, and save the soul from the last remains of the “old man;” for God cannot take pleasure in unrighteousness, sin or impurity in his beloved and cherished people. This would positively contradict the apostle, who declares that “it is the *will* of God, even your *sanctification*.” Here is a positive, absolute declaration that it is his will that his people should be sanctified. Then God is both able and willing to cut it short in righteousness—save and sanctify every believing soul. We can attach no other meaning to the above passages than that he is willing and able to do it *now*.

Some have gone so far as to revive and re-establish the old heathen philosophy which traced all evil and human infirmity to the depravity of matter, in order to disprove the possibility of the work of entire sanctification being accomplished before the separation of body and soul. It supposed the seat of sin and the fountain of vice to be in the flesh, and consequently the spirit must be dis severed from matter by death before the work can take place; but this doctrine is anti-scriptural, and consequently not true. The

Bible teaches that the soul is the seat of sin, and therefore we need not wait for death to prepare us to receive the crowning accomplishment of human character—the highest, most sublime, and purest grace offered by the Gospel to fallen man.

But we assert, further, that the covenant of grace, through the atonement of the Lord Jesus, provides for and tenders to us entire sanctification before the summons of death is served or the body dies. But some deny it. Therefore this question must be settled by a direct appeal to the Scriptures. Furthermore, we are of the opinion—yea, we believe that there is not a solitary passage in the Bible authorizing us to *wait* till death for that holiness without which we must all perish; and neither is there any proof that holiness is a concomitant of death, and cannot be attained, retained and enjoyed before it. But the Bible does teach us, by commands, promises, prayers, examples and entreaties, that holiness is attainable, and that we should seek it and live in its enjoyment until the Master comes and receives us to himself.

Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

A COMPLETE OFFERING.—It is easier to make a complete sacrifice, that will fully satisfy conscience, than a half sacrifice which falls short of it. Hence in every church, and every institution, any relaxation is but the prelude to a complete and entire fall.

Schemmilpenick.

It is evident not only that God is faithful though he afflict his people, but that he afflicts them in faithfulness and energy; such loving corrections are promised in his covenant, and without them we should be ruined.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY C. E. STEDMAN.

DEAR BROTHER:—Having religious parents, I was early taught to respect the cause of Christ, and that a change of heart was necessary to prepare me for a happy state of existence in another world. At times, when I considered danger near, I would try to look to God for safety; but no sooner had the apparent danger passed by, than I resumed my usual habit of mirth and gaiety. Still I felt unsafe, and resolved ere long to seek that state of grace so necessary to my eternal happiness. Years passed away, until 1835, when I found myself surrounded by a little family and having many cares and disappointments, with the loss of health and all my hopes of earthly happiness blasted, I began seriously to meditate upon the necessity of looking for happiness from a source that would not fail. I had supposed that I could obtain religion in a few days, if I sought sincerely, and with this impression I began to pray for a change of heart; and although I could not see myself a great sinner, yet I continued to seek, but did not find; therefore I began to search the Scriptures;—beginning at Genesis, I read carefully every word, noticing particularly the great faith of the saints, and for this faith I began to pray, continuing to read at intervals until I came to the account of John the Baptist. Although he was filled with the Holy Ghost, yet his baptism was unto repentance for the remission of sins. But he told of one coming, after him, that should baptize with the Holy Ghost. Believing this to be necessary, to make me a Bible Christian, I began to seek for it also. Weeks and months

passed by, and still I continued seeking without meeting with any particular change. I had not the privilege of attending meetings, and I saw no one to whom I wished to reveal my thoughts and desires, as they were connected with circumstances that seemed to forbid. I fasted and prayed often, and endeavored to do every duty; still I lacked the witness. My constant cry was “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” I took my Bible, knelt before God and prayed that he would direct me to some portion of his Word that should teach me his will concerning me. Immediately I opened upon these words, “*Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise; for yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come and will not tarry.*” O, how my heart was melted into tenderness! I saw that I must not only seek God, but that I must trust in his Word, and wait for the promise of the Father. From that moment I had peace of mind and unshaken confidence in God. I felt that when my faith was sufficiently tried, and I had learned to trust in the Lord, that I should receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; and according to my faith, so it was. About two weeks from that time, in the Fall of '35, I received the unmistakable evidence of the Holy Spirit witnessing with my spirit that I was a child of God, and was filled with the Spirit. The language of my heart was, “Lo! God is here, let us adore.” I not only felt that I was justified in his sight, but my whole soul was drawn out in silent prayer, praise and thanksgiving, continually; and I felt conscious of being united to Christ, and that his Spirit cleansed me from all unrighteousness. Previous to this, the hymn,

commencing,

"Come thou fount of every blessing"

expressed the language of my heart; but now when I came to the words

"Prone to wander, Lord, I *feel* it,"

such had been the change wrought in my affections, that I dared no longer use them as expressive of my state;—I loved not the things of this world, but wherever I saw my Saviour's image, whether beaming from the countenance of a holy disciple in declaring the truth, or in reading the testimony of those who were filled with the Spirit, thither were my affections drawn. Although many professed religion, very few appeared to have the spirit of Christ. It seemed to me that nearly all were asleep, and dying for want of something to arouse them. I greatly feared that true Christianity was dying out, and I felt that I could stand before an assembled universe and solemnly warn them to look well to their future interest. A neighbor invited me to attend with him the Methodist meeting, and I gladly accepted the offer. I soon after united with the Church, but I seldom attended meeting. My cares and *trials* were *very* many, and being not sufficiently guarded against my spiritual foe, ere I was aware, I found myself trusting in my own strength, and my spiritual power diminishing. But I looked to God for aid and was soon enabled to say from my heart, "O God how love I thy law, and thy commandments are not grievous." Years passed by, and my family getting older, and beginning to have cares and anxieties of their own, I of course felt a deep interest for their success, and tried to help them mark out their future course. I am sensible that I indulged alto-

gether too much in worldly anxiety on their account; and this soon brought me to feel the loss of spiritual strength. I continued to look to God but with little success. I seemed to be at so great a distance that my prayers were neither heard or answered. Months and even years passed by, but my form of godliness did not satisfy my soul. I had known what it was to feed upon the bread of life, but now I was dying with hunger, or stupor. I felt the need of something to arouse me, and I was most certain that I should soon pass through some severe trial that would bring the powers of my soul into action. Not long after, two of my sons decided to leave home and friends for the land of gold. Had they been Christians, and were going to labor in the cause of Christ, I could have said, "Go in the name of the Lord;" but they were going in pursuit of this world's wealth. Although they aimed to be strictly upright, yet their hearts had never been given to God; and O, how I felt the chidings of conscience for not living up to the light I had received; then my counsel would have been given in the spirit of holiness, and my prayers offered in faith would have been answered, and their souls saved. But now they were without God in the world, and were about to go to a land where every nerve was strained for earthly treasure, and little or no attention paid to the subject of religion. I gave them all the counsel I could, and prayed earnestly for their salvation, but my faith was weak. I felt great need of being renewed in spirit, and I became sensible that my prayers would not be answered, neither could I live in the enjoyment of religion, without seeking earnestly for that state of grace

from which I had fallen. This I resolved to do without delay, and began with prayer and fasting, striving to deny myself all ungodliness; but the more I endeavored to abstain from idle words, which were my greatest besetment, still more did my spiritual foe crowd into my mind numerous anecdotes, well calculated to please the natural mind, but most destructive to the spirit of holiness. Notwithstanding my utmost endeavors to watch my words, before I was aware, I was drawn into unprofitable conversation, and these brought darkness on my mind. Several times did my Saviour condescend to warm my heart with his love, and as many times did the arch enemy rob me of my treasure. O, thought I, who shall deliver me from this fallen nature, so prone to wander? Truly the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. Is not the blood of Christ sufficient to cleanse me from all this, and may I not be pure and holy in his sight, rendering perfect obedience to his requirements and enjoying uninterrupted communion with his Holy Spirit? Yes, this is my privilege, and I may rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing render *heartfelt* thanksgiving to God. I prayed for a deeper hungering and thirsting for righteousness and that the will of God might be done in me, that I might more perfectly understand his Word, and know the extent of the Christian's privilege, in the pursuit of holiness. Pass after passage was presented to my mind for weeks and months, in which I discovered a meaning that I had ever before failed *clearly* to understand. New duties were presented. I had now the privilege of attending meeting, and I saw that I must confess my wanderings and declare my

determination to seek for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that I might be wholly sanctified to God; I must never shun the cross, whether to speak or pray,—although it might appear like a mountain, it must be cheerfully borne. O how did my spiritual foe assail me at this point. Ah! said he, “if you come out now and take such a bold stand, after having been quiet so long, people will call you overmuch zealous.” But I had given all for Christ, and although the cross was very great and my strength at times would nearly fail me, yet I was enabled to persevere, and in so doing I felt my spiritual strength increasing and could say from the heart, “Thy will O God be done in me, and all things respecting me;” and it seemed to me that this prayer contained all that I needed, being certain that his will was my best good. About one year had passed away since I had endeavored to consecrate myself anew to God, and although a good work was begun in my heart, still I felt that in my nature something remained that was not altogether subdued. And, O, how earnestly and constantly did my desire arise to God, that the thoughts of my heart and all my ransomed powers might be sanctified to him, and that I might receive a full baptism of the Holy Ghost. I had never seen but one person who openly professed sanctification, and that one was an old lady, much despised by many, both in the Church and out. I found by comparing my past experience with the Word, that this was the state of grace from which I had fallen, and for which I must now seek; but here commenced a struggle with the pride of my heart. About this time a camp meeting was to be held at Preble, it being the fall of 1859. I had no means of getting

there, but wished very much to attend. I made it a subject of prayer, and an opportunity was soon presented for me to go with a neighbor's family and stay through the meeting. I rejoiced in spirit and thought that where so many were met together, there would be enough of one heart and mind to claim great and precious blessings. On reaching there I felt solemn and devotional. The meeting progressed as usual and no particular change occurred in my feelings, until a young brother spoke freely upon the subject of holiness, in the Cortland society tent, and invited all that were seeking that blessing to come forward. Here commenced a trial; no one moved, and how could I come out in the presence of so many that I had known years ago, but who knew very little of my present state of mind! I had come to the meeting however with a full determination to move forward in every duty. No time was to be lost; I must instantly decide; I went—prayers were offered, after which an opportunity was given to speak; I arose and told them my present feelings, also my resolution to persevere, and that being in the hand of God I felt I could trust him for the future. After I was seated the adversary would have me think I had spoken too rashly, but I was enabled to leave all with the Lord and trust him to guide me. The following evening at prayer meeting, after offering a few petitions vocally, my whole soul was so drawn out in silent prayer that for a time I was unconscious of what was passing around me. The next morning being Sabbath, after our usual family devotions, I realized an unusual surrender and these words escaped my lips, *Lord, all is thine—all is thine*. At that moment such a sensation

passed over me as language fails to express. I was kneeling with my hands locked together, when the Holy Spirit descended upon me, passing gradually over and through my entire frame, causing me to feel that I had undergone an entire change. I was stayed in that position with scarcely power to move. It seemed as though the last drop of blood had been pressed from my veins. My mind was clear and calm and I realized that I was cleansed from all my fallen nature. Heaven with all its blood washed throng appeared near, and but a thin veil separated me from them. O, what condescension in my Saviour to give me such clear evidence of his power to cleanse. The same day after preaching, an opportunity was given, for all who wished, to speak. Several old professors spoke, and I thought I would wait a little, lest I should be too forward. Just as I was about to speak, a minister arose and said, "we wish to hear from the young converts." Oh, how I regretted that I had not improved the first opportunity to give in my testimony in favor of the cause of holiness. It being Sabbath, many came to the tent; some with whom I was connected. The conversation led off upon worldly affairs; I was about to add a few words, when it occurred to me that the conversation was not becoming the day; but circumstances seemed to require it and I yielded. Soon I began to feel that all was not right. I had been assailed by my spiritual foe and had lost ground, by keeping back my testimony and hiding the light, and this had weakened my power to watch and resist temptation. I immediately applied to my Saviour, acknowledged my fault and my entire dependence

upon his mercy, and prayed for forgiveness. My prayer was answered, my peace and confidence restored. Since that time I have had many glorious manifestations of the Holy Spirit. Once in particular, at a prayer meeting, an invitation was given for those who were seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost to come forward; after we had prayed, a similar manifestation was presented to me to that which I received at the camp meeting. Having learned from the experience of the past the danger of withholding my testimony, I immediately arose and declared the power of God to cleanse from all unrighteousness. My former timidity was gone, and I was conscious of divine aid in boldly declaring his wonderful power to save. The next day I had some temptations but I continued to trust in the Lord who upheld me by his power.

Our sister adds—"Over one year has passed since I commenced this, and not a word has been written without steadying my right hand with my left, and at times I have been obliged to stop writing and pray for help from the Lord to enable me to accomplish the work."

THE FINISHED GARMENT. — A Christian man's life is laid on the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does—and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black as the pattern needs; and in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colors were as needful to perfectness and beauty as the bright and high colors.

JOY.—No language oftener meets the pastor's ear, than the complaint, "I do not enjoy religion." The churches present a painful contrast with the habitual happiness of the apostles, whose writings, though written usually in the depths of distresses, more than any human compositions overflow with a deep and exultant joy. But there is little apprehension of what is a prevalent cause of this lack of spiritual joy—the withholding of charity, and the consequent increase of wordliness, and the stagnation of holy love. Happiness cannot be poured into the soul from without, like water into a cistern; the water of life is not said to flow *into* a man, but to flow "*out of him*." To regain lost enjoyment, the Christian must increase the exertions and self-denial of love. Let him fill life full of efforts and sacrifices to do good, and he will fill it full of bliss. He can be blessed only in accordance with that law of the entire moral universe expressed in the comprehensive words of Christ, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE BIBLE.—"In short," continued their venerable director, "draw continually from this pure source; the sacred waters have this peculiarity; that they proportion and accommodate themselves to the wants of every one; a lamb may ford them without fear, to quench his thirst; and an elephant may swim there, and find no bottom to their depths. Oh, that I could but impress my heart with a fuller sense of the sacred respect, with which that sacred volume should ever be perused."

THE deepest rivers cause the least noise; and the most enlightened piety is generally the least singular.

St. Cyprian.

THE BEST WAY TO TAKE UP A COLLECTION.

BY JACOB MYERS.

I am fully persuaded by close observation, that the best way to take up a public collection is to, first, preach a sermon on entire sanctification, and bring all the scripture into it you can; and especially speak of it as a blessing that is within the reach of every one in the congregation. This idea should be fully embraced; for, "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness (or entire sanctification) to every one that believeth." "He gave himself for us, and redeemed us from all iniquity." And the "Word of the Lord that liveth and abideth for ever," declares, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Speak of it experimentally. Talk of its influence when fully realized. But suppose the preacher himself has not so fully embraced the blessing? How then, can he talk of it experimentally? This objection amounts to nothing; for how many have heard it spoken of experimentally, and how many experiences are published that we can read. Whose life can we read that has been remarkable for his piety and usefulness but we can learn from it what this blessing is experimentally and practically too? The Bible pours a flood of light, mightier and brighter than the noon-day sun upon this subject.

Again, no doubt, the best way for preachers to seek and obtain this precious blessing is by preaching the doctrine. In this way I became interested in it myself, before I made up my mind to seek it. I believe people give

money easier, and more of it, after hearing a Bible sermon on perfect love than under any other circumstances.

Delaware, O.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

BY R. BURGESS, V. D. M.

There is a higher life than this
That Christians daily live;
There is a nobler, purer bliss,
If we the price would give.

There is a land of *Beulah*, bright,
Where all are married ones;
All married to the Lord of light,
And life in pleasure runs.

A purer air, like glory, lies
Above that Holy Land,
And songs of praise unceasing rise
To God, on every hand.

For there, like as in heaven, they shine;
Sweet peace and holy love,
And joys intense, untold, combine,
As 'mong the host above.

There, prayers from living hearts outburst,
And praise unceasing flows,
Like living waters to our thirst,
And balm for all our woes.

There God himself forever dwells,
And all His smiles are there;
What marvel that each bosom swells,
And praises fill the air?

There beauty crowns the landscape sweet,
And trees of fadeless bloom,
With golden fruits for *all* to eat,
And breezes all perfume!

What is the price of all we see?
How gain the mountain height,
Where all is peace and ecstasy,
And changeless pure delight?

Renounce thyself; embrace the cross;
Escape sin's endless thrall,
By counting earth but empty dross,
And Jesus, all in all.

Give all for Jesus, and repose
Thy head upon his breast;
To him surrender all thy foes,
And thou shalt find thy rest.

Kinsman, O., Dec. 31st.

THE OFFENDER'S PERIL.

BY CLARK P. HARD.

It is not necessary to reason that crime is the fore-runner of punishment. It is as certain as that explosion will be the result of applying fire to the magazine. It is not necessary to argue that God is just in inflicting eternal ruin upon the impious sinner, who shall dare measure arms with Jehovah. Human governments, for the protection of right, terminate the existence of an individual guilty of certain deeds, and we say that the person has at last been overtaken by justice. And shall the laws of that government, which embraces in its scope the whole moral universe, whose Magistrate is he who in the beginning hurled into their orbits the glittering worlds which shine in the azure blue above us, "who stretched the North over the empty place and hung the earth upon nothing," who girted the rock-ribbed world, laid its foundations beneath the deep, peopled the ocean with its genera and species, and as his last crowning work made man in the image of the Heavenly, shall its laws be violated with impunity, and contempt be flung into the face of the Omnipotent? "But why should man be punished through an eternity?" We answer, the reward of his guilt manifestly cannot be given for a shorter period. The existence of the immaculate Being, against whom he has offended, is eternal, and the separation of the former from the latter must continue forever, as holiness and sin cannot come together, and the sinner has not repented. He has been dealing with eternal realities, he has had eternal life offered him, he has been warned to shun the death that never dies. The life of his soul is

never to end, and as he has been created a free moral agent, and as it has been given into his power to shape his eternity and give the direction to his existence however long it may last after the commencement of his moral agency, there could be no justice in thwarting his designs, and bringing him into boundless happiness, after he had suffered for a time the misery which he had chosen. It is, however, enough for us to know that it has been written by a just and holy God, "*The soul that sinneth, it shall die,*" and "what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" Ask the sages of earth, and they will look over their formulas and tables in vain for a method by which to compute its worth. Figures of dollars, figures of worlds would but dazzle the mind. Were every rock of our planet a diamond, and every grain of sand a shining pearl, the worth of the immaterial part would not be to any degree approximated. Were the myriads of the blazing systems far up above us away beyond the vastest reach of our imagination, brought together, and their values enhanced as many times as their number is great, a single soul might rise up, in the grandeur of its being and immortality, and call them poor. Man was not born to die. He, chief of the created, shall live on, smiling "amid the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds." The spark of divinity imparted to him, when for the first time that *mysterious something* looked out of those clay eyes, and moved those hands, before cold and motionless, can never be extinguished. We thus claim our superiority over the material, and boast of our alliance with Infinity; but with rising position comes an increased responsibility, a more crushing weight.

Satan, hurled from the battlements of Heaven, heard with fiendish glee, that God had formed a world, where he had created a being untrammelled by the enforced restraints of his Creator, and free to act: and swift on untired wing he came, he saw, he conquered. That was the most tremendous and decisive struggle that he ever had, when he succeeded in convincing our mother that punishment should not follow disobedience. The fruit was plucked, and ever after, the flaming sword protected its sacred boughs. Man's nature, at first flowing toward his Maker, was turned in the opposite direction, and is bearing him with fearful rapidity down to the deepest woe.

The most alarming fact is, that about this stream there is a balmy, soothing air, lulling the anxieties, hushing the fears, while the frail bark with arrowy swiftness is gliding on to the unfathomable chasm. He is sleeping quietly, while the yawning abyss is ready to engulf him. He is standing on slippery rocks, "while fiery billows roll beneath," and yet is apparently unconscious of their presence. He is basking in the brightness of supposed noon, while the black darkness of unending night is fast approaching. Angels weep, but their tears melt not the hardened heart. The Saviour holds out a glittering crown, but to darkened eyes. The sinner presses on, filling up the cup of his iniquity, until the mutterings of fierce wrath grow more and more audible, and the sky becomes a dense cloud, while the lightning's lurid glare darts an occasional ray athwart the impenetrable gloom. A dismal wail comes up from the reeking shores of despair, and the jubilant shouts of demons rend the loathsome air, as one by one the inhabitants of earth take up

their abode in eternal torments.

Such is the offender's peril. But we read that "If a man sin, he has an advocate with the Father." Jesus Christ, the Righteous, has become mediator. Through him we have hope of a glorious hereafter. As he returned to the brightness which he had for the time abandoned, he left the portals of the skies ajar, and glimpses of the more exceeding glory are caught by the eye of faith. The despairing heart looks away to Calvary, and that is the mirror, which reflects upon us the light beaming from the upper sanctuary. Though now we see through a glass darkly, yet soon shall we behold the King in his beauty. But, O, unrepentant man, do thou remember, "there is a death, whose pang outlasts the fleeting breath." "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it."

Lima, N. Y., 1863

"CAN I BE HOLY?"

The tract with the above title, is as useful, we believe, in this country as in England, where it was first published. In the meeting the other day, a young girl said her leader had put it in her hands, and it was the means used to bring her into full salvation, which she had enjoyed the past five months.

At the close of the meeting a young friend said to us, *that* was the tract, she had left in a book for another young friend, and it was a blessing to her, and that friend is now very useful in this work.

Then a minister said this tract had been sent to a sister confined to her bed with a painful disease, and reading it led her joyously into the fullness of Christ, in which she happily abides.

M. A.

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIV- INGTON STREET.

It is not only a sign, but a fact of the times, that there is a general hungering and thirsting in Zion, for the way of holiness. Dissatisfaction with past experience, of sinning and repenting, is prevalent. Ministers and people, alike, are desiring to have a constant abiding in Christ—to enjoy their privileges, as well as their duties. Every week new witnesses arise and confess their late adoption into this state of grace. And what is of much interest, so many young converts of tender years, who are surrounded with the slack examples of older Christians, and the allurements of the world, break all barriers, and give themselves wholly to the Lord.

“For this thou hast design’d,
And form’d us man for this:
To know, and love thyself, and find
In thee our endless bliss.

A few weeks ago, Dr. Freshman, the once Jewish Rabbi, from Canada, related his striking experience from Judaism to Christianity. All his awakening queries hinged upon one point. He inquired of a Jewish Rabbi from Jerusalem, if the Jews there had any traditions that applied to the Christians’ God—he being so important a personage in the history of the world for the last eighteen hundred years, that he must have been prophesied of by their prophets. The foreign Rabbi could not tell, and did not know if there was any such tradition or prophecy. Then, as he received no answer from that Rabbi on his return to the Holy land, he turned his mind to the prophecies of his own prophets, and believed that Christ is his own Messiah, there spoken of. He had endured

much for Jesus’ sake, and is now very successful in his labors in the Christian ministry.

The most prominent experiences related yesterday were those of a soldier and sailor, proving that in those hazardous circumstances, for life, and morals; purity of heart might be preserved, and the presence of the Lord enjoyed. The soldier had been a great sinner, profane, occasionally intemperate, very passionate and pugilistic, so that when he was under conviction, persons speaking to others seeking their salvation, were afraid to approach him, as he sat in the back part of the church—at length one ventured, and he went to the altar for prayer and a day or two after found mercy. Thus his mother’s prayers were answered. After a time, in this new life, he found inward evils gave him trouble, and knowing there was a way of deliverance, having heard of the doctrine of holiness, he also sought this blessing, *salvation from sin*; and for a few years he has been enabled to live in this state. He has been eighteen months in the army, and is now on his return after a furlough. He related many answers to prayer, and is truly triumphant in the grace of God. The sailor was just as clear in his relation of purity and pardon, and found Christ with him in the storm as well as did the disciples on the sea of Galilee. We have often wondered at the clearness of sailors in the enjoyment of an abiding Christ—so scriptural and experimental.

The rooms were so thronged this week that two had to stand in the door and vent the fullness of their souls. Pastor Hedstrom was one—his beaming countenance and burning words thrilled all hearts. Another, at the close, desired to relate his difficulties—

and when finished, Mrs L—— said she thought she would give an experience she was acquainted with—had told it before, and it had proved a blessing to a soul, and it might do so again. She said, “I feel drawn to tell the experience of a poor sinner who drew a long sigh and exclaimed, ‘I wish I was dead—I have no peace—no money—no friends—and I am sick—I wish I was dead.’” I calmly asked, ‘James, do you believe the Bible?’ His reply was, ‘Certainly I do.’ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘you need not expect peace until you give your heart to God, and become a Christian; you are wicked, and there is no peace to the wicked.’ James replied, ‘There is no use in talking to me about religion, I am the most vacillating creature that ever lived—I would not keep a resolution hardly an hour if I should make it.’ I asked him if he thought it possible that God would strengthen his mind to keep a covenant to serve him? ‘I would not dare to say He would not,’ was his reply. ‘And do you think God is willing?’ was my next inquiry. ‘I would not like to say He was not,’ said James. ‘Well, then, here it stands, God is able, and God is willing, to put his spirit within you to enable you to serve him, and do you want him to do it—do you want to serve God?’ ‘There is nothing in the world I would like better, if I only thought I could.’ I proposed that he should make the covenant, and we would kneel and ask for the Holy Spirit to enable him to keep it. James rose from his seat, thinking I was about to pray with him; while he stood in suspense, I said, ‘I cannot ask the Lord to strengthen you to keep a covenant that you have not made. *Make the covenant*, and we will kneel and ask God

to strengthen you to keep it.’ Still he stood hesitating. I said, ‘James, will you do it?’ With great emphasis, throwing himself on the floor, he said, ‘I will.’ I prayed vocally—James groaned. After spending some time in prayer, I said, ‘James, you must pray for yourself.’ He began most distinctly to use words, saying, ‘I do give myself to thee, wilt thou receive such a sinner—is there forgiveness with thee?’ In a few minutes he began to say, ‘There is forgiveness with thee—thou wilt receive me—glory be to thy name, there is forgiveness with thee, glory! glory! glory!’ was all that the redeemed one could utter. James willed, and the Holy Spirit strengthened him. God has given us power to will, we exert that will in worldly matters, and God expects us to use it for his cause.”

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELER.—A black cloud makes the traveler mend his pace and mind his home; whereas, a fair day and a pleasant path waste his time and steal away his affections in the prospects of the country. However others may think of it, I take it as a mercy that now and then some clouds intercept my sun, and that many times some troubles eclipse my comforts; for I perceive that if I should find too much attention in my inn, too much friendship from the world in my pilgrimage through it, I should soon forget my Father's house, my spiritual kindred, and my lasting heritage. Traveling in the land of pits, I beseech thee, O Lord my God! to show me the way everlasting; and to lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies. Teach me, Jesus Christ, the true and living way to thee, my Father and my God.

LET ME DREAM OF HEAVEN.

BY C. W.

At a prayer meeting, a skeptic whispered to a Christian friend who appeared very happy, "Take care, it is all delusion." "Thank God," rejoined the other aloud, "thank God for the delusion!"

I thank Thee, O God, for the beautiful dream,
Though thy Word were a fable, as infidels
deem;

Though the hopes that I cherish, the Saviour
I love,

And the weight of bright glory I look for
above,

As false as the mirage of deserts should prove.

Yes, Heaven, I thank thee for visions so blest,
Visions of happiness, glory and rest;

For the dream that when life and its conflicts
are o'er,

And sorrow and pain shall afflict me no more,
My bark shall be moored on a heavenly shore.

Oh precious illusion! O beautiful dream!

It gilds all my path with a heavenly sheen.

Ah! earth were a dark and desolate moor;

And yet, who could willingly quit the drear
shore,

Were it not for these dreamings of beauty
before?

They nerve me for conflict, for labor and
strife;

They aid me to bear with the sorrows of life;

For I dream, as the grief-cloud grows heavy
and dark,

Of a prize, that to me is a beacon and mark;

Of a prize I shall win when I've moored my
frail bark.

Through this blessed delusion, death's robb'd
of its sting,

And the victim, though riven with anguish,
can sing,

In loud hallelujahs while passing away,

Of joys he expects to inherit for aye;

Of the mansion he's dreamed of while dwell-
ing in clay.

Then welcome delusion! aye, let me dream on

Of the bliss I await at eternity's dawn;

Though the hopes that I cherish, the Saviour
I love,

And the weight of bright glory I look for
above,

As unreal as visions of slumber should prove.

But 'tis not a fable—the spirit says "No,"
And my soul gladly echoes, "It cannot be so."
These beautiful fancies, these visions so bright,
Shall but fade in the blaze of eternity's light,
When hope ends in bliss, and faith closes in
sight.

FAITH.

BY ESTHER A. C. BARBER.

"Likewise reckon ye yourselves to
be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto
God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

I fear that many seeking a higher
life have forgotten this admonition,
and have looked every where cut of
themselves for the cause of their fail-
ure. They are conscious they have
consecrated their all unreservedly to
God; and are puzzling themselves to
know why he does not accept the sac-
rifice and give them the witness beyond
a doubt, that the work is accomplished.
Many are asking how to enter in o the
"Holy of Holies." They long have
stood on Pisgah's top, "and viewed
the landscape o'er;" but they know
not how to cross over into the land of
Beulah. To such I would say, if your
consecration is complete, if you have
given God your will, you have given
him all that your will controls. And
now I ask what more can you do?
Think a moment. Has God asked for
anything more. Does he require you
to give more than you have? Has he
any where said, he would not accept
your little all? If not, then what rea-
son have you not to "reckon yourself
dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto
God." If you have tarried at Jerusa-
lem till you are ready to receive the
promise of the Father, why not reckon
yourself dead unto sin, and enter into
rest? God has invited you to come
and partake of the waters of life freely.
He has told you that he sent his Son
to save you from your sins and to

cleanse you from all unrighteousness. He says he is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to those that ask him, "than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children." He tells you to "ask that you may receive, that your joy might be full," and hark! I hear him say, "This is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask any thing according to his will he heareth us. And if we know that he heareth us, whatsoever we ask we know we have the petition we desired of him." (John v. 14.) What more can God do for you? What more can you do for your selves? You have met the requirements, and God has said, "Whatsoever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive and ye shall have it." You say, "How can I believe I receive, before I feel that I do receive? Right here is your difficulty. God says, "Believe that you receive;" and you say, "I must receive before I can believe." Why argue thus with God? Throw away your own logic, and trust alone to the veracity of Jehovah. Look at the besieging of Jericho. After all the preliminaries were performed according to order, Joshua said unto the people, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city." Had the walls fallen? No. How, then, could they believe the city was theirs? The walls were the only barrier, and there they stood, a monument of defiance. To shout would have been a signal of victory. This was the hinge of their success:

"A faith that would not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That would not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe."

They took God at his word, believed, and they did receive. They sent up a shout, long and loud, of victory, and

unlocked the strength of Jehovah that shook the earth from its centre; and the walls were levelled to the ground. Abraham like, they believed, though Isaac was slain, that God was able to raise him from the dead, and fulfil his promise. Notice how precise they were to obey orders, never asking permission to accomplish the feat in one day, but patiently encompassing the city every day for seven days, and on the seventh doubling the time. Had they faltered here, all would have been lost; but by this time their faith had risen to a certainty. Only one thing more remained to be done; a shout was required to let the people know that they had the victory. Had this been withheld, for aught I know, the walls would have stood until this day. This act of faith finished up their part, and covered the whole promise of God; "Believe that ye receive and ye shall have it." Beloved, I beseech you to take God at his word, and when he says, "Believe, that ye may receive," catch the spirit of the poet, and sing:

"Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made."

Oh, obey him when he says, "Reckon yourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

THE minor and typical atonement; of the ceremonial law proved its temporary character, giving way when the great atonement appeared.

To the reproach of our fallen nature, prosperity commonly produces ungodliness; and adversity is the frequent means of exciting men to the consideration of religious subjects.—*Dr. T. Scott.*

VEILED AND UNVEILED.

BY C. W. Y.

E—— was a joyous being; full of fun and frolic; life was an embodiment of mirth and glee, and little did she heed the advice of elders if it prevented her from obeying the impulses of her nature. In the pride of maternal love, her sixteenth birth day must be honored by placing on her head a hat with a simple veil of white. It was the first veil she ever wore and she felt its annoyance, for it kept the breath of God's free air from her laughing face; and to raise it was a trouble. Gladly would she have laid it aside, but it was a mother's gift, and sacred. Years passed on, and veils of lengthened size came in course, but they were worn in her Grandma'ma's style, on the back of the hat. Matron though she was, she loved to look upon the green fields and the sun in all their brightness and beauty, and meet friends face to face with unobstructed vision. One day a darling daughter said, "Mother, this is the most appropriate veil for a widow's hat." She took the veil, a widow's veil! Oh God! thou knowest, thou alone, that sound—a widow's veil! She gazed upon it—'twas so long and dark, and texture so close, that her sad face could ne'er be seen beneath it. She cared not then for friendly face, or heaven's air, or nature's gay attire; veiled by sorrow was her heart, veiled also might be her face and form. Then she thought, ere my dear mother placed a veil o'er my young face, there was a veil of darker hue than this, over my spiritual vision. *Jesus, the lover of my soul*, would often say in whispers, gently, "Come, take the wedding garment and clothe thyself therewith, then the veiled mysteries which eye hath nev-

er seen nor ear hath heard shall be unveiled to thee." At length she yielded, and he placed the promised garment on her; it was complete, no spot, no blemish, no wrinkle nor any such thing,—it was a robe of righteousness. In its encircling folds are all his promises, in its fulness are joys unspeakable, in its length unmeasured glories dwell, its warp and woof cling close, as the things of earth would soil it; and when a conflict comes from powers seen and unseen, then the breeze of heaven fans it and it gently sweeps unhurt along the filth and rubbish of the world's surroundings. The veils of earth are not comparable with the veils of heaven. One hides the beauty of youth; the other makes it more apparent; one covers the light, making the darkness darker; the other opens veiled truth, and opening widely, shows light from the Enlightener. The veil of sin is rent, and in the glories of that unveiled light we enter in the Holy of Holies. Man is by nature veiled, but unveiled by grace. Thus she learned to praise the Lord for all things; that in early life he drew aside the veil of sin, and then in after life, when health and strength declined, the glories of an unveiled gospel met her view, and beauties which no natural eye may see; palaces and towers such as David fled to by faith, disclosed to her; and like a weaned child, she passive dwells in palace, towers, in cavern, dell or nook with him who is the veiled in glory, yet unveiled by Spirit—Christ, the anointed, the Alpha and Omega, God with us. The glories of the mysteries of grace are each day unfolding, and the consolations of the gospel granted, as waves and billows pass over her. Surely in the Lord is righteousness and strength.

THE WAY TO A FULL SALVATION.

TO U. E. T.

BY RICHARD YOUMANS.

I have learned by experience that it is easy to teach those that are willing or wishing to be taught; the great difficulty is to bring people to think—to attend—to inquire the way to Zion—to give the subject that attention it demands. But I trust you are sincerely, and with all your heart, inquiring what is the will of God concerning you. His will is your sanctification. 1 Thess. iv. 3. This appears to be the end of all he is doing for us, and all the means he is using are to effect this object. See Eph. iii. 17—20. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil." 1 John iii. 8. The Divine object is to reinstate us into the image of God in which we were created. This then was the object of Christ's mission into the world, "to save his people from their sins," and he will "save to the uttermost all that come to him." But before he will save us we must utterly despair of saving ourselves, and give up dictating how we shall be saved. With Mary, we must sit at the Master's feet, and "learn of him who is meek and lowly in heart, and we shall find rest to our souls." Let him have your heart and he will make it new. Ps. li. 10. And as you have trusted in the Lord and found him faithful to forgive your sins, and shed abroad his love in your heart, can you not trust him to perfect the work begun, that you may be "perfect and complete in all the will of God?" And though you may not be able to comprehend or perceive how the work is done, can you not leave that to the Lord?

"The thing surpasses all my thought,
Yet faithful is the Lord."

Wait at his feet and he that shall come, will come, when he brings you just where he wishes you to be, as he did the Syrophenician woman. See Matt. xv. 22—29. And you should not calculate on this or that difficulty or cross in the way. Remember his grace is sufficient for you at all times. He will not require more than he will enable you to perform; and when the heart is filled with love, when we love God with all the heart, it will be "more than our meat and drink to do his will." You believe the Lord can save you now—this moment. He can save you the next. Give up yourself with all you have to his guidance. Ask and expect him to direct you in every particular of your duty. Be not concerned about the future, the present is what you have to see to; to look unto Him and be saved. Isa. xlv. 22. The rule he has laid down is "According to thy faith be it unto thee." "All things are possible to him that believeth."

"Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries,—it shall be done,"

because He cannot fail to fulfil his promise. You need not harbor the least doubt or fear, for he knows perfectly well what you need, and is perfectly able and ready to do all you want. The hindrance—

"It cannot in my Saviour be,
Witness that streaming blood."

Ask the Lord to teach you—"He giveth the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." and whatever you ask *expect to receive*. See Heb. xi. 6. I fear you have not confidence enough in the Lord. Remember the more confidence

you have in the Lord, the more you honor him.

"Who saved you last will save you still,
Be calm and sink into his will."

"Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care,
A med'cine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there."

"Wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."

"Oh, believe the record true,
God to you His Son hath given,
You may now be happy, too,
Find on earth the life of Heaven;
All the life of Heaven above,
All the life of perfect love."

He perfectly knows what to do, and how to do it, and when; you have only to ask him in full assurance of faith and wait for him to do it in his own way and time. He waits to do just what you want done. Oh, believe it. "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." May you "ask and receive that your joy may be full."

Pictou, 1863.

WHAT HE LIVED FOR.

In an article on Lyman Beecher, in the New York *Evangelist*, Rev. Thornton A. Mills, D. D., says:

He always lived true to the great purpose of his Christian ministry, the conversion of souls, and the direct building up of the kingdom of Christ. He was strong, he was popular, he was flattered, but he would not be seduced from his great end. He turned not aside to gain the honors of authorship, to court fame, or seek easy or splendid situations. His ruling purpose never left him. Since his mental faculties have been clouded, a minister, to try his condition, said to him in presence of several friends, "Dr. Beecher, you know a great deal; tell us what is the greatest of all things?"

For an instant the cloud was rent, and the gleam of light shot forth in the reply, "It is not theology, it is not controversy, but it is to save souls;" and then the deep shadow came over him again.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Not here! not here! not where the sparkling waters

Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters—
I shall be satisfied—but O! not here.

Not here! where every dream of bliss deceives us,

Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us

Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourner may not know,

Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,

And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,

And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,

Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! satisfied! the spirit's yearning

For sweet companionship with kindred minds—

The silent love that here meets no returning—

The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? the soul's vague longings—

The aching void which nothing earthly fills!

O! what desires upon my soul are thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—

Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide!

Guide me toward home, where, all my wanderings ending,

I then shall see thee, and "be satisfied."

THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

BY E. E. ROGERS.

Very few, if any Christians, can be found, who will deny the possibility of genuine conversion in childhood. But while the fact is accepted in theory, it is often denied in practice. In revival efforts how very often the children are overlooked and forgotten. And how often do the labors of Sabbath School teachers, and the efforts of parents to do their children good, point rather to the future conversion of the child, than to present repentance and faith in Christ. How great the mistake we have made. We have permitted the dear "lambs of the flock" to remain without the loving shepherd's fold, when faith and prayerful effort would have gathered them in.

We would not limit the grace of God in regard to the early conversion of the child. As soon as the difference between right and wrong is perceived, and conscience makes its power felt upon the soul, there is a subject for the Holy Spirits renewing influences. Why is it harder for a child to feel sorrow for a sin committed against God, than for an offence committed against a parent? The little offender should be made to feel in every instance, that an offence against the latter is a sin against God. Faith is as easily understood by a child as by an adult—nay, we affirm that faith is more natural to the child than to the man of years; for doubt and skepticism often grow with the man's growth. The "child's faith" is the highest kind of faith. How often do ministers of the Gospel refer to the simple confidence of childhood, as an illustration of Scripture faith.

It is eminently desirable that children should very early become subjects of the renewing grace of God. The youthful disciple, if faithful during his maturing years, has not to struggle all his life against old and sinful habits formed in youth. Thus temptation loses its power, and a holy life is much more easily pursued.

The prospects are, that he who learns to "bear the yoke in his youth" will be the most useful disciple. Usefulness in the Christian life, depends very largely upon training and cultivation. A man who has been taught of the Spirit from childhood, who has cultivated his graces, who has formed habits of prayer, and who *knows how to* work for Jesus from long continued practice, will in all probability be a far more useful laborer in the Church, than he who commences the work late in life.

If for no other reason, early conversion is desirable for the safety of the child. O, my brother, my sister, when God takes your pet, your darling away, you want to feel that it is *safe*—that every sin is washed away, and the little one has only gone before you to a happier land.

"O! if he were only prepared," said a mother, whose son had just enlisted to defend the cause of the Union. "O! if I only knew he was safe," said the same mother, not a week since, as the sad tidings of his death first fell on her ears.

To parents, Sunday School teachers, and all who have anything to do with the training of children, let me say: aim at *immediate results*. Labor and pray for the *immediate* conversion of the dear ones under your care. Imitate that Christian mother, whose children were all converted before they

were eight years old. On being asked the secret, she said if she found that age approaching, and any of her children were unsaved, she "agonized" before God in prayer for their salvation.

O, let us do all we can to secure the ingathering of the dear lambs of the flock. With earnest labor, importunate prayer, and a faith that grasps the promises, our efforts shall be crowned with abundant success.

TRUTH.—Be true, if you will be beloved. Let a man but speak with genuine earnestness the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart, and other men, so strangely are all knit together by the tie of sympathy—must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker, or below him; but in either case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us; for in spite of all carnal varieties in outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

"PILLARS OF MARBLE."—I have a very dear boy in my parish, writes the Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne, who is dying just now. He said to me the other day, "I have just been feeding for some days on the words you gave me—'His legs are pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold;' for I am sure he will be able to carry me and all my sins."

He is mighty to bear up every believer that is hung upon him, Isa. 22. 23, 24, also Ps. 75. 3.

"Though once he bowed his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies;
Now on the throne of his command,
His legs like marble pillars stand."

HOLINESS.

BY ALVAN ROSE.

A word of momentous import! A term expressive of fitness for heaven. Must I be holy? Must there occur such a change in my moral being as to justify the application of the term *holiness* to my state while yet on earth? We are too apt to contemplate holiness at a distance, and consider it as only belonging to the "ancient worthies;" or here and there an isolated character now, who has peculiar graces and endowments highly and especially favored of God.

But I, too, must be holy. There is perhaps, no greater obligation on any one to be holy than on me, and none greater on me than on you, my brother and my sister.

"Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Heb. xii: 14. "Ye shall therefore be holy; for I am holy," saith God. Lev. xi: 45. "Sanctify yourselves therefore, and be holy: for I am the Lord your God." Lev. xx: 7. Now the obligation to holiness is established by these passages alone, even if the Bible were not full of similar ones. And yet how difficult it is to get Christians to acknowledge it. To them, many of them at least, this heaven-qualifying attainment is too difficult to grasp, too high to reach from earth. They must wait until God shall visit them with some overwhelming display of His sanctifying power. Or many are looking forward to death as the great agent that shall kill sin in them, and then they shall be holy. Or perhaps some view holiness in man the same as the absolute moral purity that pertains to God, and sinless angels. In respect to the possibility of attaining holiness, or sinlessness, it is not likely

that one who disbelieves will attempt the attainment. Men will not undertake what they deem impossible of accomplishment. But the requirement from God, implies its attainableness. He does not lay unreasonable and impossible obligations upon His creatures. *Sanctification is possible.* There is no excuse for waiting for a more convenient season. Now is God's time. It is, perhaps, easier to-day than it will be to-morrow, to consecrate all to God. All that we have, all that we are, and all that we ever expect to have and be, must be laid on the altar. Then exercising immediate consecrating faith, holiness begins. Abstaining from every act that is displeasing to God, and complying with all his requirements, however contrary to natural desire, or popular practice, we may perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord.

To depend upon death to sanctify the whole being, is to depreciate and deny the office of the Holy Spirit. True, death ends the strugglings of sinful flesh, but it has no refining, purifying power; else the sinner might rely upon it to translate him from a state of sin to a condition of moral purity. Let us acknowledge the obligation to holiness of heart and life; let us believe it attainable in health, and at any time, and then we will take higher ground as a church, as well as individuals. Then will we let our light so shine that sinners will believe us when we say, "I love Jesus." O, for a perfect love. O, for religion that purifies the heart, and shines out in the life.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.—*Telescope.*

IF we would have anything good or useful, we must *earn* it.

SACRIFICE.

"Largely thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely thy gifts should be restored;
Freely thou givest, and thy word
Is, 'Freely give.'

He only who forgets to hoard
Has learned to live."—KEBLE.

Every system of religion, whatever may be its merits or its claims to inspiration, comes to its votaries with demands upon their persons and their property. No religion can retain a hold upon the minds of men without its visible appendages, its outward and external show. The Christian religion though simple in its forms, and unostentatious in its tangible connections, is no exception to this general rule. This material part of religion, if such an expression may be allowed, is always the measure of the sacrifice and consecration of earthly possessions on the part of the Church. There is no system proposing to meet the religious instincts and wants of man's nature but comes with demands on his material wealth; yet we may safely assert that none offer benefits so extensive and full on terms at once so equitable and easy. For while Christianity assumes to control our being and command our purse, it assures to us, as an offset, the best interests of life, the highest enjoyments of earth, and the fullest rewards of the skies.

It is true that the religion of Christ does lay claim to all that we are, and to all that we possess, yet are there moral equivalents for all the demands that it calls us to meet. It claims our "bodies as a living sacrifice," but secures to them "raiment and food." It utters forth the word of command "Son give me thine heart," yet vouchsafes to the giver a new heart, sprinkled and clean. It demands our talents,

but only to add to the original gift. So true in all things is the Christian religion to the best interests of those who embrace it.

“ ‘God loves a cheerful giver,’ and, like love,
The more we give, the more we will receive.
Our mites at interest in the land above,
We only lend what charities we give.”

Central Advocate.

WHAT SHALL BE MY ANGEL NAME?

BY L. L.

When Life's golden bowl is broken,
And my earthly race is run;
When I've passed the pearly portals,
Where they need no light of sun;
And am welcomed by the angels,
To a home among the blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest;
When I meet earth's loved and lost ones,
Where death ne'er again can come;
Where farewells are never spoken,
In the New Jerusalem;
Where in peace and joy forever,
Love will burn,—a holy flame;—
Oh, I've often thought and wondered,
What will be my angel name.
My earthly name I would not bear,
Witnessing my hours of shame;
But when I reach the shining shore,
What shall be my angel name?
Soon I shall know what I have wished,
My new name will reach my ear,—
The Master's voice break on my soul,
Dissipating all my fear.
Soon, soon, I'll reach my heavenly home,
And with saints their glory share,
And find upon the book of Life,
My angel name is written there.

LOSS AND GAIN.—That is loss which hinders the soul's profiting, or subtracts from the spiritual good already attained; that is gain, however grievous it may be for the time, which contributes to the soul's health, and so enhances the capacity for the highest, and even extends our participation in the Divine, nature.

THE GUIDE AN AID.

BY B. S.

Precious work! Where is its equal, with the exception of our Bible? I have been a reader of the *Guide to Holiness* for three years past, and never have I found in any other periodical, (or book of the kind) such soul food, such Christian advice, and I may add such an adaptation to my spiritual wants, as in this faithful messenger. I welcome it as a dear friend. Since my conversion, which was sixteen years ago, I have felt a “hungering and thirsting after righteousness.” At times I have felt the promise verified, and have had much of the love of God shed abroad in my heart, but am not yet *satisfied*.

I believe there is a *fulness* in Christ; and I believe also, that it is the Christian's privilege to enjoy this fulness. I praise him that the *Guide* was ever put into my hands. In reading it, I have been daily blessed; my spiritual strength has been renewed, my faith has been increased, and I have been able to say in sincerity, “Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief.”

It may well be titled “*The Guide to Holiness*” and indeed happiness, too—for holiness leads to happiness. The reader is well paid for a perusal of its pages *many* times. Most heartily can I bid it God speed; may its circulation continually increase and the benefit to its readers, prove as great as it has been to the writer of these few lines.

WHAT cares the child, when the mother rocks it, though storms beat without? So we, if God doth shield and tend us, shall be heedless of the tempests and blasts of life, blow they n eve so rudely.

The Guide to Holiness.

JUNE, 1863.

GRACE DESTROYS THE DOMINION OF SIN.

"For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." Rom. 6. 14.

There are three moral conditions, determined by their relation to the law of God, in which all the individuals of any Christian community may be classified.

I. There are those said to be "without law;" that is, they are lawless. They have grieved the Holy Spirit, and hardened their hearts until they have become insensible to the claims of God's law. They live quiet, careless, undisturbed, as if it were never enjoined, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and as if it were not written, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." They are past feeling—a state of serious peril from which there is no recovery, unless the long-suffering Spirit of God once more returns and touches the palsied soul with its divine power. How large a portion of our communities are in this condition!—moving on to eternity, light and joyous, under the sound of sanctuary bells, and the invitations of the Gospel, as utterly uninterested in them, as if Christ never died for sinners, and life and probation were not liable to be abruptly closed at any moment, or eternity in no measure affected by our character and labors here.

II. The second class is said to be "under the law." This class is alive to the claims of God upon his creatures. The individuals composing it are convicted of their failure to meet them. The law is right; it ought to be obeyed; it rests upon them as a solemn and fearful burden. The law discloses the depth, the strength, and the wickedness of the sin of the heart. It renders the convicted subject helpless. He sees the course to be pursued but cannot attain it; and from the depths of his stricken soul cries out, "O! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death." He, in a degree, hates sin, abhors himself, is depressed with a sense of helpless weakness,—he is *under* the law.

Perhaps we might say, without exaggerating the truth, that the majority of professed Christians are still *under the law*. Sin has a reigning power over them. They are under the strivings of the Spirit; conscience is awakened; they see the path of duty; they are overwhelmed at their remissness; they try to meet the requisitions of their profession, "from principle;" but they move about like persons carrying a weight. They know not what is meant by "rejoicing with joy unutterable and full of glory." They never stand upon that elevation of the Apostle, and from a positive, personal triumph over the world, the flesh, and the devil, shout, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the *victory* through our Lord Jesus Christ." They have no freedom in loving God; they feel not the constraining love of Christ in all religious services; they bear indeed the *yoke and burden* of Christ; but they have not *learned* of him, and cannot truthfully say, "His yoke is easy and his burden is light."

III. The third class is represented as being "under grace." By this, it is not meant that the true disciple of Jesus is relieved from the claims of God's law; "God forbid!" The law—"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself"—can never be abrogated. It is the law of angels and men forever. But the believing disciple is under a gracious discipline which does for him "what the law could not do," nor enable him to do, "being weak." The law cannot forgive, but Jesus can. "Go in peace," he says to the one that trusts fully in him—"thy sins be forgiven thee." The law cannot aid the subject to keep its precepts; but Jesus can. He cleanses the heart—"the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." He renews and strengthens the soul so that it is enabled to love God supremely, and to meet the requirements of the law of love towards his fellows. The controversy between desire and duty—between human inclination and the Divine will—is brought to a blessed termination, and the unburdened heart gently whispers—"Therefore now there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." When the soul burdened by the condemning weight of the law and its own impotence, does fully rest upon Christ as its Saviour from sin, its sanctifier, and its present strength, the power of

Satan is broken, this helplessness to obey God is dissolved, and the redeemed soul, disenthralled by the Son, is "free indeed." The law is now loved, and is the rule of life. Christ is the indwelling Prince of the heart, and the inspirer of the affections, just as the adversary has been heretofore. His kingdom is now set up, and he reigns without a rival.

If sin has dominion over us, then we are evidently not "under grace." If our religious duties are not like *mamma* to the soul; if prayer, and the fellowship of saints are attended with no delightful emotions; if duty is a burden, and we are constantly in shame and grief over our remissness, we are still "under the law" and not "under grace."

We do not come "under grace" by struggling to conquer ourselves; to overcome our easily besetting sins; by praying for it, and waiting for it to come to us; but by coming at once to "Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant." Just as I am, just where I am, just as I can, I rest my whole tormented and wounded spirit upon his promise. I now believe, according to his word, that he forgives and cleanses and takes up his abode in my heart. And on this divine assurance I trust myself. I cannot be deceived. To whom shall I go, if not to him? And "if any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine."

This glorious freedom in duty is what the Church now needs. What an impression it would make upon the world! What a power would it give Christians in their efforts for the salvation of others! "Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, forever."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following from the author of "*The Hunting-dons, or Glimpses of Inner Life*," just published by us will be read with interest by our numerous readers. It is dated from Beaufort, S. C.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:—I have just laid aside a number of those *Guides* you were so kind as to give me just before my departure. I can hardly express to you what a comfort and means of instruction they have been to me from time to time. As I reflected upon this, I thought, "Have you nothing to give to its pages in return for all this?" Then came the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and so I have felt constrained to take my pen, and to recount somewhat to you of the Lord's dealings with me, since I came to this place. You remember, perhaps, the peculiar shrinking I felt about coming here, al-

though fully assured that God had called me to this field of labor; also, how ardently I desired the prayers of God's people. There was a reason for all this. The world says "coming events cast their shadows before." I feel that the precious Spirit, by these shrinkings and longings for divine strength, thus forewarned me of that which was to come.

I find myself situated in the heart of war excitement and a certain kind of dissipation. This war, even at home where its events can only be imagined, affects with great power the Christian life, how much more then, here, where these events are experienced, and something is constantly occurring to alarm one's fears or to stimulate hope. Were I to describe our life in one word, it would be "expectation," constant nervous expectation. Then such a variety of people brought together, brings also a great variety of interests and incidents, and all this tends to a dissipation of mind, which is subtly pernicious to the life of Christ in the soul.

I have felt all this keenly, and more so, because constant company and engrossing cares have hindered my getting as many "still hours" as I have desired. I have learned too, what Cecil means when he says, "Recollection is the life of religion. I know not how it is that some Christians can make so little of recollection and retirement. I find the spirit of the world a strong, assimilating principle. Acting from the occasion, without recollection and inquiry, is the death of personal religion. It will not suffice merely to retire to the study or the closet. The mind is sometimes, in private, most ardently pursuing its particular object; and as it then acts from the occasion nothing is farther from it than recollectedness. I have, for weeks together in pursuit of some scheme, acted so entirely from the occasion, that when I have at length called myself to account, I have seemed like one awaked from a dream. The fascination and enchantment of the occasion vanish. I stand like David before Nathan. Such cases are in truth, a moral intoxication? and the man is only then sober when he begins to school his heart."

Yes, the schooling of my heart in the midst of all this, has been very trying but very beneficial withal; so much so that no songs can sing the praises my heart gives to my Father for thus sending me into the battle field to be tried as by fire. Here do I meet one of the

most powerful temptations I could be exposed to, and here have I discovered as never before, my own weakness, infirmities and mistakes. Oh! how much pruning I still need. Thanks be to God, the pruning knife is in the hands of One who will apply it just as it is needed and just when I can bear it.

I am more and more impressed with the great "pruning work" that is now going on amongst us, both as a nation and as a people. Individuals are now being made strong through suffering and trial, and being prepared for a work God has in store for them. There can be no uncertain characters now-a-days, either for right or against it. If against it, such persons will in time certainly fall and yield their places to better ones. We have all along been watching this here, and now in Gen. Hunter, Admiral Dupont and Gen. Saxton we have noble men of Christian worth, who love their country and humanity also, and who will not forget that in striking blows to crush this rebellion, they must also crush with it, slavery.

I am glad that God has been pleased to call me to do a little in this direction. I do not forget that I am moulding young lives for future action. I have brave souls, I know, amongst the hundred which I teach day by day.

You have probably heard how pleased I am with my labors, and how encouraging everything seems in connection with the education of this people. Just that baptism of Christ's love for them I so earnestly desired I have received, and therefore I labor with much hope and zeal, and I may say—as it is wholly the gift of God—with success also.

The simple faith of these people in God is very wonderful. You have only to mention Jesus and you gain access to their hearts immediately. One thing concerning their religion I have especially noted, that is—the great enjoyment they derive from it. As a young friend remarked to me the other day, "it seems to us the only real enjoyment they had in slavery." It was certainly the only one they could hope to keep.

They have a kind of "praise meeting" occasionally, which I hear is very interesting. I have not been able to attend one as yet. How singular that they with so little *seemingly* for which to render praises, should have such a meeting, while we who are loaded with

blessings, never think of having one entirely for such a purpose. As of old, Christ delights to mingle with the poor and outcast.

Ever yours in Christ, M. L. H.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Some have thought that in our dawning, in our being's freshest glow,

God is nearer little children than their parents ever know,

And that if you listen sharply, better things than you can teach,

And a sort of mystic wisdom trickle through their careless speech.

How it is I cannot answer; but I knew a little child

Who, among the thyme and clover, and the bees, was running wild—

And he came one summer evening, with his ringlets o'er his eyes,

And his hat was torn to pieces, chasing bees and butterflies.

Now I'll go to bed, dear mother, for I'm very tired of play!

And he said his "Now I lay me," in a kind of gentle way;

And he drank the cooling water from his little china cup,

And said, gaily, "When it's morning will the angels take me up?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid! and his breathing comes and goes

Like a zephyr moving softly, and his cheek is like a rose;

But his mother leaned to listen if his breathing could be heard—

"O!" she murmured, "if the angels took my darling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle hath the sleepers both beguiled,

And within its soft embracings rest the mother and the child;

Up she started from her dreaming, for a sound hath struck her ear—

And it comes from little Willie, lying on his trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her troubled ear again,

And his breath, in louder fetches, travels from his lungs in pain,

And his eyes are fixing upward on some face beyond the room,

And the blackness of the spoiler, from his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me" will be said from mother's knee,

Never more among the clover will he chase the humble-bee,

Through the night she watched her darling, now despairing, now in hope,

And about the break of morning did the angels take him up.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

11

Moderato.

A. HULL.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear,
 2. What tho' the tempest rage Heav'n is my home; Short is my pilgrimage,

Heav'n is my home. Dan-ger and sor-row stand, Round me on
 Heav'n is my home. Time's cold and win-try blast, soon will be

Rit.
 eve-ry hand; Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
 o-ver past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

1.

I'm but a stranger here,
 Heav'n is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heav'n is my home.
 Danger and sorrow stand,
 Round me on every hand;
 Heav'n is my father-land,
 Heav'n is my home.

2.

What tho' the tempest rage,
 Heav'n is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,

Heav'n is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast,
 Soon will be over past;
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heav'n is my home.

3.

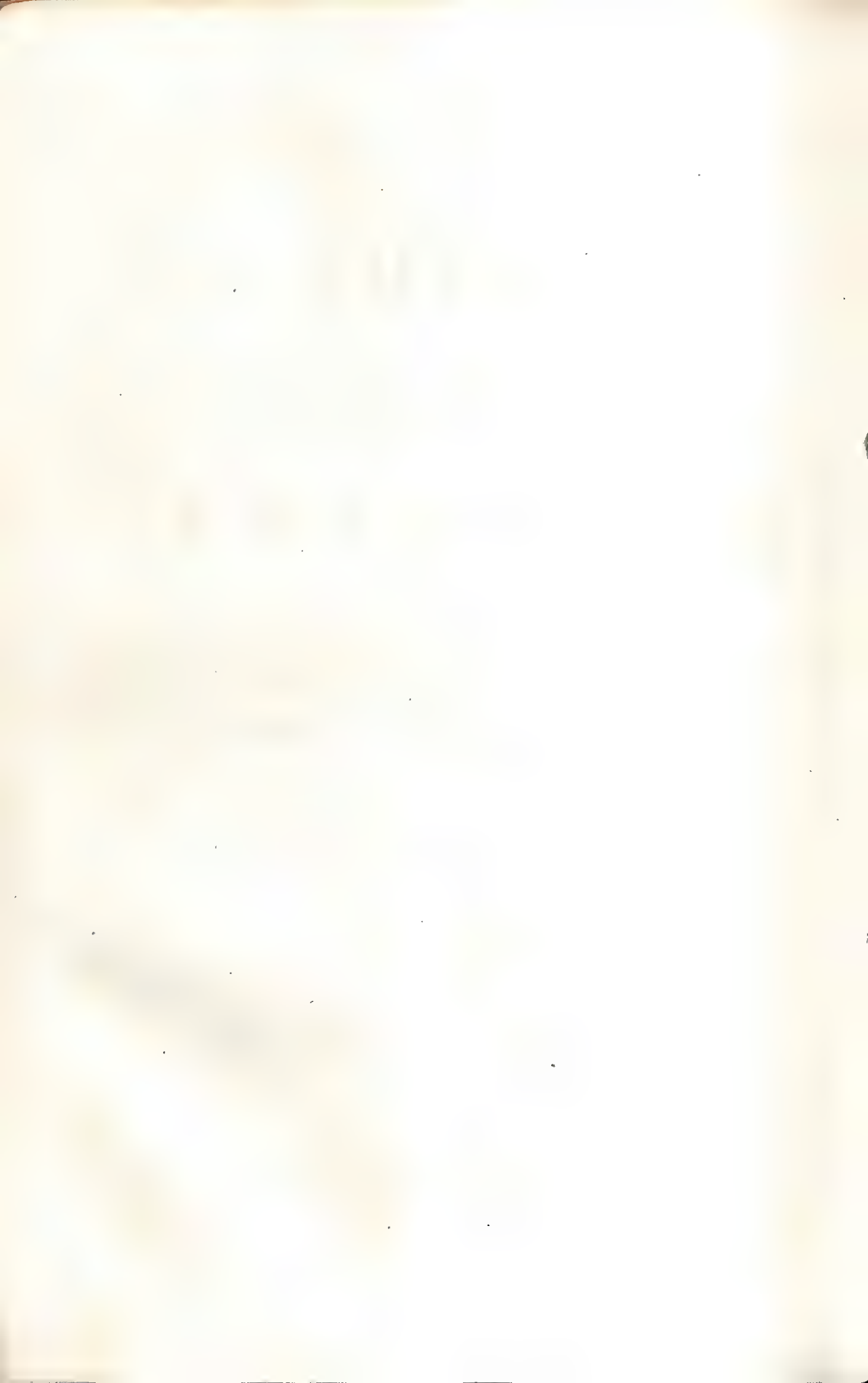
There at my Saviour's side,
 Heav' is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heav'n is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I lov'd most and best,
 There too I soon shall rest,
 Heav'n is my home.

THE
GUIDE
TO
HOLINESS.

EDITORS:
REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM.

VOLUME XLIV.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY HENRY V. DEGEN.
NO. 21 CORNHILL.
1863.



INDEX TO VOLUME XLIV.

FROM JULY, 1863, TO JANUARY, 1864.

Asking Father.....	12	Every House has its Cross.....	74
A Glance at Heaven.....	41	Experience. (L. B.).....	89
A Thought of Martin Luther.....	44	Experience. (Rev. D. D. Spear.).....	105
A Balm for the Broken Heart.....	44	EDITORIAL.	
Actions and Resolutions.....	52	How is a consecrated state of heart to be preserved?.....	29
A Hint to Preachers.....	58	Book Notices.....	31, 159
A Godly Life.....	72	Testimony.....	61
All Things working for good.....	80	Clippings from Business Letters.....	62
A Young Christian Soldier.....	106	Revivals without Holiness.....	62
A Solemn Thought.....	113	Influence of Grace upon the Judgment.....	92
A Prime Element of Success.....	114	Perfect through Suffering.....	93
Assurance.....	141	A Contrast.....	94
Aspirations.....	154	A Widow's Mite.....	94, 185
All-Sufficient Grace.....	176	The Camp Meetings.....	124
An Incident.....	180	A Liberal and Valuable Offer.....	125
Be Courteous.....	12	Charles Furlong Degen.....	154
Be ye holy.....	13	Rev. C. W. Sears.....	155
Being dead she yet speaketh.....	60	Holiness and Selfishness.....	156
Be Religious in every Calling.....	138	Editorial Correspondence.....	157
Be not silent to me, O God. (E. L. E.).....	139	To our Correspondents.....	185
Bishop Hamlin.....	148	The Close of the Year and Volume.....	185
Conversion of a Young Man.....	23	Itching Ears.....	186
Commit thy ways unto the Lord.....	40	Dr. and Mrs. Palmer.....	14
Christ washing the Disciples' Feet.....	40	Forbearance.....	14
Christ's Suffering Heroes.....	136	Faith.....	100
Christ.....	153	Full of Joy and Peace.....	120
Christ the Beloved. (E. L. E.).....	173	Faith and Self-Sacrifice.....	177
Christian Joy.....	176	Go to God for Everything. (H. W. Beecher.).....	14
CHILDREN'S CORNER.		God's Love and Man's Love.....	22
Reading with Thought.....	31	God directs the Storm. (J. G. Whittier.).....	79
Little Mary's Faith.....	62	Giving a Cup of Cold Water.....	119
The Soldier to his Children.....	63	God's work the same in all Ages. (M. A.).....	150
Where does Jesus Live?.....	63	Holiness Simplified. (Noah Stowell.).....	6, 42
The little ones in bed.....	63	Haste not, Rest not.....	16
A Youthful Sage.....	63	Heaven and Home.....	18
The Milk-White Dove.....	94	Hope.....	60
Beauty without Brains.....	95	Holiness a Moral Necessity. (Rev. F. Brown.).....	65
Letter to a Soldier.....	126	Heart Power.....	85
Our Darling Matty.....	126	Have you an Anchor?.....	87
To the Children who read the Guide. (E. L. E.).....	158	Holiness an Element of Religious Power.....	140
Little Anna.....	186	Holiness to the Lord. (D. F. Newton.).....	182
Contraband Children.....	186	How "Mother" did it.....	183
What a Little Girl can do.....	187	Impatience in Trouble.....	60
A Touching Incident.....	187	Is he a Christian?.....	61
Death of the Righteous.....	16	In the twinkling of an Eye.....	112
Don't love you now, Mother.....	27	I meant to be a Christian.....	152
Dr. and Mrs. Palmer at Birmingham.....	46	John Bunyan.....	19
Defective Religion.....	55	Joy in the Cross.....	69
Dr. and Mrs. Palmer.....	73	Knowledge of Christ's Love.....	41
Do you love Jesus?.....	117	Light in darkness.....	11
Death-Bed Repentance.....	122	Letter from Key West, Fla.....	15
Daily Duties.....	123	Letter from China. (S. L. Baldwin.).....	26, 113
Death of John Huss.....	152	Letter from Mrs. Palmer.....	39
Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's Labors. (Rev. G. Hughes).....	161	Life a Conflict.....	52
Do.....	171	Living by Faith.....	52
Dr. and Mrs. Palmer near Manchester.....	178	Love for the Cross. (Hannah Smith.).....	106
Experience. (C. A. S.).....	5	Letters from Mrs. True.....	114
Entire Sanctification. (Rev. S. A. Milroy.).....	17, 53		
Everlasting Memorial.....	58		
Effectual Fervent Prayer.....	66		

Letter from Marengo.....	142	Seed and the Fruit.....	100
Life illustrating the Graces.....	153	Sing Sing Camp Meeting.....	123
Loving God with all the Mind.....	169	Sabbath Morning.....	143
Memento. (P. P. Daley.).....	5	Scatter the Seed.....	174
Moth-Eaten. (Henry Ward Beecher.).....	45	Sergt. Chas. F. Degen. (Mrs. J. H. Hanaford.)	184
Morning Thoughts.....	46	SERMONS by Rev. B. W. Gorham.	
Moral Discipline of Giving.....	143	The Perfection of Believers.....	1
Methodism in England. (Mrs. Palmer.).....	145	Man saved by Man.....	129
May the Babe in Christ be Perfected in Love?	165		
MUSIC.		The Witness of the Spirit. (M. A. Bernhard.)	8
Look for the Promised Land.....	32	The Soldiers and the Guide.....	20
Jehovah has triumphed.....	64	The Worth and Beauty of Holiness—Obituary	
Mount Zion.....	96	of Miss S. Shepherd. (T. A.).....	21
Virginia.....	128	Tithes.....	22
We will pray.....	160	The Inner Calm. (H. Bonar, D. D.).....	66
The Heavenly Canaan.....	188	To the Readers of the Guide.....	67
Not Joyous? No Marvel. (D. F. N.).....	171	The Luxury of Preaching.....	70
Obituary of Miss M. A. Boice. (S. D. Rice.)...	8	The Short Candle.....	77
Occupy till I come. (W. S.).....	10	The Influence of a Tract.....	78
Pruning.....	15	The Glory of God.....	80
Profit of Prayer.....	44	The Shining Ones.....	90
Purity of Heart sought and found.....	47	The Old Mill.....	90
Personal Experience. (Marietta Morse.).....	56	The Spirit's Testimony and Teachings.....	98
Psalms xvii. 15.....	72	Thou numberest my Steps.....	99
Personal Experience. (A. E. S.).....	75	The Radicalism of the Gospel.....	101
Plainness in the Pulpit.....	78	The Lost Opportunity.....	103
Promises. (A. C. B. L.).....	118	The Consecration. (E. E. Rogers.).....	104
Pray with Thanksgiving.....	119	The Religious Tie.....	111
Personal Experience. (D. F. L.).....	137	Tuesday Meeting, 54 Rivington St., N. Y.....	111
Personal Effort among Laymen.....	153	The Stars.....	115
Popular Christianity.....	168	The Soul set free.....	116
Rest.....	15	The Past, Present and Future. (P. P. Daley.)	116
Reverence.....	44	The Resting Place. (Effie Johnson.).....	122
Revival in England. (Mrs. Palmer.).....	49, 97	The Greatest Thing.....	122
Rev. Loren Stiles.....	71	There's Light Beyond.....	122
Revival in Ireland. (Mrs. Palmer.).....	121	The Mission of Christianity.....	136
Rest. (A. B. C. Lyman.).....	179	Though I be Nothing. (Bonar.).....	144
Simple Faith. (E. B. Chamberlin.).....	16	The Heavenly Baptism.....	149
Spiritual Knowledge.....	20	The Blessings of the Bible.....	152
Souls and Stars.....	33	To Die is Gain.....	164
Salvation.....	55	The Christian's Hereafter.....	168
Strong Character.....	74	The Suburbs of Heaven.....	184
Steadfastness in a Soldier and its reward	86	Two death-bed scenes contrasted. (D. D. Spear)	180
		Watching for the Morning. (Annie E. Howe.)	13
		Wesley's Advice to a Minister.....	14
		What an Old Letter Did.....	19
		When Satan Tempts Most.....	48
		What is Life?.....	55
		When will the War End?.....	58

THE
GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

JULY, 1863.

THE PERFECTION OF BELIEVERS.

THIRD SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection. Heb. vi. 1.

In the two foregoing discourses, I have attempted a response to the questions, 1. *What is the state of grace to which the Scriptures give the name "perfect?"* and 2. *Why should I seek that state of grace?* I propose, in this discourse, to answer a third question, *How SHALL I GET IT?*

I. *Resolve to have it.* It is not enough that you love to talk about it, and to pray about it in general, that you have faith in its attainability, that you feel and confess your need of it, and that at times you have some groanings after it. You must set yourself to seek the Lord in this thing. It must become *the* object, the *one all absorbing* object of your soul. Like Paul, aspiring for the crown of martyrdom, you must be able to say, "*this one thing I do*, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ

Jesus." Be in earnest, or you will never get a clean heart.

This resolve to seek it, properly includes the purpose to seek it *now*, to make its attainment, from this moment, the great aim and purpose of the soul, the theme of conversation and study, the burden of desire, the incessant cry of the helpless soul in prayer to God.

Again, this resolve must include the purpose to devote all my future days wholly to God, in the elevated path of piety which I now seek to enter. The idea of seeking to be wholly sanctified for a period, for an emergency, for an occasion, presents a hopeless incompleteness here, which must bar all success and may lead to most disastrous entanglements and delusions.

Again, the resolve to seek the blessing of Perfect Love, includes the resolve to take it with all its consequences. Many, who have fallen in love with holiness in the abstract, and half resolved to have it, have faltered here. Unhappily, holiness is not yet the common standard of attainment in the church. He that reaches it, therefore, and maintains it, will find himself not exactly in sympathy with the great mass of professing Christians. Men will judge of others from their own

stand point, and that is furnished by their own character. You will find yourself constrained to a measure of activity which will sometimes be set down as forwardness. You will have to take it patiently, only assuring yourself that there is nothing in your manner to provoke the criticism, *and work on*. Your motives will be misunderstood, your professions may be set down as fanatical, or Pharisaical, and it may be that some, to whom you look for guidance and support, will stand aloof from you, and only watch for your halting. Meantime, depend upon it, Satan will assail you, sooner or later, with great violence; for he hates holiness as he hates God.

You will understand therefore, that there is really no such thing as seeking holiness in the abstract. You must bow your neck to this yoke of Christ and consent to receive it, with all its attendant crosses and trials.

But be not disheartened, my brother, my sister; these sacrifices and difficulties contain within themselves the elements of a needful discipline, and, if faithful to your vows under them, you will constantly find them compensated by abounding consolations from above, and by the ties of a new friendship with those of like precious faith, more sweet, and tender, and pure than any bliss known to a feebler faith.

And now, my dear friend, before we leave this point in our talk, shall we not try to come practically up to it? *Can you, will you, do you* now resolve to have it? Do you consent to stand henceforth among that band who seek *only* the glory of God? And will you take full salvation with all its consequences? Settle the question of eternity to-day. No unclean thing can enter heaven. The rejection of grace

—any measure of grace distinctly professed and pressed upon the soul's acceptance—is the rejection of Christ. *O for the purpose to be holy!*

II. *Your next step must be to review and renew your consecration.* I beg you don't misunderstand me here. Some talk of consecrating themselves *entirely* when seeking a full salvation, as if something less than entire consecration would suffice to bring the soul into a state of justifying grace. I say therefore review and renew your consecration. *Review* it because now you are in possession of more light than you ever were before perhaps, and it is important that you should know just at this point whether all your being is fully surrendered up to God for time and eternity; and *renew* it because now while God is offering you a new measure of light and power he is about to call you to some new fields of labor and to new crosses and trials. He will certainly demand that the new measures of grace he is about to bestow shall be used, and therefore, just as you are approaching the blessing of perfect love, you are approaching the labors and conflicts that are incident to it. Will you meet them? Do you gain all your heart's consent to this closer walk with God? this perpetual obedience to your highest convictions, this complete abandonment of yourself to all the will of God, without waiting to know what that will may be? Will you follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth? Will you live for Christ—in your family—in the Church—in the word? Will you talk for Christ, write for Christ, do business for Christ and if need be die for Christ? Will you give him your talents, your will, your memory, your reason, your affections, your family, your reputation, your

wealth? And do you now bind this sacrifice of all upon the altar that you may enter at once into the bonds of an everlasting covenant, never to be broken? Can you say, in reference to all these things and to every other known thing,

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done."

This question of consecration is the point that demands your scrutiny, and may cost you a struggle. Don't try to believe yourself saved till you are consciously in a state of complete consecration to God, according to the fullest light he may give you. Don't employ your time in trying to persuade your heavenly Father to sanctify you wholly, while you are conscious that you are not yet consecrated at every point. Don't try to make yourself worthy or deserving of the blessing you seek. A struggle at any of these points will do you no good, will bring you no nearer the great salvation. Your struggle is to get your own consent to all the points of a complete and perpetual consecration of all to God. Cry for help here. Pray, struggle, agonize for this very thing. God will give you the victory, even "a heart in every thought subdued," and sweetly submissive to his will as a child that is weaned of his mother. O the ineffable sweetness of complete resignation. Just here is rest. Rest from our own works, our own ways, our own clamorous desires and all the eagerness of self. You should not rest, my brother, till you have consciously reached that point; you may, you ought to rest when you do reach it.

If you have been attentive thus far, you will have caught my idea of a full consecration, and of its importance. But there is still another step which you must take to enter the land of rest

from inbred sin, the land of finished holiness.

III. *You must Believe.* At this point many have found great difficulties. Let me present the subject of faith to you in as simple a light as possible. There is commonly some specific truth of God's word on which the mind fastens in the act of faith, and realizes that truth as spoken by God to the soul. Receiving and appropriating that truth it receives God, and is that moment saved. Some have seemed to think that, in order to salvation, each person must believe a particular truth and that all persons must fix upon *the same truth*. Some have gone so far as to state specifically just what formula is to be believed in every case; and, still more surprising, have not employed even the language of the Scriptures in the formula. Now as I apprehend it, nothing could be wider of the mark than such a requisition upon a man inquiring the way of faith. "Abraham believed in the Lord and he counted it to him for righteousness." See Gen. xv. 6. He believed a specific promise which God had made to him, touching an event yet in the future, and in itself quite improbable. No other person has ever achieved the victory of faith in exactly the same way since, I suppose, nor, so far as I have observed, do any two persons in the process of salvation find their faith fixing on one and the same text of Scripture. The Eunuch appears to have simply embraced the Messiahship of Jesus. Acts viii. 37. The cripple at Lystra "had faith to be healed," Acts xiv. 9, and John says, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God."

The truth is, each statement and promise of "the Word" stands alike on the veracity of God, and a cordial

reception of any one promise, is a reliance upon, and an endorsement of the whole.

Supposing, therefore, that your consecration is now consciously complete, let me attempt to aid your faith. You are authorized to soliloquize thus: God has required me to make this full surrender—God has given me the *desire* to make it; he has given me the *light* and the *power*, and in the use of the grace he has bestowed, I have made it—a surrender more comprehensive and thorough than I ever made, or knew to make before. *It is all of God.* He has wrought in me to will and to do of his good pleasure. He will not mock a sinful worm. He will not deny himself. He means to save me—*me*; the vile, sinful creature that I am. Nay he *is* saving me; for all these steps are of the nature of salvation. And now what is it but that God, who said to me, “Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you,” has himself already so enlightened and strengthened and drawn me that I do fully come out and separate myself from sinners and present my body—my being—a living sacrifice unto him. *Will he not receive me?* He said he would; therefore he will—he does. *I dare believe—I dare not disbelieve—I do believe*—thou dost receive me. “The just shall live by faith,” and I will live by faith.

Just here you must fasten; must hold on, with a steadfast faith. You have reached the haven. With much toiling and rowing your vessel is at the very pier. Make fast by faith, or the very next tide shall sweep you out to sea again. Thus it is with many. “If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established.” “This is the victory

that overcometh the world, even our faith.”

MEMENTO.

“*To live is Christ, but to die is gain.*”

BY PHEBE P. DALEY.

Yes, my friend, just across the Jordan of death, lies our promised possession, our eternal *home*. Then why does the Christian so cling to this frail life—which at every step presents pitfalls for the feet of the unguarded? Methinks if we did oftener ascend the mount, and view as did Moses, our peaceful, happy home, we should not be so content to linger here in the wilderness; or rather, we should be more willing to “*cross over*” when we are summoned home. This earth is very beautiful; in the beginning it received from its Creator the well-deserved praise, “very good;”—but that is no reason why we should be so loth to leave it, when invited to a better. Will the child be less willing to enter a luxuriant garden—where flowers of every hue and form, make fragrant the very air, because he may chance to have found now and then a beautiful Wild Rose upon the common? Ah no! The little which we see of God in his works *here*, should make our hearts burn with desire to see him “as he is.” Some time since a dear friend and sister, HANNAH D. MUDGE—passed from a happy home here, to her happier home in heaven. Her life was useful and happy—her death was triumphant.

“I am almost home,” she quietly sighs,
As the mists of death cloud her beaming eyes,
The heavenly hills rise so plain to view—
My heart is strengthened to say adieu!

“I am almost home! I shall soon be there;
I shall soon forget every earthly care,
In the light of heaven I soon shall see
What *love divine* hath prepared for me.

"I *had* thought it hard from you all to go,
To lay me down in the grave so low—
But now I can bid you a cheerful adieu,
His grace is sufficient to carry me through.

"Then weep not, mother, O weep not for me;
I am willing to die, my Saviour to see,
Your love is so tender, so pure and so true—
But the angels are waiting—adieu! adieu!"

Then a tender "farewell" to each loved one
she gave,
As the waters of Jordan her feet gently lave;
And an anthem of *praise* takes the place of
her sighs,
As she mounts from the earth to her home in
the skies.

Milan, Ohio.

EXPERIENCE.

BY C. A. S.

I love the Lord and his people, and it is my delight to do his holy will. It is now about eleven years since God for Christ's sake forgave me my sins. I never had a doubt of it; I knew that I was justified through faith. I was happy for three months. Then I began to feel that there was something more I needed. On examination of my heart I found sin remaining. I read the memoir of Carvosso which gave me an increased desire to be holy. I read my Bible. I found that without holiness no man should see God. What should I do? I wanted to see God. I had trials of the flesh to contend with. I needed more grace, I tried to do and live right. My cry was continually, "O Lord, send deliverance;" and he did. He made me to rejoice, but not without passing through great temptation. Eight years had now passed away and I had not received the blessing I so earnestly desired; but the Spirit of God was still moving—and, O, how long-suffering and forbearing our God is! not willing that any should perish, but that all might be saved.

When I think of his waiting so long for me, poor me, to give my heart—my sin-polluted heart,—my undivided affections—I am overwhelmed; and that is not all, dear reader. He even told me to cast my burdens upon him, for he careth for me; still I delayed.

In 1859 I heard a sermon from those words, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." I felt those words; yes, that text was for me, and as the man of God went on to explain, he asked, "Are you willing to be crucified, are you willing to be hung up before the world nailed as it were to the cross of Christ?" I returned home and pondered upon what I had heard. The questions came, am I willing to be anything for Christ? But, O, what temptations I had to bear—what besetments—it seemed that the world, the flesh and all the powers of the adversary had combined to oppose me. I still struggled on through deep rivers, the waters seeming to overflow me; notwithstanding I was determined to press onward and put on the whole armor of God—the shield of faith, my feet firmly fixed upon the Rock of ages that I might be able to quench all the fiery darts of the enemy.

A person to whom I was relating my sad experience advised me to take the *Guide*. I did so immediately, and have reason to thank God for its benefits to me. At length, I was, by the preaching of the Word of God and grace combined, enabled to throw myself wholly on Christ, feeling that of myself I could do nothing. It was about two weeks after I had made the dedication, that I received the blessing of perfect love in all its fullness. I saw and felt my inability to do any-

thing without the help of my blessed Jesus—he upon whom my hopes depend for this life and the life which is to come. I feel, day by day, that he is able to save me to the uttermost, and that his blood cleanseth from all sin. I know that I am one of the little ones, praise the Lord! and have the promise that I shall never perish. I have overcome through the blood of the Lamb. Glory to the Lamb! I still feel that there are lengths and breadths, heights and depths, that I have not attained to, but my motto is, onward and upward; and my soul continually cries, “None but Jesus, none but Jesus,” all I have and am is his. I have given all for Christ. I have bidden farewell to sin. Farewell, farewell—again I say farewell!

My pen still lingers. Could I but say one word to that desponding soul, who has been seeking so long for this hidden manna—yes, this pearl of great price—what a pleasure it would be to me. O could my voice—the voice within my soul—reach some mistaken, hungry, pining heart, how would I tell of *food* whose taste is life, and *good* whose joy is more than happiness. How would I tear the soiled and tinsel-garments all away. My Father’s home has room; praise the Lord! Then come, my brother or sister, whoever you are; it matters not what your circumstances are in life, our God is no respecter of persons; all he requires is that you “feel your need of him;” and the “Spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.”

Counsel and wisdom achieve more and greater exploits than force.

HOLINESS SIMPLIFIED.

BY NOAH STOWELL.

Some deny original sin, and suppose man’s nature holy, until there is transgression in the exercise of moral agency; that all moral evil consists in volition and action; others believe every soul a new creation, and necessarily holy, until there is sin in act: either of these theories places the subject of sanctification in a very different light from that of inspiration; which teaches that we “are by nature the children of wrath,” and that “by one man’s disobedience many were made sinners.” In order to provide a holy nature, to be united with divinity in the person of the Son, for the great purposes of redemption, a miraculous display of divine power was indispensable. “The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee,” &c., from which we infer that our Saviour was the only instance since the fall, of human nature perfectly holy. In one instance however, an individual was sanctified from his birth; but if he had been naturally holy, sanctification, (in the sense of purification,) would have been unnecessary. From these considerations therefore, we conclude that man is by nature sinful, and must have something more than the forgiveness of sins, and reformation of life. “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” Christ prayed for his disciples, “Sanctify them through thy truth.” St. Paul prays, “The very God of peace sanctify you wholly,” &c. The Thessalonians were Christians, but stood in need of entire sanctification; no Christian should rest at all without this great salvation. How

is it possible to retain a justified relation without it while conscious that it is the will of God? The positive command is, "Be ye holy;" and is not any violation of the law a bar to justification? It is thought that some have been justified and sanctified at the same time; though the instances of it I must think exceedingly rare, but however this may be, all who are not, should be encouraged to look immediately for cleansing power. The want of this "going on" is the great source of so much backsliding in the Church.

Let none suppose that to be sanctified is the highest point of Christian attainment in this life; or if this should take place, that the subject could no longer live in this world. It is the only full preparation for "soul, body and spirit" to "be preserved blameless." It lays the only permanent basis for "growing in grace;" for how can faith increase in strength, and power, to take hold on God, when we are doubting much of the time? How can humility acquire greater depth and permanency, while we are exalted with success and prosperity, or are dejected, and murmuring at disappointment and adversity? How can patience become more and more enduring, and quietly meet the unavoidable provocations of this life, while we are restless and fretful, at opposition and insult?

There is but little difference between the outward conduct of the justified, and of the sanctified believer; no person can commit sin and remain justified, while the sanctified, in practice, do no more than all the will of God. The difference lies in the heart; in the former, evil desires and inclinations may exist in the soul, but are held under control so as not to appear in act;

while in the latter, he "thinketh no evil," "every thought is in captivity to the obedience of Christ." Thought, to become sinful, must assume the form of desire; sinfulness may enter and occupy the mind, either by our voluntarily desiring the wrong, or by being overcome through unbelief in not fully trusting in God to keep us from all evil.

Bible holiness is not produced by cultivation, but is *received*; we are "partakers of his holiness;" "Christ is made of God unto us sanctification;" "The temple of God is holy which temple are ye;" the Holy Ghost, the sanctifier, "shall be with you;" thus the Holy Trinity, in the fulness of divine love comes to us, and makes his abode with us, while "his purity we share." As there is no change in the purity of divine love, the same that filled the hearts of the first holy pair in Eden, may fill the heart of every believer in Christ. Perfect purity, Lord give it us; "all are yours," in the name of Christ.

Although this purity may be fully realized in this life, giving us "joy unspeakable and full of glory," and the glory continually increasing, "as the shining light, shining more and more" &c.; yet we may not expect original perfection until we pass to the heavenly state. No doubt much has been lost by the fall. We are subject to many infirmities, errors in judgment, and failings of various kinds. Nervous debility also often disturbs the operations of the mental faculties, so that under these circumstances we are not capable of fully obeying a law adapted to man's original state. Without an atonement all the claims of the divine law would remain upon the entire race; and this is the very reason why the high priest under

the law must enter into the holy place once every year, and offer a sacrifice "for himself and for the errors of the people;" pointing to the great sacrifice of Christ, who "by one offering hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." Now therefore, instead of doubting our acceptance with God, on account of these unavoidable imperfections of our present state, we shall sweetly rest in the atonement, to render us just as acceptable in the sight of God, as though we had them not. O what a source of comfort, to feel that our whole being is an "acceptable sacrifice through Jesus Christ."

To be concluded.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

Why should the child of Jesus mourn,
While ling'ring here below?
Why should he grope beneath a cloud,
E'en all his journey through?

Why should he fear to say, "I know
That my Redeemer lives,"
Why should he doubt the love of him
Who such assurance gives?

Who left the Comforter to breathe,
"Thy sins are all forgiven;"
And give, e'en in this vale of tears,
A sweet foretaste of Heaven.

God calls us children, heirs of His,
And joint heirs with his Son,—
Heirs of a rich inheritance,
A never fading crown.

What tho' we meet with conflicts here,
And deep afflictions know,—
Did not our "elder Brother" taste
The same, when here below?

He knows, he pities all our grief,
Beneath the chastening rod,
Who gave himself to purchase us,
A heritage of God.

THE law of reciprocity is universal between man and man, and between earth and heaven.

OBITUARY.

MISS MARY AMELIA BOICE.

BY S. D. RICE.

The subject of the following sketch was the daughter of Wm. Boice, Esq., Recording Steward of the Hamilton City Circuit, C. W. She was born at Picton, on the 20th day of December, 1842, and fell asleep in Jesus on the 18th day of December, 1862; exchanging her pleasant and loved home of earth for a "home in heaven." From recollections treasured in her mother's heart, it would seem that her infant years were marked by a very unusual recognition of accountability to God, and it is probable that her personal responsibility began at a very early age. The period which is marked as the beginning of her "higher life," was in 1850, when Bro. Gemley was stationed at Dundas; she then professed to find peace with God, and, at eight years of age, as a member of his class, she became identified with the church of her parent's choice, and it is not known that she ever, even in her heart, went aside from the choice of her childhood. Her progressive piety and triumphant death, give another testimony to the possibility of genuine conversions in childhood.

In judging of her character, we are at no loss as to its main features, and yet find it difficult to fill up the outlines, so as to give a truthful representation. If she was not reserved, she was naturally of a retiring disposition, so that, to strangers, she would appear distant; but her genial temper and genuine kindness of heart, and the frankness of her manner to those with whom she associated on intimate terms, gave her a very wide circle of intimate and tenderly attached friends. The princi-

pal characteristic of her religious life was faithfulness to duty. This appeared when she was but a girl of sixteen. Her parents being absent, she assembled the household, read the Scriptures and led the family devotions; a fine example of thoughtful piety, and an assurance of what course she would pursue in her future life. Her school days were marked by the same faithfulness. The uniform report was that of cheerful obedience to rule and persevering devotion to her studies; and yet her religious duties and purposes were held by her as paramount to those of study.

In 1860, she was taken by her father to England, and placed in a boarding school in London. Her first act, amidst the new and enchanting scenes of the great metropolis, as recorded in a journal of her daily life, (which, from its form, was evidently never intended for any eyes but her own,) was, earnestly upon her knees, to ask the blessing of God upon her in her effort to obtain the greatest benefit from the opportunities with which she was favored. She uniformly took time, by a judicious plan, executed under many difficulties, to have private communion with God, and, with scarce an exception, she was ever at her class. Though nearly alone in her religious course, her faithfulness stood out the more distinct, and with God's blessing, which she so earnestly invoked at the beginning, she stood first in the school at the annual examination.

Another feature of her faithfulness was the carefulness which marked her letters home, while they exhibit no mawkish sentimentality, they manifest a fine flow of pure affection, mingled with statements of the manner in which she had met her mother's

wishes; the books she read, the manner in which she disposed of her time, the yearning of her heart for home, the earnest prayer she put up for all, and the desire with which she counted the weeks till she should greet her loved and honored father, and leave her school to return to the endearments of her beloved home. True to nature, she was faithful to the counsels of home, while in London, as when by her own father's fireside. Forbidden amusements were around her, and she had many enticements to join in them; but parental warning, and the echo of the Saviour's voice, held her to duty, and she did not yield.

She returned to America, in 1861, and entered on the duties of home and of the church. From being a child to be cared for, she had become a companion to her mother, and happily for her, she confided her heart's secrets and opened its deepest exercises to her. They talked together of religion, of the past and the future. Her time was given cheerfully to household duties, and to the church of which, now for nearly twelve years, she had been a member. Her place as teacher in the Sabbath School was not vacant when it was possible for her to be there, and her attendance at the weekly preaching, prayer meeting and class was entirely uniform. But though she was so faithful to duty and to the means of grace, yet she was so quiet in her spirit that it was not until she was removed from us that we were aware how much of positive and earnest life there was under that unobtrusive manner.

During the recent revival in this city, she became an earnest laborer, and was seen passing from one to another in the church, urging them to give their hearts to God; then return-

ing, and kneeling before God in her pew and pleading for his blessing on his own work.

A few days before she was taken sick, she and her mother were in familiar converse on religious experience and feeling; in the course of which she remarked that upon analyzing her feelings, though the future of life with her was full of hope, pleasing with bright prospects, she could not say, if the choice were allowed her, whether she could decide either as to life or death. With a will so submissive to the will of God, and in earnest sympathy with the work of God, she was taken ill. On Friday evening, at meeting, she felt so unwell that she left before the meeting closed. Her mother found her very ill, and means were immediately employed to obtain relief; but no real relief was obtained. She suffered very much, but her mind was kept in great peace. To be in her room to talk and pray with her, was to be "quite on the verge of heaven." She took leave of her friends with heart-breaking affection. Her joy on her brother's professed subjection to Christ seemed boundless; her love to Christ was perfected. There was no death; she saw not the King of Terrors. On Thursday morning it was evident she was near her resting place. She tried to speak, and asked her mother to help her say what she wished to utter, but had not the power. Many things were suggested, but none answered to the wish she would express. Her father began to sing,

"My heavenly home is bright and fair,"

When she said, "that is it." So she wished to say, "sing to me of heaven." And while he sang,

"I'm going home to die no more,"

In faint tones she repeated the words, and as the words passed her lips, her spirit passed to their eternal realization.

"OCCUPY TILL I COME."

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." *Paul.*

O deem not, pilgrim, that thy path is right,
Nor rashly reason it must needs be so,
Because prosperity makes all things bright
And gilds thy progress with a golden glow!
The smoothest way is never free from snares,
And wayside wild-flowers intermix with
weeds;

The smiles of fortune often gender cares,
And human hope to disappointment leads.

Nor judge, my brother, that thy path is wrong,
Nor idly argue, it must needs be so,
Because thy pilgrimage is rough and long,
And stormy winds around thee fiercely blow.
The rugged road, though tiresome and severe,
The baffling windings of thy climbing course—
The blinding mists that dim thy prospect
dear,—

May come from heaven, to lead thee to their
source.

'Tis not for mortals, with imperfect skill,
To sound the secrets of his perfect plan
Who deals out wisely, both of good and ill,
Time's talents, more or less, to every man.
The peaceful lot, apart from care and strife—
The sterner state of struggling toil, and tears,
Alike are fitting ministries of life
To guide us to our being's destined spheres.

If favored then, with an o'erflowing cup—
If bounteous blessings on thy head be poured,
Use well the charge thou soon must render up,
As faithful steward of thy absent Lord.
If hardship be thy well appointed trust,
And storm, sweep o'er thee, till thy race be
run,

Still, as a servant, be thou wise and just,
And thine shall be the welcome word, "*Well
done!*"

Greenock.

W. S.

It is a great mercy to enjoy the gospel of peace; but a greater, to enjoy the peace of the gospel.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness."

How touchingly is this prophecy of the gospel fulfilled in the successful efforts of the Christian Church to give the Bible to the blind. In London, a society has been formed, the object of which is to provide Bibles with raised letters, for the instruction and use of the blind, and also to furnish teachers for them. A correspondent in that city, writes to the Presbyterian Banner the following interesting and affecting incidents in connection with this movement:

"We have in London a society for supplying books in embossed type, and home teachers to instruct the blind in their use, so as to enable them to read the Scriptures. This society has auxiliaries—ever increasing—throughout the country. It is thoroughly catholic and evangelical in its spirit, and has for its president the Earl of Shaftesbury. There are 2,300 blind persons in London, of whom 700 have been taught to read the Word of God. In the country there are 150 blind teachers. Since the society began its operations six years ago, 2,300 blind persons have learned to read. The blind in *foreign* lands are also being cared for—in Sweden, in Germany, in India, as well as in *Egypt* and *China*, where the numbers of the blind are lamentably great. A young blind Chinese woman, who was converted in England, has, since her return home, been principally engaged in teaching the blind to read, by means of the embossed copies of Luke's gospel, in the Ningpo dialect. *Two of her pupils have since been baptized.*

"The spiritual effects of the movement are marked; and what gives it a peculiar and touching interest is, that blind persons, themselves taught to read, are employed as blind Bible-men, or Bible-women, to give light and life to those who are blind, blessing them in turn. A poor blind man, having been thus taught, was the means of evangelizing the whole street in London where he lived; an infidel was fairly driven away from it, and vile persons either left the place or became sober and pure. The consolation also thus afforded in cases of intense suffering is great. There recently died an aged Christian, who had been nine years blind, and had been one of the first pupils of the society. At sixty-four years of age he was, with difficulty, induced to try to learn to read. 'After one good lesson, he was able to read our alphabet.' Prostrated by disease for thirteen months, he could only lie on one side, and endured great agony. 'But a book was his companion as constantly as a pillow at his head, and *the wondrous and gracious words which passed under his fingers* arrested his attention, when the paroxysm came and soothed his pain. 'Here I am!' he could exclaim, 'in the furnace of affliction, but I have a helper.'"

"The effect of the reading in the open air by a blind man, at the City Road Canal Bridge, whom I have often passed, as he was repeating aloud what his fingers ran over, is thus indicated in one remarkable case: 'A few persons were collected round a blind man, who had taken his station on a bridge over a London canal, and was reading from an embossed Bible. Receiving from the passers by of their carnal things, he was ministering to them spiritual things. A gentleman on his

way home from the city was led by curiosity to the outskirts of the crowd. Just then the poor man, who was reading in the fourth chapter of Acts, lost his place, and while trying to find it with his finger, kept repeating the last clause he had read—"None other name—none other name—none other name." Some of the people smiled at the blind man's embarrassment; but the gentleman went away deeply musing. He had lately become convinced that he was a sinner, and had been trying, in many ways, to obtain peace of mind. But religious exercises, good resolutions, altered habits, all were ineffectual to relieve his conscience of its load, and enable him to rejoice in God. The words he had heard from the blind man, however, rang their solemn music in his soul—"None other name!" When he reached his home, and retired to rest, these words, like evening chime from village tower nestling among the trees, were still heard—"NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME!" And when he awoke, in more joyful measure, like matin bells saluting the morn, the strain continued—"NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME!" The music entered his soul, and he awoke to a new life. "I see it all! I see it all! I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus who alone can save. To him I will look. Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name—none other name—none other name—under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." " "

BEAUTIFUL things are suggestive of a purer and higher life.

ASKING FATHER.

A gentleman of fine social qualities, always ready to make liberal provision for the gratification of his children, a man of science, and a moralist of the strictest school, was skeptical in regard to prayer, thinking it superfluous to ask God for what nature had already furnished ready to hand. His eldest son became a disciple of Christ. The father, while recognizing a happy change in the spirit and deportment of the youth, still harped upon his old objection to prayer, as unphilosophical and unnecessary.

"I remember," said the son, "that I once made free use of your pictures, specimens, and instruments for the entertainment of my friends. When you came home, you said to me, 'All that I have belongs to my children, and I have provided it on purpose for them; still, I think it *would be respectful always to ask your father before taking anything.*' And so," added the son, "although God has provided everything for me, I think it is respectful to ask him, and to thank him for what I use."

The skeptic was silenced; and he has since admitted that he has never been able to invent an answer to this simple, personal, sensible argument for prayer.—*Congregationalist.*

BE COURTEOUS.—Austerus is a solid and exemplary Christian. * * * Inflexibly and invariably true to his principles, he stems with a noble singularity the torrent of the world, and can neither be bribed nor intimidated from the path of duty. He is a rough diamond of great intrinsic value, and would sparkle with distinguished lustre if he were polished: but though the word of God is his daily

study, and he prizes the precepts, as well as the promises, more than thousands of gold and silver, there is one precept he seems to have overlooked; I mean that of the Apostle, "Be courteous." Instead of that gentleness and condescension which will always be expected from a professed follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, there is a harshness in his manner which makes him more admired than beloved; and they who truly love him, often feel more constraint than pleasure in his company. His intimate friends are satisfied that he is no stranger to true humility of heart; but these are few. By others he is thought proud, dogmatic and self-important; nor can this prejudice against him be easily removed, until he can lay aside that cynical air which he has unhappily contracted.

BE YE HOLY.

I would have you attend to the full significance and extent of the term "holy." It is not abstinence from outward deeds of profligacy alone—it is not a mere recoil from impurity in thought. It is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the very conception of evil is offensive; it is a virtue which has its residence within, which takes guardianship of the heart, as of a citadel or inviolated sanctuary, in which no wrong or worthless imagination is permitted to dwell. It is not purity of action that we contend for; it is exalted purity of heart—the ethereal purity of the third heaven; and if it is at once settled in the heart, it brings the peace, the triumph, and the untroubled serenity of heaven along with it—I had almost said, the pride of a great moral victory over the infirmities of an earthly and accursed nature: there is a health and harmony

in the soul; a beauty which, though it effloresces in the countenance and the outward path, is itself so thoroughly internal as to make purity of heart the most distinctive guidance of a character that is ripening and expanding for the glories of eternity.—*Chalmers.*

WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

Watching, waiting for the morning,
For the blessed light to dawn,
When the horrors and the darkness
Of this fearful war is gone;
When sweet Peace, on snowy pinions,
Joyfully shall hover o'er,
And the glorious songs of Freedom
Echo back from shore to shore.

Watching, waiting for the morning,
When, with sound of fife and drum,
Husbands, fathers, sons and brothers,
Back to their loved homes shall come;
Worn and weary, sick and wounded,
Scarred and crippled though they be,
Yet rejoicing they had aided
In the cause of Liberty.

Watching, waiting for the morning,
Poor black slaves, with eager eyes,
For the blessed sun of Freedom,
Rising in these Northern skies;
When the chains that long have bound them
Powerless in the dust shall fall,
And the free, glad light of heaven
Beam and brighten over all.

Watching, waiting for the morning,
When, within its radiant light,
This foul stain of dark oppression
Shall be veiled from human sight;
When upon our proud escutcheons
Every eye shall then behold,
"Peace our watchword is, and Freedom!"
Graven there in lines of gold.

Watching, waiting for the morning—
Blessed Master, bid it dawn
When the horrors and the darkness
Of this fearful war are gone;
When sweet Peace, on snowy pinions,
Joyfully shall hover o'er,
And our bright "Star-Spangled Banner"
Waves o'er all from shore to shore.

GO TO GOD FOR EVERYTHING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"But," says one, "how can I have the face to draw near to God when my troubles are not religious troubles; when my difficulties are all of a lower and secular kind? and how can I bring such things as these to God?"

Oh, then, your thought of God has been that he only interested himself in religious things. How did he come to make a body for you?

Nothing is unimportant which has a relation to that immortality in which you are to stand. Your troubles and pains are as important to God as the chant of angels. All the incidents and accidents of life are instruments in the formation of your soul-life. There is not a thing in a man from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, that has not more or less to do with the fashioning of his eternal condition. If you bring your secular troubles, your every day affairs, to God oftener, you will find more freshness and joy in religious life. One reason why the religious life of people is so impoverished and so conventional is, that they do not carry personality with it. It is not their daily life. The things that are strongest on them and about them, are not the things that belong to their religion. The power of their life goes in one channel, and their religion in another. But the power of a man's life and his religion must go together, or he can not be thoroughly and truly a Christian, or have the full enjoyment of Christianity. Then carry your clothes to God; carry your mistakes to him. Go to him with the thousand infelicities that make you unhappy, and other people about you unhappy. Go not irreverently, not heedlessly,

but penetrated with this feeling, that as the summer is made up of myriads of little things, that suits its abundance and wealth, so your life is made up of these little things.

WESLEY'S ADVICE TO A MINISTER.

John Wesley knew the importance of studious habits on the part of his preachers. To an indolent one he gave the following appropriate admonition: "Your talent in preaching does not increase; it is about the same as it was seven years ago; it is lively, but not deep; there is little variety, there is no compass of thought. Reading alone can supply this, with daily meditation and daily prayer. You wrong yourself greatly by omitting this. You can never be a deep preacher without it any more than a thorough Christian. O begin! fix some part of every day for private exercises. You may acquire the taste which you have not; what is tedious at first will afterward be pleasant, whether you like it or not. Read and pray daily. It is for your life; there is no other way; else you will be a trifle all your days, and a petty, superficial preacher. Do justice to your own soul; give it time and means to grow. Do not starve yourself any longer."

FORBEARANCE.—To be able to bear a provocation is indicative of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of a great mind. Has any one injured you? Bear it with patience. Hasty words rankle the wound, soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, forgetfulness takes away the sore.

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, or perhaps forgive."—*Cowper*.

LETTER FROM KEY WEST, FLA.

We find our hearts greatly cheered occasionally by the receipt of such letters as the following.

Eds.

KEY WEST, FLA., Feb. 12th, 1863.

DEAR BRO. DEGEN:—I received your letter explaining the cause of the failure of our Guides, which must certainly be perfectly satisfactory to all interested in them. I was very glad to learn there was no reason why we should not receive them during the present year. We also received the Guides, shortly after the receipt of the letter, and the article in one number, entitled "The Guide appreciated," expresses my sentiments in regard to it far better than I could have done it myself. Although I missed them sadly, I did not know how much I was losing, until I commenced reading them again. Many and various causes have combined lately to cast me down. I have truly been in "heaviness through manifold temptations" and at such times "the enemy comes in like a flood." Although in "the strength of Jesus, I still feel I never will give up my shield," my evidence of entire sanctification had become clouded. As I have taken up a Guide from time to time since the receipt of the missing numbers, I have been refreshed and strengthened, until while reading an article last evening in the October number, from the pen of J. A. Wood, my confidence was perfectly restored, and I realized, that "when comforts are declining he grants the soul again a season of *clear shining* to cheer it after rain." I think I rest more *simply* upon Christ, "precious Christ," now than I have ever done before. "What shall I render to the Lord for *all* his benefits to me?" Time and language fail me to express the thoughts and

feelings that rush to my mind and heart.

"Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience *hope*." Now is it not plain that I should be depriving my soul of a necessary article of food, by failing to take the Guide during the coming year? Send it to me by all means; and remember, at the throne of grace, your sister in Christ.

H. A. Howe.

REST—Just ahead, perhaps, at the terminus of the dark, thorny, narrow path, where panting, faint and weary, thou art now groping, sometimes almost ready to despair. Cheer thee up, Christian pilgrim! Thou art almost there. A few more wounds from the cruel thorns, that hedge thee from the world, and its garish lights and fleeting joys, and thou shalt rest. And thou poor tempest-tossed one upon the stormy waves of life, be thou undismayed. Though fierce billows lash thy frail bark, and cold heavy surges break over thee, while dark clouds are lowering above, and muttering thunders are heard in the distance! cheer up! the port is just ahead. Safely thy little vessel shall glide into the peaceful haven; the haven of everlasting rest. A little longer, and thy wanderings, thy toils, thy sorrows, shall cease and thou shalt rest.

M. A. Bernhard.

PRUNING.—As the most generous vine, if it be not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems and grows at last weak and fruitless; so does the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires, and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned that I may grow, rather than be cut up to burn.

Bishop Hall.

SIMPLE FAITH.

BY E. B. CHAMBERLAIN.

Impelled by a sense of duty, I transmit a few lines penned on reading "Panting for Light," in your invaluable *Guide*. After passing through a similar experience, I would say, to the glory of God, that I have enjoyed the "blessing" some seven years; and if I can assist, in any way, another into its enjoyment, it is my delight; and if, after seeing my views, you think any one can be benefited by them, I shall be grateful. I would say to you, dear "panting" soul, that in your case, it is necessary to bind the sacrifice to the altar—although one would suppose it would lie there without—bind it with thy will set apart for that special use; for if the will is set apart to the sacred office of self immolation, God accepts and sanctifies it; then is the monarch of the mind in subjugation to the King of heaven. From that time forever more, "reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Remember that you are his, and it is your business to watch the sacrifice the remainder of your life. Dare not say, "My Lord delayeth his coming." If the adversary tells you that you cannot do your duty, tell him you *will*, but commit yourself to this watching, until the great God to whom you have offered the sacrifice bids you labor. Then go immediately to work. Do not parley, on the peril of your soul. If the adversary says, "you can't," answer, "I will." Positively resist him; thus placing yourself wholly under the banner of your own King, your confidence will increase. Try not to believe, as you say, "you know not what." Where is your Bible? One promise of its teeming

pages applied to your "panting" soul, and allowed to remain there, will cure your malady, and you will arise refreshed, and be prepared to serve the God of heaven with joy and not with grief.

Fayette, Iowa.

HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed:
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward, then, with all thy might;
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—I met on the sea-shore, said the Eastern Poet, Sadi, a pious man who had been attacked by a tiger, and was horribly mutilated. He was dying, and suffering dreadful agonies. Nevertheless, his features were calm and serene, and his physical pain seemed to be vanquished by the purity of his soul. "Great God!" said he, "I thank thee that I am only suffering from the fangs of this tiger, and not of remorse."

THE voice of nature speaks with a divine wisdom when we take God's word to interpret its language.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. S. A. MILROY.

VI. *Entire Sanctification proved attainable in this life from the Bible.*

1. *God commands us to be holy.* "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." "Serve Him with a perfect heart." "As He which hath called you is holy so be ye holy." "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." Thus God commands us to be holy in the most unqualified terms; and if it be not possible for us to be holy, how could he consistently require us to be so? Did he command us to be holy when he knew indwelling sin to be unavoidable? Has he commanded an impossibility? Is he trifling with his children whom he loves in a matter of so much spiritual importance and moment? Let those believe this who can. As for me, I will not believe it. My Father doeth right. The Judge of the whole earth will do right, though every man do wrong. "There is no unrighteousness in him." He commands us to be holy, and not a word is said either in the commands, or in connection with them, that we must wait till death to be sanctified. These commands refer to the present time, and require immediate obedience.

2. *God has promised to sanctify us.* He says: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you." "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "If

we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Here the doctrine of a present salvation from all sin—every moral corruption—is set forth as being attainable, and these promises were given for the express purpose of encouraging, and to induce believers to seek for freedom from all sin; and it would argue insincerity in God to encourage and induce us by plain promises to seek for holiness in this life, knowing that it could not be attained until a dying hour. He could not do this and be just. He has promised to sanctify us, and he will most certainly perform his promises unto us if we will follow the leadings of his Holy Spirit. "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

3. *Prayers are recorded which teach the attainableness of this blessing.*

DAVID.—"Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me," was his earnest prayer to Almighty God; and who will for a moment doubt that he prayed for what he needed most, and expected a faithful answer to his petition? Or did he pray for a "clean heart," knowing that it could not be given him for many long years—till he was about yielding up his spirit to God? There is not a word authorizing us to make him speak thus, either in the prayer or its connections; and neither is it deducible from the premises. He prayed for a "clean heart," and I doubt not that it was given him; and in like manner may we pray for, and receive it.

PAUL.—"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ!" Now, dear

reader, I know of no way for you to evade the force of this prayer; as the apostle was moved by the Holy Spirit so he prayed. If it were not possible for the members of the Thessalonian Church to be "sanctified wholly," then the Holy Ghost, the inspirer, and Paul, both made a fearful and lamentable blunder; for this prayer undeniably teaches the attainability of entire sanctification, and in the last clause it fixes the meaning in reference to the time when it may be received and enjoyed, as follows: "I pray God your whole spirit, soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," or until death. The points of interest are these: Paul prayed God to *sanctify, preserve blameless unto death*, his own people. And now, if the objector to this doctrine is not prepared to say that both the Holy Spirit and the apostle Paul committed a grievous error, he must concede that sanctification is attainable in this life, and may be retained unto death, which may be many years after its reception. In my mind, at least, it would be presumption of the most daring kind to suppose that Paul did not expect the blessing for which he so earnestly prayed, and that he did not intend to teach the possibility of entire sanctification in this life; and equally as preposterous to suppose that he prayed for death, which is the inevitable conclusion, if sanctification cannot take place until that time.

JESUS prayed the Father, "Sanctify them through thy truth," and in close connection he says: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil" in the world. Furthermore, the Lord Jesus instructs us to pray, "Thy will be done in earth

as it is done in heaven." Here the standard of religious service is placed sublimely high. The will of God is to be done by us, as holy angels do it in heaven. The holy angels do not mingle sin with the performance of duty; therefore, we are to do his will without committing known, voluntary sin. If it "is the will of God, even our sanctification," we are to pray that it may be done in us—that he will sanctify us wholly unto his service—free us from all sin. If the attainability of entire holiness be a point which cannot be reached this side of death, can the putting of this prayer into our lips be harmonized with sincerity, truth and justice?

To be concluded.

HEAVEN AND HOME.—I was reading the other day that on the shores of the Adriatic Sea the wives of fishermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit at eventide of going down to the seashore, and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they listen, till they hear borne by the wind across the desert sea the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves, and both are happy. Perhaps if we could listen we too might hear on this desert world of ours some sound, some whisper borne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven and a home; and when we sing the hymn upon the shores of earth, perhaps we shall hear its sweet echo breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of them that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath foundations.

Dr. John Cumming.

WHAT AN OLD LETTER DID.

It was in the month of June. Mr. N. arose in the morning, and saw that it would be a rainy day. To this he had no objection. The cornfields, meadows, and pastures needed moisture. As the day wore apace, time began to hang heavy on his hands. He went to the barn. It was quite empty, and there was nothing to do there. He went to the tool-house; everything was in order there. He went to the wood-house; all the wood had been sawed, split, and piled in the winter. He went into his house and sat down with his hat on, perhaps to delude himself into the belief that he was going somewhere. It was hard work to do nothing.

There was a shelf in a remote corner of the room, so high and difficult of access that the dust was allowed to accumulate upon it undisturbed. Mr. N. chanced to look toward it and saw a part of an old magazine. He stepped into a chair and took it down. In shaking the dust from it a letter fell from between its leaves. He took it up and saw that it was written by his daughter, who had been dead nearly seven years. It was written when she was about seventeen years of age, and contained an account of her conversion, which took place while she was away from home, pursuing her studies at an academy in a neighboring township. It was addressed to her mother, but contained many expressions of affection for her father, and a desire that he might become interested in the great salvation. The writer witnessed a good profession for several years. She was then called to her home in the skies. For seven years she had ceased to be a pilgrim upon the earth. The

father was still without an interest in Christ.

When he saw the handwriting of the letter, recollections of his loving daughter came over him like a flood. Hiding the letter in his bosom, he hastened to the barn that he might not be seen to weep. There he read the letter again and again, and wept over it. The expression of desire that her father might become interested in the great salvation took hold of his heart. He retired into a dark corner in the stable, and there prayed as he had never prayed before. When he returned to the house his eyes were red with weeping. He answered the surprised look of his wife by putting the letter into her hand, and soon her tears were mingled with his.

That night, as they were about to retire, he said to his wife, "Can't you read a chapter in the Bible, and pray?" She complied with his request, though with difficulty. The next morning she handed him the Bible, and said in a sweet, loving voice, "Hadn't you better read?" He took the volume, and with faltering tones read a chapter, and with still more faltering tones, followed the reading with prayer. From that time family worship was established in that house. Ere long Mr. N. made a public profession of religion. Were the prayers of his daughter answered seven years after she was in glory?—*S. S. Teachers' Journal*.

JOHN BUNYAN, that great master of theology, knew well what he was writing when he tells us that Mr. Despondency, Mr. Ready-to-halt, and Mr. Much-afraid got safe to the celestial city, as well as Faithful and Hopeful, old Father Honest and Mrs. Standfast.

SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.

A good life is the best way to understand wisdom and religion; because, by the experiences and relishes of religion, there is conveyed to them a sweetness to which all wicked men are strangers. There is in the things of God, to those who practice them, a deliciousness that makes us love them, and that love admits us into God's cabinet, and strangely clarifies the understanding by the purification of the heart. For when our reason is raised up by the Spirit of Christ, it is turned quickly into experience; when our faith relies upon the principles of Christ, it is changed into vision; and so long as we know God only in the ways of men, by contentious learning, by arguing and dispute, we see nothing but the shadow of him, and in that shadow we meet with many dark appearances, little certainty, and much conjecture; but when we know him with the eye of holiness and the instruction of gracious experience, with a quiet spirit and the peace of enjoyment, then we shall hear what we never heard, and see what our eyes never saw; then the mysteries of godliness shall be open unto us and clear as the windows of the morning; and this is very well expressed by the apostle: "If we arise from the dead and awake from sleep, then Christ shall give us light." For though the Scriptures themselves are written within and without; and besides the light that shines upon the face of them, unless there be a light shining within our hearts, unfolding the leaves, and interpreting the mysterious sense of the Spirit, convincing our consciences and preaching to our hearts, to look for Christ in the leaves of the gospel is to look for the

living among the dead. There is a life in them; but that life is, according to St. Paul's expression, hid with Christ in God; and unless the Spirit of God draw it forth, we shall not be able.

Jeremy Taylor.

THE SOLDIERS AND THE
GUIDE.

We are sending the Guide to the families of very many of our soldiers, and we would be very happy to see this class of our subscribers greatly increased.

What better thing could some of our wealthy Christians do than to order the Guide a year for several of these families? The thought was suggested by the following letter just received:

I am a soldier in Company E, 7th Michigan Infantry. Have a wife residing at the address to which I request you to send the Guide. Myself and wife have lately commenced trying to lead a new life. By past experience, we have learned we need all the help that we can avail ourselves of to more fully know and do our duty.

If I should live to see my home again, I shall endeavor to do something more for you, by the way of raising a subscription for your very valuable paper. Please pray for me that I may have grace to continue faithful unto death. Yours truly, G. W. C.

THE world is the *field*, the saints are the *corn*, the ordinances are the *show-ers*, the mercies of God are the *sun-shine* that ripens the *corn*, death is the *sickle* that cuts it down, the angels are the *harvesters* that carry it into the *barn*.

CONSCIENCE, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on the death-bed.

THE WORTH AND BEAUTY OF HOLINESS

*Exemplified in the sufferings and death
of MISS SAMANTHA SHEPHERD.*

BY T. A.

Many have doubted the power of grace to give complete victory in life and in death. To such the following tribute of respect is prayerfully commended.

Intimate acquaintance with the deceased, enables the writer to say that she was a lady of rare excellence, both of mind and character. Early religious training resulted in her conversion at thirteen years of age. She walked in the joy of the Lord somewhat over a year, when, she says: "I began to feel that all was not right within; darkness came over my soul; temptations beset me, and I began to doubt my acceptance with God and to fear I had backslidden as I could never doubt my conversion. At times I almost gave up in despair and then the Lord would appear to me and bless me, so that between the two kinds of experience I was in a state of constant unrest." Thus she continued for two years until your excellent "Guide," for which thousands will praise God in eternity, was placed in her hands, whose contents to her soul, were as the waters of the smitten rock to the thirsty Israelites. The doctrine of holiness was made plain to her and she says: "I felt this was what I needed. I commenced to seek earnestly for a clean heart, and in March of 1860 was enabled to give myself wholly to the Lord and to feel the cleansing blood of Jesus applied to my soul making me indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus." "Praise now became her new employ," and life possessed new attractions and new responsibili-

ties. The one ruling desire of her heart was to glorify her God by leading others to the same all-cleansing Fountain which had proved the fountain of purity to her longing soul. But not long was she permitted to labor in her Master's vineyard, for in the very midst of her usefulness, and at the period when she was about to enter upon a more exalted sphere, God took her to bloom in his own paradise above. Her health had been delicate for some time, but in the Spring of 1862 her disease assumed a more alarming aspect, warning those who loved her that consumption was indeed doing its fatal work. Exceedingly ambitious, she did not yield until July, when hemorrhage at the lungs prostrated her. Again she rallied to hover over the sick bed of a loved and dying sister, after whose death, in the latter part of August, she was again brought low upon her couch of pain, which proved the couch of death and of triumph. Then commenced a period of suffering such as few have been called to endure. For six long weary months life held her in the crucible refusing to release its hold and allow her imprisoned spirit to soar away to its rest. Disease wasted her flesh, and a distressing cough and rack-ing pains were her constant companions until she became helpless and almost speechless; yet amid all these trials and during her entire period of suffering not a murmur escaped her lips. With an unshaken faith in God she was always happy and never failed to have a cheerful smile and an affectionate greeting for all who approached her. As her excellent mother expressed it, she seemed more like an angel from the spirit-world than a child of earth. While I was sitting by her bedside in the stillness of night,

she looked up in the midst of intense suffering and exclaimed: "Oh, I am so happy." I asked what thought gave her such joy? She replied, "That the Lord is so good to me, and that I shall soon be home." She longed for death but with patience waited till she should hear her Master say, "It is enough, come up higher." To the last, next to her Bible, she cherished her "Guide" and its contents were indeed as manna to her soul. Death came at last to her relief and was to her, her birth-day which ushered her into a new and brighter existence free from pain and suffering. It stole over her like a gentle sleep and without a sigh, a groan, or a struggle she passed away to a better world. She died Feb. 23, 1863, in the 18th year of her age. Such is the power of holiness as exemplified in actual experience. Let those live such a life who aspire to such a death.

TITHES.

We clip the following from the Central Christian Advocate. It is one of a thousand little things which indicate that the heart of the Church is coming, slowly indeed, far too slowly, but coming to be convicted and moved in regard to the great duty of methodical beneficence. We have believed for many years that the old law of tithes contains the gist of a rule of benevolent action among Christians.

Eds.

GIVING ONE TENTH.—I approve of it. Let us adopt it. I have been giving on that plan for some time past, and the Lord blesses me for it—there is no doubt about it. Poverty has sometimes driven me to the wall, and then I have been tempted to withhold the Lord's money; but wife said I must not, and we did not, and he helped us in many, many ways we had never dreamed about. The Evil One

does not tempt me so hard now-a-days.

But what about a local preacher? Shall he spend one fourth of his time traveling and preaching, and then be bound to give one-tenth of his income besides? Who will answer?

Observer.

Burlington, Kas., March 1863.

We would volunteer an opinion in reply to the foregoing question. Tithes were never paid in work. The devotement of the tenth is the setting apart of one-tenth of what is actually the net income of the year, to charitable and religious purposes. A minister who undertakes to pay tithes, as we believe all persons whether ministers or laymen should do, is not to say I *ought* to have received so much: I *have* received only so much; therefore I have already given so much—whatever the balance may be.

So a local preacher who spends a portion of his time serving the church without compensation, is not to count these services as tithes. Time so devoted will necessarily affect the net gains of the year, and so present a smaller sum on which tithes are to be paid, but the services are not tithes. So we think.

Eds.

GOD'S LOVE AND MAN'S LOVE.—

You cannot trust men; but do not you distrust God. Man's love is blurred with selfishness: there is not a seam in the love of God. Man gets tired, often, in doing good: God never does. Doing good is the only thing that he lives for. It is the only thing that he reigns for. God does not stop, on Sunday, and say, "They have come together in church, and now I am going down to do some works of mercy." There is no Sunday in heaven. All days are alike above. Time there is not checkered into days and years. It is one continuous flow; and all of it is bounty, benefit, mercy, and love.

PRAYER is the approach of the soul to God. Prayer is the soul speaking to God.

CONVERSION OF A YOUNG MAN.

We give below, a most interesting and instructive account of the conversion of a young man, while in conversation with his pastor, in the study of the latter. It constitutes a part of Chapter XII in "*Glimpses of Inner Life*," by Mrs. Hayward, a work just published, by H. V. Degen & Son, Boston.

Eds.

Ah! how one day can entirely change the course of life. To-day we may be as light as the summer cloud, to-morrow winter's leaden sky may settle heavily upon us. Thus it was with Louise H., the morning after the horse-back ride. When she awoke, it was with a weight upon her heart, no strength of her own could ever remove. It was a dull November day too, and as she lifted her curtain and gazed out on the leafless branches and falling leaves, her heart sank within her, and she sadly murmured, "Ah! me, it is no use, I know he only despises me. I am not a modest violet, no indeed. Oh! I wish I had never met him." Then came pride, and she hastily turned away and impatiently said, "There, I won't give him another thought; how foolish in me!" but in vain; all that long day, could the paper she glanced over, the book she read, the embroidery she stitched, speak, they would tell a very different tale.

Her feelings were more aggravated, too, by a short courtesy call on the family by Mr. Carleton, who was suddenly summoned from the city. His manners were very gentlemanly and pleasing, and Louise was, if possible, more interested than before. He had no sooner left, however, and hope had begun to whisper to Louise, "who knows," than a lady friend called, and in the course of conversation she mentioned Mr. Carleton, and added, "He

is a very superior man, and is engaged, I believe, to Miss C., of B.

After she left, Louise stopped in the hall, and pressing her hand tightly against her heart gazed anxiously up stairs, then towards the library, her swelling heart getting fuller every moment. "Oh! where can I go," thought she, "where I shall be alone, all alone. Why *did* I ever see him,"—then suddenly she ran hastily up stairs, past her own room where Georgie was sitting, past again the rooms of the servants, till reaching a dark closet she entered, and closing the door, flung herself upon a mattress, and burst into a flood of tears—tears wrung from a mortified and disappointed heart.

'Twas a light summer cloud which floated over Bessie that day, and many a little low love song she sang to herself, while she traversed in thought every action and word of the preceding day. Sometimes her eyes would sparkle a little brighter, and the rising blood warm still more the rosy cheek, as laying down her sewing for a moment, she would gaze over to a certain house some distance from hers and murmur, "Yes, he certainly said so, and if he didn't he acted so, any way. I wonder if he will go and see Mr. Leslie." Mrs. Livingston wondered, and even asked Bessie, "How she could sit up stairs all day alone," but if she could have peeped into the happy maiden's heart, she wouldn't have wondered any more.

That evening at eight o'clock, Mr. Belmont entered his pastor's study. Nervously he awaited his entrance, but Mr. Leslie's greeting and manner soon re-assured him, and after some general conversation, more composedly than he thought possible, he announced his errand. He told all, his early training,

his religious impressions, his views, and finally ended with, "I know I ought to be a Christian, and to a certain extent, I feel it, but I can't understand the doctrines."

"Can't understand the doctrines," returned Mr. Leslie, smilingly, "Well, then, lay them aside, we won't have anything to do with them at present."

"Lay them aside!" responded Belmont, with evident surprise, "why I thought they were the very foundation of religion."

"Christ is the foundation," replied Mr. Leslie.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Belmont, "but it is necessary to understand and believe the doctrinal points, is it not?"

"Mr. Belmont," returned Mr. Leslie, "you are a sick man, very sick; you need a Physician, and every moment you delay applying to him you are in great danger. But the trouble is, you do not know how sick you are, and are wasting precious time in studying out what disease is in general, and how it may be cured. Now, sir, I beg of you to let these matters alone, and take your individual case and attend to it. Appreciate first how sick you are, and then apply immediately to the great Physician for help."

"And have I nothing to do with the doctrines?" still persisted Mr. Belmont.

"Did I say anything about them?" replied Mr. Leslie, pleasantly. "Just drop them, if you please, and let us take a look at yourself. Now"—but here Mr. Leslie was interrupted and summoned from the room. He excused himself from Mr. Belmont, but begged him to remain till his return, as he should be absent only a few moments. It was providential that Mr. Leslie was called out just then, as silent and alone

Mr. Belmont yielded to the rush of conviction which now poured in upon his mind. Rapidly went thought back into the blackened past, and vividly it all arose before him, his gentle mother's teachings, the many warnings of friends he had despised, his selfishness, pride, deceit, and the evil influence he had exerted upon others. Suddenly with these little recollections came another, which gave a more severe pang than any of the previous ones—the recalling of the motive which had prompted him to visit Mr. Leslie that evening. "It was not for religion," cried he to himself, from the depths of his anguished heart. "Hypocrite! it was because I thought it would please Bessie. Oh! what a sinner I am! I abhor myself! Who can wash away all this sin? It's no use. I can't be saved!" and in this despair Mr. Leslie found him on his return.

"Well," said he cheerily as he entered, "do you feel your need of the great Physician, yet?" that having been the silent prayer which had ascended many times from Mr. Leslie's anxious heart during his absence.

"Yes," replied Belmont very sadly, "I think I do, but he won't cure me. I have sinned against too much light."

"Come now"—replied Mr. Leslie—"and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"Well, if I had been honest in all this," continued Belmont, "I might hope, but I see it has been principally for a selfish end of mine own, that I came here this evening."

"Christ's blood can atone for even that," returned Mr. Leslie.

"But I feel so mean," rejoined Bel-

mont; "now if I could only do—but there, I can't do anything."

"No," returned Mr. Leslie, tenderly, "nothing at all. Human nature inclines every sinner to come to Christ, feeling a righteousness of his own, feeling honorable as one might term it, but in such a state we can never find Christ. We must see ourselves, and all our good deeds as filthy rags, and casting them all aside, must take unto us Christ's beautiful robe of righteousness."

"But how can I get it?" responded Belmont.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"But am I to have it by simply believing?"

"Simply believing."

"But how shall I know I get it? and how can I make myself believe it?"

"Do you believe in God?"

"Yes, certainly."

"If you believe in him, can you not believe in his promises?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, he has promised, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Those that seek me early shall find me.' 'Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.' 'Behold I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with me.'"

"Oh! what precious promises," returned Belmont. "Are they really in the Bible? Yes, I know they are, I have heard them many times. I wish I could get hold of them, I want to believe, but it seems as though I was not ready. Have I nothing else to do, but believe?"

"If you see and feel yourself a great sinner, needing a great Saviour, nothing else but to renounce self, and consecrate yourself to him, then throw yourself into his loving arms."

"Consecrate myself to him? What do you mean?"

"Be willing to give to him all your powers, talents, influence, in fact all you possess—to use your money and time for his service. Heretofore you have lived for yourself and your own happiness. If you give yourself to him you must feel that hereafter 'whether you eat or drink or whatsoever you do, to do all to the glory of God, ever seeking his will, not your own.' Do you think you can do this?"

Mr. Belmont reflected for a few moments, and then replied earnestly, "Yes, I think I can. It is but a very little I have to give to him anyway, but I give all, all. I desire to be an earnest, true, whole-souled Christian, or none at all."

"Well then, my friend, all that you have to do is to believe that Christ will accept you. He is much more willing to receive you, than you are anxious to go to him."

"Is that so?"

"If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

"But what a venture! it seems like throwing myself into darkness."

"Venture, venture, and you will soon find whether it is darkness or not."

Mr. Belmont paused awhile, then turning round he took up his hat, and rising said,

"Well, Mr. Leslie, I am very much

obliged to you for this conversation, and will try to cast myself on Christ."

"When?" returned Mr. Leslie, still retaining his seat.

"O, soon," replied Mr. Belmont, "as soon as I have an opportunity."

"But you have it now," continued Mr. Leslie.

"But I want more time," responded Mr. Belmont.

"Time for what?"

"To prepare myself."

"Now is the accepted time, now the day of salvation; be seated, if you please, and let me repeat some verses to you before you leave;" and, in a low, touching tone, his eyes lifted prayerfully upward, Mr. Leslie recited these simple but beautiful lines:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in *thee* to find,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though so depraved,
So long by Satan's power enslaved,
To be by thee renewed and saved,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, *thine alone*,
O, Lamb of God, I come."

Mr. Belmont's head was bowed ere Mr. Leslie had half finished them, and when he concluded, amid tears and sobs, Mr. Belmont murmured, "O pray for me!"

"Can you not pray for yourself, my friend?" returned Mr. Leslie.

A moment's pause, and then the struggle gave way, and Mr. Belmont knelt at his chair, and with broken utterances, repeated over and over,

"O, Lamb of God, I come."

Mr. Leslie followed in earnest, supplicating prayer. He closed, and when they arose, they were *one in the Lord*.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

We take pleasure in introducing to our readers this month, Rev. S. L. Baldwin, of the China mission. In accordance with arrangements made before his return to his distant field, we hope to be able to present an article from his pen each month. Eds.

FUHCHAU, March 19th, 1863.

DEAR BRO. DEGEN:—In accordance with my promise, I propose to furnish the Guide a series of letters from China. It will not be my aim to pursue a systematic course; but to give your readers such accounts and illustrations of Chinese manners and customs, as may be suggested by my experience and conversation from time to time.

Yesterday, being the 29th day of the first month of the Chinese year, was observed as a day of feasting by the people of Fuhchau. The feast originated in that respect for filial affection for which the Chinese are so remarkable among heathen nations. The story connected with it is as follows:

A long time ago a certain woman was confined in prison, upon some accusation, whether true or false is not now known, neither does tradition re-

late what was the particular crime charged against her. While she was in prison, her son was very attentive to her. He called upon her as frequently as circumstances would permit, and ministered to her comfort in various ways. Among other deeds evincing his filial piety, he was in the habit of sending to his mother daily some of the finest rice he could procure, cooked in the best style, and made as tempting to a Chinese palate no doubt, as is the most "exquisite" turtle soup to the palate of a Boston alderman. But, after a time, being permitted to visit her in the prison, he learned to his sorrow and indignation, that she had not received the dishes he had sent, and that the rice he had so carefully prepared for his mother had been eaten by the jailer, who doubtless was congratulating himself all the time in having so good a cook to furnish him fine meals gratuitously. This devoted son, was, however, determined that he would not be baffled in his attempts to supply his mother with wholesome food. Returning to his home, he decided upon a plan which afterward proved successful. He took the best rice as before, but mixed up with it ground nuts, yellow beans, a sort of small potato, the lung ngang fruit, and other materials, and cooked the whole with "red sugar." This made a most unpleasant looking mess, and had withal the appearance of being decidedly dirty. The jailer felt no temptation to detain it for his own use, and consequently the mother received it regularly and found it both palatable and nourishing.

In commemoration of this act of filial piety, the people of Fuhchau, every year, on the 29th day of the first month, prepare their rice with the materials and after the manner of that

furnished by the dutiful son for his mother. Thus is the memory of his filial piety perpetuated. The judge who pronounced sentence on the mother is forgotten; the history of her crime, if indeed she were guilty of any, is unknown; very possibly the name of the emperor who then reigned is known only as it is used to express dates in Chinese chronology; but the filial deed of this son is remembered and perpetuated in a feast observed by millions of his countrymen. Who does not see that its observance is calculated to encourage filial affection among the children who early join in its cultivation? Indeed, the Chinese are pre-eminent among heathen nations for the inculcation and the practice of obedience to parents. God says, "Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The Chinese, as a nation, have obeyed this precept; and they can to-day boast a longer life than any other nation of earth. May God hasten the day of their redemption!

There are other versions of the origin of the feast, but the one given above is probably as correct as any; and I like it best. S. L. BALDWIN.

"DON'T LOVE YOU NOW, MOTHER."

A great many years ago I knew a lady who had been sick for two years, as you have seen many a one, all the while slowly dying with consumption. She had but one child—a little boy.

One afternoon I was sitting by her bed-side, for dearly I loved her, watching her with an aching heart; it seemed as though she would cough her life away. Her little boy Harry, sat, too, at the post of the bed, his blue eyes, so like hers, filling with tears to see her suffer so. By-and-by the terrible cough

ceased. Henry came, put his arms round his mother's neck, nestled his head in her bosom, and said, "Mother, I do love you; I wish you weren't sick."

An hour later, the same loving, blue-eyed boy came in, all a-glow, stamping the snow off his feet. "Oh, mother, may I go skating, it is so nice—Ed. and Charlie are going?" "No, Henry," feebly said the mother, "the ice is not hard enough yet." "But, mother," very peevishly said the boy, "you are sick all the time, how do you know?" "My child, you must obey me," gently said the mother. "It is too bad," angrily sobbed the boy, who, an hour ago, had so loved his mother. "I would like to have my little boy go," said his mother, looking sadly at the little boy's face, all covered with frowns; "you said you loved me, be good." "No, I don't love you now, mother," said the boy, going out and slamming the door.

Again the frightful coughing came upon her, and we thought no more of the boy after the cough commenced. I noticed the tears falling thick upon her pillow, but she sank from exhaustion into a slight sleep.

In a little while, muffled steps of men's feet were heard coming into the house, as though carrying something; and they were carrying the almost lifeless body of Henry.

Angrily he had left his mother, then gone to skate—disobeyed her, and then broken through the thin ice—sank under the water, and now, saved by a great effort, was brought home barely alive to his sick mother.

I closed the doors, feeling more danger for her life than the child's, and, coming softly in, drew back the curtains from the bed. "I heard them—

it is Henry; oh, I know he went—is he dead?" But she never seemed to hear the answer I gave, telling, "Oh, no." She commenced coughing—she died in agony—strangled to death. The poor mother; the boy's disobedience killed her.

After a couple of hours I sought the boy's room. "Oh, I wish I had not told mother I did not love her. Tomorrow I'll tell her how I do," said the child, sobbing pitifully. My heart ached; to-morrow I knew we must tell him she was dead. We did not till the child came fully into the room, crying, "Mother, I do love you." Oh! may I never again see agony like that child's, as the lips he kissed gave back no kiss—as the hand he took fell lifelessly from his hand, instead of shaking his hand as it always had, and the boy knew she was dead.

"Mother, I do love you now," all the day long he sobbed and cried. "Oh, mother, mother, forgive me." Then he would not leave his mother. "Speak to me, mother," but she would never speak again, and he—the last words she ever heard him say were, "Mother, I don't love you now."

That boy's whole life was changed; sober and sad he was ever after. He is now a gray-haired old man, with one sorrow ever his, one act of disobedience, one wrong word, embittering all his life, with these words ever ringing in his ears, "Mother, I don't love you now."

Will the little ones who read this remember if they disobey their mother, if they are cross and naughty, they say every single time they do so, to a tender mother's heart, by their actions, if not in the words of Henry, the very same thing, "I don't love you now, mother."—*Western Churchman*.

The Guide to Holiness.

JULY, 1863.

HOW IS A CONSECRATED STATE OF HEART TO BE PRESERVED?

Perhaps nothing has conspired more effectually to bring into ill-repute the blessed doctrine of holiness, than the backsliding of many of its professors. In many instances this has arisen from looking upon it simply as a means of high, spiritual enjoyment, and not as a permanent character and life; and a necessary preparation for unceasing activities in the work of human salvation. The blessing has been received in some hour of high religious excitement, amid the songs and shouts of happy saints, and the subject at once yields himself to all the blissful emotions of the occasion, without raising the important question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" How shall I most effectually use this grace that thou hast conferred upon me for thine own glory? Dwelling somewhat selfishly, although unconsciously, in this region of religious emotion; constantly seeking by renewing the circumstances, to excite the same powerful affections; and almost forgetting the other great interests of life, the heart gradually loses its hold upon Christ; and for lack of practical religious activity, unceasing watchfulness, growth in grace, momentary faith, it lapses into a state of formality and comparative listlessness. In some places those that are the friends of the doctrine of entire consecration are those that are invariably revived at camp meetings and during seasons of religious interest, and as invariably, after a short period, become lifeless and inactive. These persons are sincere, but through the lack of intelligent views of the abiding faith that brings a clean heart, they rather, by their example repel, than draw their fellow disciples, to this elevated and scriptural attainment.

How can that state of "perfect love, that casteth out all fear," be retained, and made a blessing to the Church and to the world?

I. By walking in Christ as he was received. It is by a present, utter reliance upon the cleansing blood of Christ, that a pure heart is secured. This faith must be contin-

ued in constant exercise. "Help I every moment need." It must become the habit of the soul. Holiness requires a state of continued self-recollection. It is not the presence of believers, the exultant song, the united struggle in prayer, that purges and purifies the heart, but the indwelling of Jesus. "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." There is a danger of living upon the recollection of the hour when faith first brought Christ as a Saviour to the heart. He constantly awaits the prayer, "Abide with me." We need every day to learn afresh "that the Lord is in his holy temple." We are every morning to "put on Christ," as verily as we resume our bodily vesture. We are to linger at the altar until Christ "be formed within us," as we wait at our tables for the refreshment of daily food. Many humble souls have "perished with hunger." They have not been diligent in gathering the daily manna, and faith has grown weak through lack of divine nourishment.

Few realize how sublime and solemn a profession it is, to be able to affirm that we are altogether the Lord's—that we love him with a supreme affection—that our wills are entirely subordinated to his—and that our consciences no longer burden the heart with self-condemnation. It is the King's highway of holiness, over which the ransomed of the Lord, in garments pure and white, "return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." No unclean thing stains this divine path. It is the ladder above Bethel—uniting earth and heaven. Holy angels might descend and ascend upon it.

Upon this shining course we have entered; not to delay, and gaze at the crown and glory at the end of it; but to run the whole length of the celestial journey, constantly "looking unto Jesus, the author and *finisher* of our faith."

We have certainly deceived ourselves if there is no *growth* in our religious enjoyment and activity. Not as though we had already attained all that Jesus has in store for us, if we are really consecrated to him, we shall with increasing earnestness, press "for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus, our Lord." If the new birth awakens in the

heart an unutterable desire to conciliate the whole world to Jesus, and brings down upon the soul a dispensation of the gospel, saying to it—"Go, into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" when that new birth has reached its holy maturity, and by the power of grace through faith, has become a "perfect man in Christ Jesus," how energetic must be this principle of life, starting into daily developement in fruits of the Spirit. The new birth was constantly nourished by the milk of gentle and sweet promises; so the divine manhood must have its daily and hearty nourishment from the "body and blood,"—from renewed communion and fellowship with Christ.

II. This suggests the relation that the Scriptures hold to a redeemed soul. Nothing can take their place—no prayer meeting or band meeting—no preaching or religious conversation—all these are invaluable as aids and channels of grace, but they cannot supply the absence of the "exceeding great and precious promises." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Not as a form or duty; not a specific and limited portion of the Bible merely, but as a rich privilege; as a fountain of spiritual life, ever renewed by holy tides; as the subsistence of faith; as the sweet words constantly dropping from the Master's lips; as the tongue of the Holy Spirit, by which he speaks to the inmost soul and discloses the mind of God; as the blessed covenant which our heavenly Father has made with his beloved children, we are to dwell upon it, fill our thoughts and meditations with it, and inwardly, with delightful relish, digest it. It is our duty to obtain through all the helps within our reach, clear views of the nature, responsibility and means of attainment, of the blessing of a holy heart; and we have reason to be grateful that a good Providence has secured for us so abundant a supply. Quite a considerable library is already published upon this precious doctrine. Every consecrated man should be a reading Christian. Each new volume, and experience suggests new and profitable views of Christ and the way of faith. We may well substitute the temporary reading of the hour with this sanctified literature; and no Christian can yield himself to the mental dissipation of light and trivial reading without a sensible

loss of moral power. But after all, there is only one final appeal; and there is only one volume that can bear a constant perusal. More Christians will be found to be the most consistent in experience, the most harmonious in temper, the most fruitful and persevering in life, who are constantly made "wise unto salvation by searching the Scriptures." We shall be less likely to be bewildered in our religious life if we go for our instruction and examples directly to "the word and to the testimony."

Here are the promises, and here are the directions enabling us to avail ourselves of them. The humble disciple, that prayerfully takes God's word as a "lamp to his feet," will not be permitted to err in the path of life, or to be "barren and unfruitful" in his experience.

III. We should seek constant channels of usefulness.

Moral power is not accumulated in vain. "For their sakes" says our Lord, "I sanctify myself." "When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." Holy love craves service—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." God loved—and gave his Son. Jesus loved—and died for us. The Holy Spirit loved—and enlightens every man that cometh into the world. A holy heart cannot exhaust itself in emotions. It pants for holiness in others—it loves the world for Jesus' sake. If we would retain the witness of our consecration, it must in every possible way be made active. We have given ourselves to him, and whatever service he has on earth it is more than our meat or drink to enter upon it.

We are not to limit our labors for the sanctification of believers, and withdraw ourselves from other forms of service; but "whatsoever our hands find to do, do it with our might." The love of Christ constraining us, we seek the salvation of our families and friends, "in season and out of season." We covet the opportunity of feeding the lambs; we love the assembling of the saints; we are ready to co-operate with the minister and Church, —although they may not be altogether what we wish. Some seem to suppose that the only work left to one professing holiness, is to urge this doctrine at all times, to meet with the select few that love it, and to count as of little value every sermon, prayer and exhortation that is not pervaded with it. Not so. We are to "adorn the doctrine we profess by

a well-ordered life and a godly conversation"—exhibit in "every good word and work," the "beauty of holiness." Invite our brethren in loving, not censorious, words, to a higher walk; but condescend to them of low estate. Work freely, earnestly, heartily, with every one that loves our Lord Jesus; and enter faithfully into every practicable expedient for building up the kingdom of Christ.

In short, we are to enrich our faith and patience constantly by the word of God and by prayer, and then allow them to have their "perfect work."

Such will not fall away, neither will they be left to bring a reproach upon the gospel of Christ.

BOOK NOTICES.

Up the Ladder, or Striving and Thriving, by Madeline Leslie—a 16 mo of 256 pp., which having opened at the title page, we read on to "finis," because we couldn't help it; is just from the press of Graves & Young, Boston. It is a thrilling illustration of the truth that fortune follows character; that industry and virtue lead "up the ladder."

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D.

Some time since Dr. Stanley sent forth from the press his volume, entitled "Sinai and Palestine," which is, in many respects, the most satisfactory and interesting work we have met illustrating the sacred localities. Last year this was followed by a very valuable and interesting work upon the "Eastern Church," which has been widely welcomed by intelligent Christian students. And now, we have, from the same publisher—Charles Scribner, of New York—a volume presenting even greater attractions, and rich in illustrations of the times of the Patriarchs and Judges.

It is issued at a favorable hour, when the interest of the Christian world is fastened upon the Pentateuch, by the fierce controversy arising out of the late attacks upon its authenticity. One hardly knows which to admire most, the thorough comprehension of the subject; the varied learning exhibited by the cultivated author, or the charming style which renders his pages, even upon these familiar themes, so attractive. This volume embraces the sacred history from Abraham to Samuel—the most important, as covering the

introduction of the Mosaic liturgy, of the Old Testament record. Every clergyman will desire this valuable, and beautiful addition to his library; a desire in which every Christian student will equally share. For sale at all the bookstores.

Great Britain in Prophecy. Rev. Samuel Sparks, a local preacher in Binghamton, N. Y., has published a pamphlet of 30 pages, consisting of two lectures, on the topic above named. His readers will entertain various notions on rising from a perusal of his work; but all will agree in according to the author the credit of a good style not without ornament, and will say that he has written an interesting thing. The book bears evidence of much patient investigation and much ingenuity. It contains more thought than do many large books. For sale by the author: 25 cts. per copy.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

READING WITH THOUGHT.—A little boy reading in the 28th chapter of Matthew, came to the verses 4 and 5. Pausing at the close of the latter verse, he looked up and said, "I think there is *such* a meaning in that word *ye* there." "How do you mean, my love?" asked his mother. "Why," he replied, "in the fourth verse we are told that the keepers and guards did shake; then it is said to the women, 'Fear not *ye*, *ye* seek Jesus;' they that seek Jesus need never be afraid." Many adult readers fail to see the beauty of Scripture as that boy saw it because they read with neither *understanding* nor *heart*, while he read with both.

THERE are no step-children in the family of God; he does not make favorites of the cleverest, whose names have filled the world, and neglect those who were "never heard of half a mile from home." The poorest, least talented, least known, are as dear to the Redeemer now as the greatest, and will be as happy in his presence forever.

A FRIEND asked a pretty child of six years old, "Which do you love the best—your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of the questioner, "I love my cat best, but please don't tell my doll!"

LOOK FOR THE PROMISED LAND.

33

From the "S. S. GEM," By Permission.

A. HULL.

1. Pilgrims on the burning sand, Look away, yes, look away; Yonder is the

2. If the way seems dark and drear, Look away, yes, look away; Jesus calls thee,

promised land, Look, look away. Jesus bids his fol'wers, come, There you'll find a

never fear, Look, look away. By the eye of faith you'll see, Mansions there pre-

hap - py home, Look away, look a - way, Look for the promised land.

pared for thee, Look a - way, look a - way, Look, for the promised land.

3.
Should your lot be hard to bear,
Look away, yes, look away;
Jesus will your burdens share,
Look, look away.
With each trial grace is given,
Grace which points thee up to heav'n,
Look away, look away,
Look for the promised land.

4.
When the tempest's most severe,
Look away, yes, look away;
Jesus comes thy heart to cheer,
Look, look away.
Pearly gates you'll soon behold,
Streets all paved with shining gold,
Look away, look away,
Look for the promised land.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

AUGUST, 1863.

SOULS AND STARS.

The substance of the following *appeal* was addressed to the Local Preachers of "A — circuit," in England, by one of their number, whose name is not given. We have abridged and re-written it, adapting it to the ministry in general, and to the Methodist ministry in particular. We beg our brethren to read it prayerfully.

W. McDONALD.

Dear Brethren: After a somewhat lengthened course of observation, I have come to the conclusion, that our labors, as ministers of Christ, have not been as fruitful in the conversion of sinners as might reasonably have been expected. Gratifying instances of this kind have not been wanting; but their recurrence has neither been as frequent nor as extensive as the wants of the church demand, and the resources at our command justify.

Why is it that ours, the grandest of all human missions, has been a comparative failure? Why is it that our Lord's day toil has been prosecuted on a scale of remuneration so painfully dis-proportionate? Why is it that while men of Cyprus and Cyrene, persecuted and hated, shake Antioch with their preaching, and turn multitudes to God, we, prosecuting the same mission, placed in communication with the same power, and authorised to expect the

same "signs following," have occasion to inquire despondingly again and again, "who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

First, allow me, my dear brethren, to suggest the possibility of a defect in our personal piety.

How many of us wear the white robe of personal holiness? How many can experimentally and explicitly testify that the "blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin?" Ah! is there *one*, on whose forehead shines this jewel of heavenly depth and brilliance,—*one*, who wears what our fathers so extensively wore? No wonder that we are feebler than they were. No wonder that our lives are less illustrious, our examples less attractive, and our labors less fruitful.

Our piety should be much loftier in its character than that exhibited by the generality of Christians around us. The teacher should stand on a higher spiritual platform than the taught. This is the case with some; but others, I fear, are only on an equality; and a few, no doubt, are lower in the scale of personal piety than the average of those to whom they minister. Let the searching interrogative be put by each

one of us, "*Is it I?*" If the piety of the pulpit be no higher than that of the pew, the spiritual elevation of the latter is quite out of the question. Would we learn the secret of evangelical power? let us listen to what the inspired biographer says of Barnabas: "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord."

Second. Perhaps our pulpit unfruitfulness arises from a want of *earnest, persevering* prayer.

The past history of the church rings with the availings of the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous man. Had we supplicated as Abraham did, we should have had no occasion for "O, my leanness, my leanness!" Step after step does the patriarch rise in his humble and disinterested importunity for Sodom; and step after step does Divine tenderness promptly follow the suppliant. God lingers until Abraham is done. "I will not destroy it for ten's sake," is the emphatic response to the final "Peradventure." Or had we prayed as Moses prayed in behalf of his rebellious charge, till, as if fettered and bound by the voice of a man, Omnipotence cries out, "Let me alone, that I may destroy them," idolatry would have been driven from the church. Or had we wrestled as Jacob did, during the long hours of that memorable night, when the evening sun set upon Jacob the suppliant and the morning sun rose upon Israel the Prince, we too should have had power with God and prevailed. Or had we prayed as did Daniel, the man greatly beloved, for full three weeks, with "fasting," "supplication," and "ashes," surely God would have given us skill and understanding in the work of winning souls.

Cold, brief, ordinary prayers are not the weapons which have fought the Lord's battles in past times. Who was it, that in the solitude of the mountain spent the hours of the live-long night in prayer? Was it not our Divine Model, our ever living, ever present Master? Who was it that under one sermon at the kirk of Shotts, saw five hundred souls brought to God? Was it not the devoted John Livingstone? He afterward remarked, "I never preached *ane* sermon which I would be *earnest* to see again in *vryte*, but two; one was on *ane* Munday after the *communion at Shotts*; and the other on *ane* Munday after the communion at Holywood; and both these times I had spent the whole night before in conference and prayer with some Christians." Who was it that carried through the circuits in which he labored a burning series of apostolic revivals? Was it not William Bramwell, of whom we read that he habitually spent six hours out of the twenty-four, on his knees? My dear brethren, let us rouse ourselves. Let every sluggish feeling and dormant power be stirred up to take hold on God.

"What though our shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?"

We rise superior to our pain:

When we are weak, then are we strong!

And when our all of strength shall fail,

We shall with the God-Man prevail."

A want of directness in our pulpit efforts, is another cause of our non-success.

If we preached for souls, souls would be converted. Our desires and purposes on this subject, to a considerable extent, are the measure of our success. Of Alleine, author of the "Alarm to Unconverted Sinners," it is said, "He was infinitely and insatiably greedy of

the conversion of souls; and to this end he poured out his very heart in prayer and in preaching." Bunyan said, "In my preaching I could not be satisfied, unless some fruits did appear in my work." Doddridge, in writing to a friend, remarked, "I long for the conversion of souls more sensibly than for anything besides." David Brainerd could say of himself, on more occasions than one, "I cared not where, or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls to Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things; and when I awaked, the first thing I thought of was this great work. All my desire was for the conversion of the heathen; and all my hope was in God." John Smith said, "God has given me so powerfully to feel the value of precious souls, that I cannot live if souls are not saved. O give me souls or else I die." One of the latest utterances of the venerable John Angell James, is, "Never, at any former period of my life, was I more impressed with the idea that the conversion of souls is the great end of the Christian ministry. Every thing short of this, I feel to be utterly unsatisfying."

To what extent, my dear brethren, do these Christ-like yearnings touch chords of sympathy within ourselves? The palpable want of visible, and continuous results, supplies an answer sufficiently and unhappily conclusive. Perhaps you are saying, "I attend punctually to all my appointments." Undoubtedly. "I preach with all plainness, a free, full and present salvation." Granted. "The people are instructed, profited and pleased, under our ministry." Cheerfully granted. But all this is insufficient. If men are not "turned from iniquity," if

sinners are not converted from "the error of their ways;" if there are no actual results of this character attending our ministrations, our work is improperly done and we shall fail of our full reward.

My brethren, let me urge upon you the indispensable necessity of anxiety for fruit. You have no conception what force this singleness of aim will give to your character, and what irresistible power it will infuse into your ministrations.

There is something awful to my mind in making preaching an *end* and not a *means*; in passing through the same customary routine of sermonizing, and exhibiting no eagerness for visible results, being perfectly complacent if the service has been performed with propriety, and the congregation has been tolerably gratified with the performance. O this damnable Laodicean formalism! How respectably does it leave the victim in the paw of the lion! Let your text be chosen, and your sermon made, with an all-pervading reference to the rescue of souls. Let brain and heart contribute to this one result. With mighty prayer clothe yourself with the power of Pentecost. In apostolic singleness of purpose say, "This one thing I do." Every movement shall then result in conquest. Good men will glorify God in you, and wicked men will shake beneath your breathing thoughts and burning words. Christ will be glorified by the trophies of your toil; and men of this world will say of you as the celebrated Dr. Priestley said of Mr. Thomas Mitchel, one of the first Methodist preachers, a man of slender abilities, and defective education, under whose preaching the Doctor had unintentionally sat as a hearer, "*This man must do good, for*

he aims at nothing else."

Brethren, there are motives which press upon us the importance of this mighty work :

1. The conversion of souls will shed lustre upon the church which we represent. I care not what may be the numbers of the Church, what its wealth, what the beauty of its sanctuaries, what the attractiveness of its ministry, what the grandeur of its ceremonies, what the perfection of its order ; I care not what its name or position may be ; the Church, by whose instrumentality no sinner is turned from his iniquity, is a dishonored, crest-fallen, humbled Church ; a blight in the universe of Jesus ; as useless and offensive amongst the trees of God's vineyard as a blasted oak in a living forest of freshness and beauty. On the contrary, no matter how poor, and small, and unpretending a Church may be, if it seek and save the lost, if it make wretched men happy, lame men sound, leprous men clean, and if it bring pardon to the guilty ; that Church bears its own credentials ; the heraldry of heaven floats upon its blood-washed ensign, and the diadem of him, upon whose head are many crowns, sparkles on its brow. The powers of this world may confront and oppose, but these living epistles of Christian power and enterprise which she bears triumphantly along with her, puzzle and confound them. As it was in the days of the Jewish Sanhedrim, when Peter and John were summoned before them, so it is now. "Beholding the man that was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it." My brethren, how few holy tokens have there been among us to confound the gainsayer, how few lepers have been cleansed, how few champions of the devil transformed !

The day before Pentecost, the disciples were little known and much despised ; but the conversion of three thousand souls some fifteen or eighteen hours later, carried the names of the Galilean fishermen to the limits of the Roman Empire. A church stands high when her sons are like "corner-stones" for strength, and her daughters, for beauty, "polished after the similitude of a palace."

2. *The conversion of a soul in itself ought to furnish a sufficiency of motive.*

What is it to save a soul from death ? Can you state the value of salvation ? Can you estimate the weight and significance of such an attainment ? Could you raise a man to the possession of princely fortunes and ducal honors where the millions should admire his elevation, the conversion of a soul to Christ is a greater achievement than that. Could you indefinitely augment the empire of science and incalculably enrich the treasures of art, the conversion of a soul is a grander result than that. Could you heal all manner of diseases ; could you go through the land giving strength to the infirm, eyesight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, soundness to the lame, health to the sick ; could you thus fill thousands of suffering homes with joy, and send up from the valleys and plains, and hill-tops of the land, one loud and gathering song of thanksgiving and love, the conversion of one soul would be an achievement infinitely loftier. Death will soon kill the body, and the world will soon be no more, but the soul

" Shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter
And the crash of worlds."

I sometimes wonder how it is that the soul's value and safety should be so

little the subject of our thought. When we think of a life of love and contrast it with a life of hate; when we think of a death of peace and contrast it with a death of anguish; when our eyes glance fearfully into the dimness and bitterness of the eternal storm; when our ears catch the wailings of the eternally damned; when we feast on the ravishing melody of Eden, and catch a glimpse of the happy and holy ones that wander "midst flowers that never fade nor fall;" when we read of God's becoming man, and of his Gethsemane agonies and Calvary ignominy, how is it that in view of all this, in the soul's destiny, we do not rush forward with "cries, entreaties, tears to save, and snatch them from the gaping grave?" that we can suffer any petty pursuit or momentary worldly consideration to deter us from the great end for which God himself wept and suffered? If Christ were fully formed in us, we should think as he thought, feel as he felt, weep as he wept, and be willing, even for an enemy's salvation, to die as he died. 'O for a Christ-like love for souls!

Finally, our future reward is intimately connected with this work. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." It seldom happens that the man who is extensively useful in the church has full justice done him while engaged in his glorious toil. The simple piety of the truly good, and the better judgment of sinners appreciate him. But some, who should be his helpers, do not seem to understand him; others do not relish his plans; others look upon his success with a feeling of envy; and others still who dislike a living, earnest

religion in any shape, "pass by on the other side." The man who does the heavy trench-work of revival, amidst shell, and fierce assault from principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places, finds himself in many respects unaided and unrecognized. Like his Master, the "common people hear him gladly;" but formalists and worldlings, lovers of respectability and rigid order, stand coldly and stiffly aloof.

But, tardy as the church and the world are to acknowledge his merits while he lives, almost every one writes "*victor*" on his shield when he falls. The names of earnest christian laborers never die. Their deeds of spiritual chivalry are handed down from father to son. When names of mere mental power and ministerial talent have passed from the memory, the names of those who have "turned many to righteousness," will still be as familiar as household words. Nelson, Bramwell, Stoner, John Smith, and others, are names embalmed in the great heart of Methodism, and will become increasingly fragrant to the end of time.

But whatever may be the judgment and awards of earth, respecting the faithful servant of Christ, this much we know, heaven will do ample justice to his character and toil. One class is to "shine as the brightness of the firmament." Their individual lustre will not be so strikingly apparent, but, blended one with another, they will constitute a luminous field—a magnificent "milky way" of light and glory. The other class are to shine "as the stars." Their glory will be prominently observable. They will strike and rivet the gaze in a moment. High amidst a universe of stars will these glow and burn as the never-waning, but ever

brightening constellations of heaven. Such is the reward of those who turn many to righteousness.

Earthly crowns and coronets will soon pass away; green fields and golden treasures will soon be gone, but the living jewelry of souls plucked from the burning and beautiful with holiness shall ever abide, and they will cluster around the honored instrument of their salvation, giving dignity to his person, joy to his crown and rapture to his emotions; and adorned by their seraphic radiance he shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

In conclusion. Why is it, dear brethren, that souls are not saved on a larger scale than at present? How is it, that a traffic so holy, so necessary, so profitable, languishes so fearfully? How is it that so few blood-bought wanderers are turned to righteousness? Has God purposely taken off the chariot wheels of the church, lest she should move at too great a speed in the conversion of the world? God forbid. Why is it, then, that so few hard hearts are melted, and so few unhappy prodigals are gladdened with a Father's love, and enriched with a Father's home? Why, indeed, but because we do not earnestly and perseveringly long for souls? We do not weep over them, agonize for them, travail in birth for them. We do not clothe ourselves with the marvellous energies of the Holy Spirit. Our locks are shorn; the cords of the Philistines are too strong, the gates of Gaza are too heavy. Satan sets us at defiance, and keeps our Lord's immortal property in spite of us.

O, my brethren, souls must be won for Christ by any means, at any cost, in any way. Our appointments must be regarded, not as merely involving

the composition and delivery of so many sermons, but as so many blessed opportunities for "warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Our sermons must be looked upon, not as mere human compositions, but as channels of life-giving energy, and we must mourn within ourselves if our day's reaping produce no sheaves. Deal sternly and roughly with the Devil. Let the struggle be energetic and determined. You may be ridiculed for being extravagant and disorderly. Never mind. Your day will come. The results of your labor will go with you into eternity. "Nothing else will." The rewards of heaven will not be the shadowy ones of earth. The smiles, the bosom, the joy, and the many mansions of Jesus, will be your smile, your bosom, your joy, your mansion for ever.

DIVINE BLANK FORMS.—Not only are the promises in God's own words, but he gives full liberty, also, to the Bible writers to promise for him. It is as if he had given them blank forms, and said: "Whatever you see my people need, and in whatever variety of expression the promises will make the deepest impression on their hearts, so fill them up over my name, and I will honor them all." This same privilege he seems to give to his people. Said a Christian brother, "I thank God for his 'blank promises.' I read, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' and 'Whatever ye ask in my name I will do,' and Jesus does not say what I shall ask, and so I am at liberty to fill up the blank myself. I insert whatever blessing I need. I put in the names of my children and friends, and call upon God to honor his promises."

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

ROSE HILL HOUSE, Birmingham, Feb. 23, '63.

Dear sister Sarah: Here we are in the place where the excellent Hester Ann Rogers exchanged mortality for life. Her remains lie interred in the burial ground of St. Mary's Church. We have visited the spot. It is marked by a large stone, and a beautiful inscription of several lines in verse. We intend to visit the grave again, and copy the lines. The grave or tomb has the appearance of being quite new; having been recently repaired by the Rector of St. Mary's. The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance. In fulfilling his word, our righteous Lord has a thousand ways, unthought of by those who humbly trust in him.

When the sainted Mrs. Rogers was so painfully persecuted by her Church of England friends, and her name cast out as evil, could she have imagined that her name was destined to be as ointment poured forth for generations to come? Could she have conceived while degraded to the state of a menial, in her mother's house, that *her name* was destined to be so embalmed in the sight of her own people; that an honorable clergyman of the Church of England should take so much pains to preserve her memory before his people, over half a century after she had passed from earth?

Few memoirs have been read by persons of various denominations more than that of H. A. Rogers. Being dead, she yet speaketh, and will continue to speak *till the end of time*. Thousands, who have read her life, would covet as bright a crown as awaits this self-sacrificing heroine of the cross.

Who would shrink from following on in the same path—that is in honor and dishonor? Thousands of petitions are presented by those who wish to get near the throne, but are not willing to take the right way for it. They covet to have their prayers answered, but are not willing to pay the cost, if it be by coming out of great tribulation.

I was saying to dear Dr. P. last night, "how many dear ones who used to attend our Tuesday meeting, are now among the blood-washed around the throne?" Writing the words, "coming out of great tribulation;" brought up vividly before me our dear Mother Stebbins, who used so to delight in uniting with us in glorifying the Lamb at those seasons; also, our dear father and mother, sisters Mary, and Eliza, and brother Henry Moore, and brother Shipman, good mother Hayter and many others. O how many are now singing the song of the Redeemed in heaven, who once united with us in the song of Moses and the Lamb, on earth in those consecrated rooms. Still memory loves to linger over yet one, and another, now worshipping in the upper sanctuary, who once mingled with us.

Do you remember the intense interest manifested by the now sainted Bishop Waugh, in attending the Tuesday meeting, when he was visiting us for a few days? He was surely a man of more than ordinary piety. The fervors of his devoted heart seemed ever depicted in his countenance. On the occasion referred to, his face was so lighted up with seraphic joy, that my heart took the daguerreotype—it has remained with me ever since; and I often think of the beloved Bishop, and our much loved Dr. Bangs, who for so many years was such a constant at-

tendant, and also dear Dr. Bond. You will not forget the time, when only a few months before the death of the latter, the hearts of these honored veterans were there cemented in bonds never to be severed. And now those venerated worthies have passed through the veil of mortality, and are singing together, "Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood." Who can doubt but they oft mingle with the hosts of the Lord who carry the news from those hallowed rooms, of yet another and another, whose robes have been newly washed in the blood of the Lamb. We are indeed most thankful to hear that the meetings are still so gloriously owned of God. Many in this Old World having learned that the Tuesday meeting is held in our house in America, read the testimonies as reported in the Guide to Holiness from month to month, with eager satisfaction. Since I commenced this, I have received a long letter from a friend in Scotland who has fallen in with some friends who visited the Tuesday meeting—and in speaking of what she heard of you, she said "It made me so long to run off to America to get a sight of her. O what a union that will be when we meet in glory." So you see there are friends at this remote distance who will exult to meet you at the pearly gates.

COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD.
I greatly like that saying of the Rev. Charles Simeon, in a letter to a friend, "If I can have my God to go before me in the pillar and the cloud, I long exceedingly to visit you once more; but if I cannot see my way clear, I am better where I am." Running before Providence is very perilous.

CHRIST WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

O blessed Jesus, when I see thee bending,
Girt as a servant, at thy servants' feet;
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending,
To wash their dust away, and make them meet

To share thy feast—I know not to adore,
Whether thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious thou art of that dread hour impending,

When thou must hang in anguish on the tree;

Yet, as in the beginning, to the ending

Of thy sad life, thine own are dear to thee;
And thou wilt prove to them ere thou dost part,

The untold love which fills thy faithful heart.

The day, too, is at hand, when, far ascending,
Thy human brow the crown of God shall wear;

Ten thousand saints and radiant ones attending,

To do thy will and bow in homage there;
But thou dost pledge to guard thy Church from ill,

Or bless with good, thyself a servant still.

Meek Jesus! to my soul thy Spirit lending,

Teach me to live, like thee, in lowly love;
With humble service all thy saints befriending,

Until I serve before thy throne above;
Yes, serving e'en my foes, for thou didst seek
The feet of Judas in thy service meek.

Daily, my pilgrimage as homeward wending,

My weary way, and sadly stained with sin,
Daily do thou, thy precious grace expending,

Wash me all clean without, and clean within,
And make me fit to have a part with thee
And thine, at last, in heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of SERVANT! comprehending
Man's highest honor in his humblest name,
For thou, God's Christ, that office recommending,

The throne of mighty power didst truly claim;

He who would rise like thee, like thee must owe

His highest glory to his stooping low.

GREAT PEACE have they who love
thy law.

A GLANCE AT HEAVEN.

Being weary, in consequence of the labor and anxiety of life, I have chosen for a solace, to wander into the field at eventide, like Isaac of old, to meditate; and all at once, as quick as thought, I find my mind transported from this world of disappointment, sorrow, sickness, pain and death, to a land of living verdure and captivating delights, in the midst of a shoreless sea of bliss, surrounded by myriads of objects of admiration and wonder, where the inhabitants enjoy perpetual health and eternal youth.

The reigning joy of that heavenly land is, that Jehovah keeps his royal court in person. There his dwelling place is enriched with the richest profusion of his love. There his saints rejoice to behold the adorable displays of his perfection, the manifestations of his goodness, and the outlets of his love. There the intercourse between him and his redeemed ones carries him to the utmost extent of communicable glory. The buildings that are there, are the palaces of the great King, in which are mansions referred to, John xiv. 2, by the Son of God, while a missionary on earth. These mansions are magnificent, founded in grace and furnished with glory. Age shall never enter there, and nothing shall decay. What a beautiful city is the new Jerusalem! its gates are all gloriously set in pearls, and there the attributes of God blaze divinely bright. There, also, is our Emanuel, fitting up mansions for his forthcoming saints. The trophies of eternal victory already there, bow at his feet. He is our elder brother, our near kinsman; from this relation our grandeur springs, our being connected with the high and hon-

orable family of heaven. A great blessing indeed, to be a brother to the Son of God, and hear him to us, in that capacity, declare his Father's name. We shall see him, and be like him, and then we shall be eternally happy.

O happy land of God, where the rivers of pleasure overflow their banks forever! O rapture, O ecstatic joys, O everlasting heaven! Thy joys are too great for our mortal frames; none but glorified bodies can bear the transports of thine eternal day. There the general assembly of the saints will be on the holy Mount Zion, to dwell forever in the royal pavilion of glory, and have most intimate communion with the king eternal. What rapturous notes will then sound through the sweet groves of bliss. All heaven will be melody—angels will accent the song. There we shall drink at Life's immortalizing stream, and draw water out of the wells of salvation. There we shall have life beyond the reach of death, health secured from sickness, and pleasure without pain. Our bodies will be immortal, our souls immaculate, our senses sanctified; our faculties enlarged, and our whole soul filled with divinity.

KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST'S LOVE.—It is a peculiar kind of expression where the apostle prays that they might "know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." We may know that experimentally, which we cannot know comprehensively; we may know that, in its power and effects, which we cannot comprehend in its nature and depths. A weary person may receive refreshment from a spring, who cannot fathom the depths from whence it proceeds.

Owen.

HOLINESS SIMPLIFIED.

BY NOAH STOWELL.

CONCLUDED.

God wills our happiness, and has provided that we may have "joy unspeakable and full of glory" in the deepest adversity—even our "afflictions work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The soul on receiving the fulness of perfect love, will have such a foretaste of heaven as to desire to depart. O, that I could leave this poor world of sin and sorrow and dwell in the full blaze of heavenly glory; but after advancing a little in spiritual knowledge, realizing that heaven will be endless, we prefer to remain in this world until our work is done. If God has any spot or place where he can employ such instrumentalities to glorify himself in leading others to the fountain; for although we "would not live away," yet we are willing to wait, yes, choose to remain here; not only until we have done, but also until we have suffered all the will of God, since we see clearly that God may bring more good out of our sufferings, than out of our doings. The sufferings of this life are not punishments for sin; if they were, the truly pious would be free from suffering; but "many are the afflictions of the righteous." We suffer that we "might be partakers of his holiness." Just as the hard labor of springtime is related to the golden harvest of autumn: so our sufferings advance us in the knowledge of God and of divine things. "Thy will be done," is the language of the heart. Walking steadily in this light, we enter into the divine glory, and pass onward "from glory to glory," revealed to us by the Spirit; "To you it is given to know the mys-

teries of the kingdom of God." Moses says, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory;" and in our Saviour's prayer, he says, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them." It could not be the glory of his divine nature—this he had from all eternity; but to his humanity was given the glory of being the natural Son, and heir of God; so that we by being born of God, and adopted into his family, become joint heirs with him, and inherit the glory; being brought into the same relation as children. We would consider it presumption to claim such glory, were it not given; but it is the height of ingratitude not to accept it, when coming from such a source; the sunlight is shared equally by millions; so all may have this glory if they will—"all are yours." If poor humanity can't stand up, let it fall down under the glory; but give us the glory. "Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth?" Thus we catch the chorus from the heavenly city, where they "need not the light of the sun, moon nor candle," while the same glory "shines in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Some have supposed themselves favored with a clear assurance that they should never fall, or lose their acceptance with God. They have thought also that a like assurance might be the privilege of all; but let no one suppose we can never fall, so long as we are in this world, and under moral government. Holy angels fell from heaven; Adam and Eve from Paradise; "the natural branches were broken off by unbelief, and thou standest by faith,—be not highminded, but fear, for if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he spare not thee." We must

observe God's order, "the Lord is with you, while ye be with him, and if you seek him, he will be found of you; but if you forsake him, he will forsake you." True it is written, "He that is born of God cannot sin;" but this only shows that love cannot hate, humility cannot be proud, patience cannot be fretful; in this "the children of God are manifest." Holiness must leave or sin cannot enter the temple, and "if any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy;" yet we may be assured that while we cleave to the Lord with an unwavering faith, "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God;" but walking in the light, we shall *be able to* let our light shine to the glory of God.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord;" and Jesus said, "ye also shall bear witness." We are not to be "ashamed of him nor of his words." We should be perfectly familiar with the terms holiness, sanctification, perfect love, &c. We may even love the words, so expressive of the work itself. We want to know the fulness by happy experience, and then there is an appropriateness in the terms. We never become weary of the word sun, to express the source of natural light; nor of water, to express that life-preserving liquid. We should be as willing to observe God's order in spiritual things, as in natural. Wherever we can find a "thus saith the Lord," it is solid rock; we may stand upon it alone, and bid defiance to the universe of opposers. May the Lord help us!

It is objected, that the apostle Paul acknowledged that he had not "attained neither was already perfect;" but this refers to the resurrection glory, as the context plainly shows. He

may have supposed that as Enoch and Elijah had been translated, it was possible for him to enjoy the same privilege. In Corinthians he says, "not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon," evidently showing there is nothing desirable in dying, for death is a consequence of sin, and every result of sin is to be dreaded; but "to depart and be with Christ" is inviting, either by translation, or even by passing through the sufferings of death if it must be so. But we may innocently desire to be excused if it were possible; but resigning all to the Divine disposal, we may say "thy will be done."

Should it be objected that as infants are only justified and yet are saved, therefore adults may be saved without sanctification; we answer that infants through the atonement meet all the claims of the divine law, and the command to adults is, "be ye holy," and without *holiness* no man shall see the Lord;" it is clear then that adults must be sanctified to be saved. We should hasten to the fountain and be cleansed from all sin, for so soon as we become moral agents, we are responsible for retaining the defilement of original sin, because provision is made for its removal; God has promised to "sanctify us wholly," and it is our fault if it is not done; we are ungrateful to neglect it.

O how precious to dwell in God! It is to walk in light. We often feel that a great effort is necessary to retain gems of thought given to us by the Spirit, as though he was a messenger ready to depart; but if we sink down into the depths of divine love, we shall be encircled with the heavenly glory, and the Holy Ghost will bring them to our remembrance far beyond our own expectations, thus making us the hon-

ored instruments of reflecting light to others; it being "no more we that do it but the grace of God that is with us." Thus we shall have no occasion to stoop to the honors of men, we may count even "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures" of this world. We may rejoice with overwhelming gratitude, in the honor that comes from God only, knowing that he can use us in any form he pleases, with perfect safety to ourselves, and give us all, the honorable relations of "sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty," while at the same time we feel that we are "less than the least of all saints," but rejoicing "that our names are written in heaven," and that we are associated with "an innumerable company of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect," being "heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." Glory to God for such an inheritance. Amen.

REVERENCE.—"I wish," said Robert Hall, speaking of a lady who was wont to talk of the Supreme Being with great familiarity, "I wish I knew how to cure that lady of her bad habit. I have often tried, but as yet in vain. It is a great mistake to affect this kind of familiarity with the King of kings, and speak of him as though he were a next door neighbor, from the pretence of love." To this he adds, quoting an old divine, "Nothing but ignorance can be guilty of this boldness; there is no divinity but in a humble fear; no philosophy but shows itself in a silent admiration."

A THOUGHT OF MARTIN LUTHER'S. Luther remarked, that there were three things on which he could not bear to dwell, without Christ—his sins, death, and the day of judgment.

A BALM FOR THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MRS. S. F. MORGAN.

"He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds."

Balm for the broken heart,
Balm for the wounded mind,
Not balm devised by human art,
By human skill combined.
On Calv'ry's blood-stained top,
From Jesus' wounds distill'd,
It flowed in many a crimson drop,
With healing virtue fill'd.

The sharpest, keenest smart,
The mind's most festering sore,
Th's balsam for the broken heart
Possesseth power to cure.

Cast upon sorrow's stream,
It dryeth every tear,
Or turneth to a rainbow gleam,
With new-born hopes to cheer.

To souls oppress'd with sin,
And yearning for release,
Applied, it hath the power to win
Strength, purity, and peace.

Balm for the broken heart,
Balm for the wounded mind,
Not balm devised by human art,
By human skill combined.

PROFIT OF PRAYER.—The profit of prayer is thus excellently set forth in a few sentences by the French writer, La Mannais :

"After praying, is not the heart lighter, and the soul happier? Prayer renders affliction less sorrowful, and joy more pure. It mingles with the one an unspeakable sweetness, and adds to the other a celestial perfume. Sometimes there passes over the fields a wind which parches the plants, and then their withered stems will droop toward the earth; but, watered by the dew, they regain their freshness, and lift up their drooping heads. So there are always burning winds which pass over the soul and wither it. Prayer is the dew which refreshes it again."

MOTH-EATEN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In great dwellings there are many apartments. There are long and dusky halls. There are closets and store-rooms that are not often visited. There are spare rooms, attics, lumber-rooms. While the faithful house-keeper watches in the living rooms against dirt and insect foes, the insidious enemy has silently retreated to these remoter camps where broom and brush seldom come. There they rear their undisturbed families. They nest in corners. They brood in old garments. They make cities of refuge of rolls of cloth. These children of the moth wake to raven and fatten upon juiceless thread. Dust and sweepings are good enough for their ordinary food, but woolen is a high living, while feathers and fur are a banquet and a royal luxury to them. The old man dozes below, and dreams his battles over again, while the silent moth up stairs is eating his feathers, piercing his hat, and wasting his uniform. So, while men doze and dream, their honors fade away, and their glory is consumed. For when, on some anniversary day, the garments are brought forth, the feathers fall to powder, the coat is cut with a sharper tool than the sword, and the whole suit is perished away for ever. Sharp is the needle, but sharper the invisible tooth of the moth; and no needle-skill can repair its cunning desolations.

And so it comes to pass, often, that enemies individually weak are more dangerous on that account. We can watch against the thief; scarcely against the miller. We suspect the sounding elements. Sun and air are our friends against mould and must. But these soft-winged motes, that hover between

daylight and dark, that bring forth without wafts, that rear their broods by their teeth, that hide by the very process of eating, and build burrows by the masonry of their teeth—these are the most fatal to our hidden possessions. How many carpets are cut and scissored that still look fairly to the eye and reveal no mischief! How many apparelings of reserved rooms hang in all their folds with seeming soundness that need but to be shaken to show all the mischief done.

Could there, then, have been selected a figure more pertinent, more striking in its analogies, than this? Could anything more clearly show to us the power of sins of neglect: of sins of indolence and unuse; of sins of a soft and gentle presence, that in themselves are not very harmful, but that are the breeders of others that are; of silent mischiefs, or the unused faculties or rooms of the soul, that are not ventilated, and are not searched with the broom or brush. Men do well to watch and fight against obvious and sounding sins. They are numerous. They are on every hand. They are dangerous. They are armed and desperate. They swarm the ways of life. Not one vice, not one crime, not one temptation, and not one sin of which the Word of God warns us, is to be lightly esteemed. They are to be watched, and, in armor, we are to be proof against them.

But these are not our only dangers. Tens of thousands of men perish, not by the lion-like stroke of temptation, but by the insidious bite of the hidden serpent; not with roar and strength, but with subtle poison. More men are moth-eaten than lion-eaten in life. And it behooves us, betimes, to give heed to these dangers of invisible and insidious little enemies.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER AT BIRMINGHAM.

We clip from *The Wesleyan Times*, the following account of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's labors at Birmingham, among the "United Methodist Free Churches." It seems that when one door is closed, God opens another for these devoted servants of the church. May the blessing of God attend them in the future as it has in the past, and more abundantly.

Eds.

The special services commenced on the 15th March in Bath street (United Methodist Free Churches) Chapel, by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, were brought to a close on Friday night. The results are truly astonishing. Upwards of 530 have professed to find peace through believing. Every meeting has been characterised by a deep sense of the Divine presence and power; and we believe that such an impetus has been given to the work of God, as will be felt throughout the town. While we as a church have derived great spiritual benefit, and a large accession of members, we have had numbers from other churches of nearly all denominations, who have been quickened and blessed, and will, we trust, carry the influence with them, and the result will be a mighty awakening throughout the town. May the Lord grant it! Our Wesleyan friends especially, will derive great benefit, the majority of those blessed being either already connected with that body, or having engaged to become so. It seems that although the pulpits of the old connexion are closed against these devoted servants of Christ, the affections of the people are drawn out after them, and during these services many of the leading members have come forward, and labored most earnestly and affectionately with us; in fact, it seemed as if our chapel was

turned into a Conference chapel, so great a proportion consisted of their members. One remarkable feature of these services was the laying aside of the partition walls of sectarianism, and the unanimity and kindliness with which "Free Church," "New Connexion," and "Conference" men worked together for the salvation of souls. And here I would say, that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have, while in Birmingham, been the guests of Clement Heeley, Esq., who, although a Wesleyan, kindly and generously came forward and offered them his home while laboring here, and both himself and Mr. Heeley have labored hard in connexion with the services to bring souls to Jesus. We have had some remarkable cases of conversion, drunkards reclaimed, backsliders restored, and hardened and profligate sinners brought to the foot of the cross. One case was given last week, and we have had others almost as interesting. There have been remarkable answers to prayer, especially for the conversion of relatives, and we have had husband and wife, parents and children, together seeking for mercy. It has been a glorious time, and we are hoping and believing that the work begun will be carried on, and that, to use the words of the good Doctor, "redeemed Birmingham" will become saved Birmingham. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer returned on Saturday to Walsall, where we believe they will conduct services for one week, and then proceed to Manchester.

MORNING THOUGHTS.--Three things should be thought of by the Christian every morning: his daily cross, his daily duty, and his daily privilege; how he shall bear the one, perform the other, and enjoy the third.

PURITY OF HEART SOUGHT AND FOUND.

Extracts from "Love made Perfect"—a volume by Rev. P. McOwan.

October 26th, 1813.—I have had a violent struggle, a long and painful wrestling. It seemed sometimes as if the great adversary himself were present, seeking to bruise my soul. The strong man was strongly armed; but I prayed for faith, and felt that greater is he that is in me than he that is in the world. I was encouraged and sustained by the application of the following Scriptures:—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" "He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." The blessing I coveted, during this prolonged struggle, was the death of sin; and, throughout, I felt assured Jesus *would* come and claim me for his own. In this confidence I said, "Lord, thou biddest me rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks: but how can I rejoice and give thanks evermore, if sin remain? Thou wouldest have me to serve thee without fear, in righteousness and true holiness, all the days of my life: but I cannot do this perfectly, unless thou make me wholly free. Thou wast manifested to destroy the works of the devil; and sin is his work: O, destroy it in me. Let me now, even now, die to sin, that I may live wholly to thee."

29th.—After passing through a severe and protracted conflict with the adversary, I heard my Saviour say, "Come unto me, and I will give thee rest." Responding, I said, "Lord Je-

sus, I come at thy call. I am oppressed with doubt, and fear, and unbelief. I lay my burden at thy feet; and plead that thou wouldest burst my every bond, and give me rest." In a moment I felt lightened of my load, and had the words, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," inspoken to my heart. I waited and wondered before him, not daring to speak or move in his presence; while more and more he diffused his powerful, purifying love through my soul. I now feel that I am nothing. My Saviour is all in all. I lean upon him. My desire is to lie at his feet, and to be led and taught by him in all things.

31st.—Thought cannot conceive, tongue cannot declare, half the blessedness I feel. My heart overflows with love and gratitude. I am sealed by his Spirit unto the day of redemption. May I have grace to hold fast whereunto I have attained! I bless God for permitting me this day to seal my covenant at his table. Yes, my God! I am thine: preserve my body, spirit, soul, blameless, unto the day of thy coming.

November 14th.—Each returning Sabbath seems to be the best and happiest I ever spent on earth. Never before did I taste what I now enjoy. Glory be to my God! for it is all the result of his word of grace in my heart. I have unruffled rest in God: my soul is stayed upon him. I have no thought but toward him: and I trust in him for the direction and control of all my thoughts and actions.

15th.—Glory be to thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! My soul overflows with grateful love to the Triune God; for I do believe he has created within me a clean heart. With my pen, if not with my mouth, would I

make confession unto salvation. The things which are freely given to me of God I know, by the spirit which is of God. He illustrates and identifies his own work. All is the purchase of my Saviour's blood; all is given in and with Jesus. His name is a tower of beauty and of strength. Glory be to God—*my God!* I feel the indwelling Deity. My body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. He fills me with love, joy, and peace. I long to be filled with all his fulness. The promises are all mine in Christ Jesus. Happy in his love, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. This has been a privileged evening. Both under the word, and at the class-meeting, I drew water with joy out of the wells of salvation. But I am humbled to the dust when I think how my doubting heart, so prone to unbelief, has been afraid to confess the great salvation wherewith God has blessed me. I have been waiting for brighter displays of his glory, before I would set to my seal that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin; but I can delay no longer. Eternal God! may I henceforth think, speak, and act only for thy glory! May I go on from strength to strength, and be changed into thine image, from glory into glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord!

16th. — "Perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment." May I receive with gratitude and humility all the great blessings laid up for me in the precious promises yet to be fulfilled! I need each moment to be refreshed with the heavenly manna. For nearly three weeks I have been conscious that God had greatly blessed me; but now, to the praise and glory of his grace, I can testify that Jesus saves his people not only from the guilt

and power of sin, but also from its pollution. Adorable Redeemer!

"My heart is full of thee, and longs
Its glorious Master to declare."

My cup runneth over. O for a tongue to speak thy praise! If thou bestow the gift of utterance, I will speak good of thy name: for thou art to be praised, and to be had in honor. "All thy works praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee."

17th.—"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour." No shadow of doubt or unbelief has arisen in my mind since I last wrote. Jesus is my almighty Saviour at the present moment, and I trust him for the next. He who can save me from sin for one hour, can save me to the utmost to my life's end. . . . If I, even I, have been so saved, who need despair? I have found life, eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord; and I trust to have boldness in the day of judgment. I have rest and peace in God my Saviour; and my mind is every moment stayed on him. But I am more than ever convinced of my own weakness, ignorance, and utter insufficiency. I feel as if I were beginning a new life, and require each moment to be taught and strengthened from above. I intensely desire to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

WHEN SATAN TEMPTS MOST.—"Thou shalt be sure to be assaulted by Satan," says Leighton, "when thou hast received the greatest enlargements from heaven—either at the sacrament, or in any other way; then look out for an onset. This arch pirate lets the empty ships pass, but lays wait for them when they return richest laden."

REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

FROM MRS. PALMER TO MRS. LANKFORD.

69 EVERTON ROW, Liverpool, 1863.

Dear sister Sarah: We have just returned to the house of our esteemed friend, G. Pennell, Esq., after a campaign of twelve weeks in the midland counties of England. It is with amazement and gratitude that I look back upon the record of the weeks which have so swiftly passed amid the multiplicity of engagements, that they seem but as yesterday.

And thus I presume it will be till the sum of life is told. But though the day of life is as a vapor, which appeareth for a little and then vanisheth, a bright gleam is ever darting into the vista of the future.

Though we spend our days amid the multitude, the eye of faith looks through the vista, and we behold multitudes congregated around the throne, with whom we have talked on earth of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. There they stand around the "ancient of days" casting their glittering crowns at the feet of the world's Redeemer. It is written of that company that they sung a new song, and also that no man could sing that song but those who had been redeemed from earth. What a delightful work it is to be permitted through the Holy Spirit's agency to teach others the new song. I can say through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that I have been in converse with thousands when they have first learned to tune their voices to the song, "Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and for ever, Amen."

Will it not make heaven the sweeter when we meet there, and unite in the full chorus around the throne of the Eternal? I believe that I am learning to feel more, and more deeply, that it is only to the degree that we have the anointing of the Holy One, that we can be useful. It is true that some who minister in holy things seem to be useful whose utterances of heart and life would suggest that they do not enjoy the blessedness of the pure in heart. The fact is, that *truth* belongs to God, and God may permit his own truth to flow out through an unworthy agency. Surely there was no worthiness in the animal on which Balaam rode, but he spoke the *truth* when he reproached the erring prophet; but who can conceive of his receiving a reward? The same may be said of Caiaphas who prophesied that one man should die for the nation, but does not Caiaphas now stand written prominently among the murderers of the Lord of glory?

And thus it will be of many who have prophesied in the name of the Lord many works, good of themselves, but for want of purity of motive, will be the sad subjects of not merely a life-long mistake, but a mistake for eternity.

Sure I am that no works will be recognized in the light of heaven, as of God, only, so far as they arise from a pure desire to glorify God and not self. To the glory of grace I can say that I am endeavoring to walk carefully before the Lord, feeling that I every moment need the merits of Christ's death; and am enabled momentarily to present all my redeemed powers a living sacrifice. By the new and living way I enter within the vail, and here I abide casting anchor yet deeper with every passing day. Within the few past weeks the words have been applied

to my heart in an unusual manner, "Hearken O daughter, and consider and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people and thine own father's house. So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him." The Lord is indeed leading us in some respects in a way we had not known. I am persuaded that greater triumphs are now marking our path than ever before. Yet in the attainment of these new conquests, we have had new conflicts. But victory through our Lord Jesus Christ is our triumphal song. During our labors at Wolverhampton, Birmingham and Walsall, comprising a period of twelve weeks, the names of 1600 have been recorded as having sought and found. Of these, comprising persons of every grade of society, high and low, rich and poor, 1327 have presented themselves at the communion-rail, or vestry, as penitents seeking mercy, and having sought diligently and felt that they obtained, have had their names written among the newly saved. The remaining 273 are persons who during that period, have sought and been enrolled to testify that they received the witness of purity.

You may wonder that the number of those who receive the blessing of holiness was not greater, in view of the great number who received pardon, but we have reason to believe that a far greater number obtained the blessing of purity than gave in their names to the secretaries. This practice of recording the names of the special subjects of grace during the time of a remarkable out-pouring of the Spirit, has great advantages. One is, that it secures more thoroughness. A person will not be willing to go through the solemn ordeal of going to the secretary

and wait the process of having his name affixed to "*pardoned*," unless sure that he has obtained the grace.

I have seen persons arise from their knees and after going a few steps toward the vestry where the secretary was in waiting, measure their steps back again to the altar, fearful that the witness of pardon was not quite strong enough to warrant the record of their names.

I might say the same of those seeking holiness. I once saw an intelligent christian lady who had long been seeking the blessing of a clean heart, go twice or three times from the altar toward the vestry and then return without going to the secretary, the tempter telling her each time that the witness of purity was not sufficiently clear to warrant the solemn act of having her name written "*wholly sanctified*." It is thus that we have reason to *know* that the numbers reported are rather below than above the mark. The act of coming before a large concourse of people is of itself a confession of Christ. And I am prone to believe that there are few who thus openly deny themselves, and acknowledge Christ, but are acknowledged by Christ, though they may not always be enabled to testify with a certainty that would lead them to have their names recorded. You can easily see how the reportings under such circumstances are more likely to be under than above the mark. Another great advantage is, that it helps to give stability. Many, many, very many times, have I said to those who have been newly translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, "now that you know that your name is written in heaven, it will be important that it should at once be written with God's

saved people on earth," and with an exultant countenance have I seen them return after the record has been made, a look that seemed to say

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine."

And perhaps the greatest advantage is still untold. The secretary should be carefully chosen, and assisted by some judicious friend to ascertain what place of worship the person has been in the habit of attending; and if not in the attendance of any special place, he feels of course free to tell him of the benefit of attending the class-meeting weekly.

Said a gay young lady who with her suitor were both converted the same evening, "We have been rolling stones till we were attracted here last Sabbath evening. Each evening since we have attended at these special services, we hoped to have courage to come out and confess our need of Jesus, but we were cowards." The gentleman was assigned to the class of Dr. W. of the Wesleyan Church. Dr. W. has been one of the most efficient helpers in this glorious work. It was found that this person had been a patient of the Dr.'s a few weeks previous.

I have before me at this moment an account given by the superintendent of a circuit where we labored about fifteen days. "All proselyting efforts have been carefully avoided. Persons who were the subjects of the work still remain with the churches to which they were previously more or less attached, and we have only received into our Society whom we might legitimately claim. Altogether 1400 names were taken down. After diligent visitation at their homes, they are accounted for thus:—627 were received on trial in the Wesleyan Society; members already of the Society who have received pardon,

with others now added 75; belonging to other churches 366; beyond our own circuit 175; declining to join a church at present 61; not found 66; not met with, though called upon, 30. Making in all 1400." We were informed that the communicants in the Established Church in that town were more than doubled since the revival.

The reports from another place are more encouraging. Not only was the residence carefully taken, but some brief notes of the calling, position, &c. of the newly saved one. The visitor thus aided found little difficulty in the prosecution of his work.

The noble band of visitors was composed of the three circuit ministers assisted by male and female class-leaders, and other responsible helpers. These met half an hour before the evening service in the Vestry, where the secretary's list was called over, and a portion assigned to each. The names handed over to the visitor were accounted for the next evening, and a new list given out. This secretary is at the head of a large business, which demands his daily care. Before leaving his room in the morning, he copied the names of the preceding evening and handed them over to one of the circuit ministers who usually breakfasted with us at his hospitable mansion. Thus every new-born lamb was handed over to some church community. Here and in many other places printed certificates were filled, commending the person to the care of the minister or people among whom their lot would be cast. However various may be the daily avocations of christians, they have one work to which all else must be subservient. This revival work is a business; it is the business to which we have devoted our lives. Though we

dare not, or cannot ask others to yield their time wholly, as we have done, we are not willing to labor at any place where ministers and people are not ready, for the time we remain, to give themselves up, as largely as possible, to the work.

Sacrifice which costs nothing, is not sacrifice in the sight of heaven. There is not a declaration in the New Testament more explicit than that which fell from the lips of Jesus, "Even so it is not the will of your Father, that one of these little ones should perish." It is the divine order that children be born to Zion, *through the agency of a working church*; that is God working through individual christians. Wondrous indeed is the worth of these little ones, though so newly born into the kingdom. No labor can be thought too great to save them from perishing.

All the so-called Revivalists brought together from all parts of the world, at the expense of millions of pounds could not convert a soul. All they can do is in obedience to the workings of an in-dwelling Trinity. The Father sent the Son to save the world; the Spirit has been sent forth to convince of sin—not a soul is saved but through the Triune Deity.

LIFE A CONFLICT.

The battle-field is every where,
Our foes lie close about our way;
Temptation, riches, want or care,
Renew the contest day by day.
And he who in the deathly fight
Maintains his courage firm and strong,
Who keeps his armor pure and bright,
Shall win the victor's crown ere long.

ACTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.—The Acts of the Apostles is the title of the first book of Christian History. Their "*Resolutions*" have not reached us.

LIVING BY FAITH.

The sanctified christian professes a life which is suspended every moment by faith on the Son of God. He feels the imperious necessity of "beholding," by an eye of faith, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world"—of constantly "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith." His language is,

"Every moment, Lord, I need
The merits of thy blood."

The justified christian stands at a fearful elevation, partly supported by a temporary scaffolding, and partly by a line let down, as it were, from the skies—while the sanctified are supported solely by faith's grasp upon this cord of love. But while he is thus stripped so entirely of all self-dependencies, and thereby rendered so perfectly dependent, he is freely admitted to the table of his Lord, feasts upon the richest dainties, is clothed with the most beautiful raiment, and admitted to the most intimate and perfect communion with his bountiful Lord and Master.

"O, glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings."

THE more a man lives, says Brooks, in the sight of gospel-grace, the more sin will be discountenanced, hated, resisted, and totally displaced. A man may as well assert that the sea burns, or that the fire cools, or that the sun darkens the air, as to assert that the sight, sense, or sweet gospel-grace will breed security or carnality, looseness or wickedness, in a saved heart.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

BY REV. S. A. MILROY.

Scripture proofs of the attainableness of Entire Sanctification in this life.

Under this head we observed in a former number, 1. *God commands us to be holy.* 2. *God has promised to sanctify wholly.* 3. *Prayers are offered which teach the doctrine.*

We now remark,

4. *The Old and New Testament both afford us a number of instances of persons who achieved the triumphs of entire sanctification in this life.*—Time and space would fail us to speak distinctly of all the shining examples of holiness as they are recorded in the Bible. We can but refer to a few of them, as they are many. There was Enoch, the seventh from Adam, who “walked with God;” Abraham, the father of the faithful; Elijah, who went up to heaven in a chariot of fire; Job, whom the Lord pronounced “a perfect man:” and David says, “Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.” Special attention is invited to a perfect man—mark him; behold him; for he has made an entire consecration of himself to God, and his holy attainments are visible. He is characterized by perfect love and a corresponding life. He lives a holy life and dies a peaceful death. There is no mistake in regard to him. He is recorded as an unmistakable example of perfection for all subsequent ages. But the inference is that David wished to call the attention of men in every age of the world to such examples of holiness and uprightness as should from time to time appear before them, that they might take knowledge there-

by, and live accordingly. And I believe if we fail to mark and behold the examples of holiness which God has raised up to enlighten the world, and turn sinners from Satan and death unto righteousness and peace it is because we love darkness rather than light. Every such example is a burning star in the world, and will grow brighter as it nears the great center of spiritual light. But we find a number of examples in the New Testament, such as Simon and Anna, Zacharias and Elizabeth, who “walked in *all* the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless;” Paul, who was “changed into the same image from glory to glory as by the spirit of the Lord,” until at length he could say: “I am ready to be offered; the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.” Here was a distinguished holy triumph over the enemy. Death lost its power, and its terrors were banished. He could say while living, “For me to die is gain;” and, “We know, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” Thus can the sanctified Christian go down into the cold waters of death, and meet the monster in his own gloom-clad regions, singing,

“Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, King of Terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home!”

And there was the beloved John, whose heart and soul were enveloped in the white robes of righteousness, and lit up with the fire of perfect love;

and from whose inspired lips flowed streams of burning, holy eloquence, which are still running as glittering, shining threads of silver through the wilderness of sin; and along these streams you may behold hundreds and thousands hungering and thirsting for righteousness—seeking the fountain-head where “they shall be filled.”

“Perfect Love was his choicest theme;
He dwelt in God and God in him.”

We will quote one passage which fell from his lips: “There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment.” And now the test: “He that feareth is not made perfect in love.” This is all we contend for—perfect love in this life. The soul resting calmly, sweetly and peacefully in God. “Perfect love casteth out” the “*fear* of reproach, want, death and judgment.” “Love is the fulfilling of the law.” How can any one entertain a single doubt as to whether such a state of purity can be attained in this life, with the glowing language of the great Teacher before him? Hear: “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” Thus Jesus taught his disciples, and who will say that he referred to characters that never had lived, and never will live on the earth? To whom would this passage be applicable, if there never was, is not, and never can be any “pure in heart” in this life? When these words fell from the lips of Jesus there were none present who dared to call in question his doctrine, or contradict him. The Saviour spoke these words to encourage the “pure in heart” while pitching their tents amidst the storms and discouragements of life; and if they were not present, then, to hear words which are as apples of gold

in pictures of silver, they were somewhere, and would afterward be cheered, comforted and strengthened by the language which there fell from his hallowed lips. Thanks be to his name for what is written! The pure and stainless heart is blessed with happy and glorious anticipations; “They shall see God.”

“The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love.
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free!”

VII. *But some may say, These were all inspired men; and where now are your witnesses for holiness in this life?*

Suppose we could not produce one witness since the days of the apostles, would that disprove the doctrine of holiness as above set forth? Not in the least. But modern Christianity has a cloud of witnesses to produce in whose lives and conversation nothing has appeared to damage their testimony, or contradict their profession, among whom are the following: John Wesley, Whitefield, the seraphic Fletcher and wife, Lady Maxwell, James B. Taylor, Abbot, Payson, Fisk, Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Edwards, the holy Judson, &c. Many of the above have written quite extensively on the subject, and their works can be purchased very readily at any of the Methodist book depositories.

But from the days of the above let us come down to our own time. In the various Churches there are many who stand up for Jesus, and give their testimony in favor of the glorious doctrine of entire sanctification in this life. Many can say from blest experience that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Many have received its never-

failing power and testify :

“The truth, O Lord, has set me free,
For thou for me hast died ;
The Word and Spirit now agree,
And I am sanctified.”

They can say, “Whom the Son maketh free is free indeed.” In many of the revivals of the present day witnesses for holiness in this life are raised up. And I am of the humble opinion that the time will come when it will be a very common thing to hear of souls being sanctified—when justification and sanctification will go hand in hand and side by side. We cannot doubt, for ample provision is made through the blood of the Lamb for all our fallen race, to make them “every whit whole.” May God raise up thousands whose mission in the world shall be to spread “scriptural holiness” throughout the lengths and breadths of the habitable globe! Then the Church shall put on her beautiful garments, and ride forth upon the clouds of light, shedding a luster upon everything, and the glory of the Lord shall be with her.

“Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole!”

Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

THAT care and diligence wherewith we ought to attend to our concerns, must never be confounded with anxiety and solicitude. The angels are careful for our salvation, yet never get agitated; care and diligence naturally result from their charity, whereas solicitude and anxiety are utterly incompatible with their felicity.

SALVATION.—Salvation was first a purpose, then a promise, then a work, then a gift, and at last, it is a glorious possession.

WHAT IS LIFE?

The mere lapse of years is not life : to eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book keeper and turn thought into an implement of trade,—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our natural being.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths,

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest; acts the best;

And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest;

Lives in one hour, more than in years do some Whose fat blood sleeps, as it slips through their veins.

Life is but a means to an end; that end, Beginning, means and end to all things—God. The dead have all the glory of the world.

DEFECTIVE RELIGION.—A religion, says Howe, that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him; that which does not sufficiently distinguish one from the wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY MARIETTA MORSE.

I have been a reader of the Guide the past year, and have been greatly strengthened and cheered while reading in it the experiences of God's dear children; and have often been impressed with the conviction that I ought to give my testimony. I have often shrunk from bearing this cross, for various reasons: but being convinced that duty demands it at my hands, I will attempt it in the strength of Jesus, my ever present help.

My parents were members of the Congregational Church, and I was taught to believe that the doctrine of holiness was fanatical and presumptuous in the extreme. I was converted when quite young; but soon lost my enjoyment and sought for happiness in the unsatisfying things of the world. I was awakened from this delusive dream by affliction that was terrible, and for a time overwhelming. But God whose thoughts are not our thoughts, took this way to lead me back to himself. I do not intend to give a minute account of all my pilgrimage. For many years I believed it impossible to obtain full deliverance from sin until near death, but at length I found the burden so intolerable that I thought it could do no hurt to examine for myself those books that advocate the doctrine. My prejudices soon yielded to the force of truth; and I was convinced that it was the duty and privilege of believers to seek for full redemption, in the blood of the Lamb; yet there was a barrier that seemed almost insurmountable. I thought that none but those that had lived most devoted lives for years, could obtain this "pearl of great price,"

therefore the prize seemed far in the distance.

One year ago this winter, the pastor of the Troy Church commenced a series of meetings. From the commencement I was impressed with the conviction that I ought to seek and obtain the blessing of a clean heart. Then came such a struggle as I cannot describe; such loathing of inbred sin, such hungering and thirsting after righteousness. So entirely was my mind absorbed with this one desire, that much of the time I was lost to every thing that was passing around me. I was enabled by grace to make an entire consecration of all to the blessed Saviour. My faith was so strong that the blessing seemed almost within my grasp, but just at this point, I saw that I must confess it before the church and the world, or I could not obtain it. The conflict now was very great; for a short time I thought I never, *never* could be willing to do this, it was so unexpected that this should be required of me. I now felt that I must inform the Church of my desires and intentions, but as may be expected, this cross was exceeding heavy; it was with the greatest difficulty that I arose, and I do not now remember what I said. At the close of the meeting our pastor said he was glad there was one who was seeking for holiness of heart, and that the Church ought to seek for this great blessing. Oh! how like balm were his words to my wounded spirit; I spent that entire night in such agonizing prayer as I never had before. Just before the rising of the sun, the Sun of Righteousness arose upon my soul. Oh! what a transformation; I expected the change would be very great, but how much it exceeded my expectations. Christian reader, pause here, and offer an as-

cription of praise to the "Lamb that was slain, whose blood cleanseth from all sin."

I seized the blessed Bible, and O what a glory beamed forth from its sacred pages, such passages as "without holiness no man shall see the Lord" seemed to set my soul on fire. I next opened Wesley on Perfection; I was lost in wonder, love and praise, to find that every sentence but expressed the feelings of my renewed heart. Who could think it possible that such an overwhelming tide of glory could sweep through the soul? Even my very breath as it came and went caused a thrill of rapture that was indescribable, it seemed that at every pulsation of my heart it would break with excessive joy. Who can sufficiently praise such condescending love to a poor lost sinner?

The morning of my deliverance from the bondage of sin was Saturday. In the afternoon I attended a meeting at the house of our much loved pastor, but I could not give vent to my almost bursting heart, I felt the force of the expression "fire shut up in the bones." Sabbath morning dawned and what a glorious morning it was to me; the text preached from was this, "bring all the tithes into the store house." I felt that I had been enabled to comply with the requisitions of the text, and that I had gained the promised blessing, I thought perhaps I should be spared the ordeal I had so much dreaded. But I was enabled to say continually "Not my will, but thine be done." The enemy kept suggesting you will not be able to keep this great blessing, but I was enabled to repel him momentarily with the assurance that the grace of God was sufficient.

On Monday evening I attended meet-

ing and during prayer time I experienced an overwhelming sense of the presence and power of God, attended with a strange loss of strength. I felt to exclaim, "be still and know that I am God," I said a few words and fell into the lap of a good sister, I do not know as I was noticed until meeting closed, then there was a shout in the camp, some praying, some laughing. One young lady that had doubted the influence of the Spirit was immediately convinced of its power, and was made happy in the Lord. With regard to myself, it seemed that I had been a wanderer in earnest search of my Father's house, when at length it burst upon my glad vision. But just here I saw the eyes of the world, and still worse of the Church fixed upon me, I shrunk back and exclaimed, let me come some other way? but no, I must come that way; I made a desperate effort and just reached the arms of everlasting love. So really did I seem encircled by the arms of Jesus my Saviour that I could not bear to be moved from the spot where I was.

Thus was I led into the rest of perfect love. I have had some seasons of heaviness since that time, but most of the time I am rejoicing in the blessed consciousness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. - Oh! how I long to see this blessed assurance, of sins all washed away by the blood of Jesus, imparted to all his professed followers. But alas! there are but few that are seeking for it. How much the ministers of the gospel need the baptism of fire; God speed the day when both ministers and people shall awake and put on the beautiful robe of Christ's righteousness. Then victory will turn on the side of Zion. That the Lord would cut short the work in

righteousness, is the earnest prayer of the writer.

EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its Summer and Autumn moved silently
on)

The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its
season ;

I shall still be remembered by what I have
done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in Spring
I have sown ;

He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed
by the reaper,

He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have
spoken,

Not myself, but the seed that in life I have
sown,

Shall pass on to ages,—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I
have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying,

So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown ;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be re-
membered ;

Yes,—always remembered by what I have
done.

Bonar.

A HINT TO PREACHERS.—McGhee, the commentator, makes the remark, "The manna from heaven was given for food, and not for chemical analysis. The 'living bread that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world,' was given to support, to nourish, and to save; and not to supply a subject for vain and speculative theories." How true is this, and how mistaken the ministers of religion, who, in their pulpit refinements forget that the children of the kingdom are waiting for their nourishing bread.

THE oil of the lamp in the temple, said McCheyne, burnt always in giving light ; so should we.

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

This is a question which agitates many hearts. Much speculation has been indulged upon it, but no satisfactory conclusion has been reached. For our part we have had but one opinion of it from the beginning. This war is a DIVINE VISITATION FOR NATIONAL SINS. Not the sins of one section, but of the nation. We are all verily guilty before God and happy is the man who in this day of crimination and recrimination, can turn his eye inward and see the personal sins for which God is calling him and in like manner every other man to a place in the dust before him. Till then, we have little hope that this scourge will cease. Oh that the church instead of pandering to the spirit of the age, would take the lead in this work of personal humiliation. The following extract of a letter from Southern Virginia which we clip from the *Zion's Herald* of this city, so fully expresses our own sentiments on this subject that we cannot forbear giving it to our readers. Read it, beloved, and let it like Daniel lead you to make your confessions in behalf of yourself and your country and seek "by prayer and supplications, with fasting and sackcloth, and ashes" to stay the hand of vengeance.

Eds.

THE WORLDLY SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Our mighty mechanical enterprise, our unparalleled commercial prosperity, our wide-spreading agricultural interests, all tell of the ascendancy of material thoughts, material arrangements, material accumulations. These are the subjects of meditation, conversation, congratulation. Who is not well-to-do in these worldly matters is of little moment in society; and well-to-do means the securing of a fortune. For the expensiveness of the times demand this. Some have secured one, and are so far contented. Others are following to the same end. The parents are seeking one for themselves and children; the children demand one to meet the exactions of society. The dress of the church is as costly as that

of the theatre. The rich have gone on to perfection in this matter, and the poor are following hard after. The possessors of fortunes take the front seats, and thousands are imitating the same luxury on borrowed capital. In church and in state, at home and abroad, in the city and in the country, the worldly spirit has crept fearfully in. It is manifested in hearts that cling to ideas unchristian and wicked as those that believe in slavery, in intemperance, in lechery. And as certainly it is seen, where right ideas are intellectually held, in dress, in luxury, and in the refinements of our so-called civilization.

This spirit exists in the North, in the South, in the East and in the West. In New England it calls itself mechanical ingenuity and inventive genius. In the Middle States it takes the name of Mineral Research and Coal Supply. The West gives it the title of Agricultural Enterprise. The South assumes to call it the spirit of the Patriarchal age, though it is the spirit of slavery and oppression.

Now this worldly spirit, flowing into channels legitimate and illegitimate, is scanned and measured by our heavenly Father. Its great cropping out is in intemperance—its greater in slavery, its greater in rebellion; but it is cropping out everywhere, in all the lanes and avenues of society, in palaces and cottages, in your heart and mine. Its mightiest growth is in the great sins and rebellions of the age, and we look hitherward and forget the wicked worldly spirit of our own hearts.

Our National Constitution names not the Redeemer of worlds; our Presidents dare not speak the name of Jesus in their messages, though his blood alone can cleanse the source of wrong; our public men think it *illiberal* if we

affirm that all prosperity comes through Christ only, and in our private walks and lowly cottages we have yielded to this same spirit.

I do not say that Christianity has died out—I do not say the church of the living God has forgotten its Master—I do not say the watchmen upon the walls of Zion are unmoved by eternal realities—I do not say there are no Christians of lowly demeanor, who love to walk amid the serenities of heaven; but I do say that the tide of worldly wisdom has risen higher, and extends wider, and sweeps on more rapidly than the tide that is unquestionably setting toward the heavenly shores.

Now what shall check this onward sweep of the worldly spirit that is liable to bear us all away? We have had revivals, and still the tide rolls on; we have had financial convulsions and distress, but still pride and folly reign; we have had the ordinary measure of pain and death, and still our extravagance is but little checked.

Now the tide of sin unchecked by these means, ordinary and extraordinary, must roll higher and higher till it breaks. In our case it rose to its extreme height in the Southern States, and broke in the engulfing rebellion. War follows. And it is this war that our heavenly Father purposes to employ, in removing this worldly spirit. Other means have failed, let this be tried. How?

1. Every family is to be represented. And as our sons and brothers, husbands and fathers leave home, with the likelihood of never seeing it again, our hearts losing human support, are led to lean on Christ.

2. As the war progresses, one dead lamb will be found in every flock. A son will be buried where southern suns

forever shine; and waving pines shall nod to the melancholy sighings of the breeze. Our sorrows will increase, and we shall be led to lean on Christ still more.

3. In connection with these sorrows the burdens of taxation will come. The beds on which we sleep, the floors on which we walk, the panes of glass through which we look, the paper on which we write will be covered all over with the word "taxes." Then we shall begin to sigh for the mansions of glory, where taxes are unknown.

I might go on; but this will answer. A short war would have been unfruitful of such results. The prolongation is needed. The same result in a like manner, only to a greater degree, will take place in the South. Meantime slavery will be abolished and the colored man shout for joy.

4. But you get along without generalship or armies, says some one. Not at all. To-day a man is peevish, fretful and passionate. Nothing goes well. He plans poorly, executes poorly, and the result is bad. The next day peevishness is gone, fretfulness has departed, and passion subsided. His vision is clear, and his heart heavenly. He plans well, executes well, and the result is good. Now the nation, with its generals and soldiers, is in the first day's condition. The prolongation of the war will bring us all into the second day's condition; when looking to Christ, vision will be clear, plans good, and execution admirable. Then victory will be ours, and the war close up.

5. Meantime it is the duty of every good man to fall at the feet of Christ, to bring his friends there, 'if perchance through suffering and sorrow our nation may become less worldly, our generals less self-confident, and our soldiers more

given to heavenly devotion. Whether the army is made better or not, the families at home will become less worldly.

G. G. J.

HOPE.

When the fond heart doth sink full low,
From brightest objects riven,
And life's fair scenes look pale with woe,
And darkness circles pleasure's brow,
How sweet the thought of heaven!

When sorrow heaves the troubled breast,
Like waves by tempest driven,
When the hurt spirit, deep distressed,
Like wave-worn bark can find no rest,
How sweet the thought of heaven!

And when the dreams of life are fled,
And death's keen sting is given,
How calmly may we rest our head,
While angels circle round our bed
To wing our souls to heaven!

"Being dead she yet speaketh."

A minister at a funeral service lately said, his first acquaintance with our dear sister was at a Camp Meeting, a few years ago. He drew near a tent where a small number were seeking purity of heart, or higher life—when the soft voice of our now sainted sister fell upon his ear in the music of the following words,

"Call'd from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.

It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide;
'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side."

He said he did not know that we had such precious verses in our Sacramental hymns, and ever since they were particularly dear to him.

M. A.

IMPATIENCE IN TROUBLE—You add ten-fold to the weight of your troubles by impatience: "Be still, and know that I am God."

The Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST, 1863.

TESTIMONY.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord."

Christianity is a religion of fact; of fact more than of theory; of fact more than of philosophy. Its necessity is the melancholy fact of human ruin by sin. Its foundation is laid in the facts that constitute the atoning work of Jesus, and its results are the facts wrought by delivering grace in the hearts of believers.

As christianity is based on fact, so she teaches by her facts, she impresses the world by her facts, and she ceases to impress the world with her power, just where she ceases to exhibit the demonstration of fact, in her conquest over human hearts.

She has theory and she has philosophy, but these are not the arm of her strength; she has form and order, and ritual and ceremony, but these are a pompous mockery of the wants of the human soul when her power to save is gone.

Fact must be propagated by testimony. A solemn declaration or affirmation made for the purpose of establishing or proving a fact; and christianity the religion of fact, has always depended, and must forever depend for her success, upon the testimony of those in whose hearts she has wrought out her results. Of the millions that constitute her disciples to-day, not one in many thousands, could defend his religion by processes of reasoning, against the shafts of infidelity; for not one in many thousands is sufficiently skilled in logic, or versed in history to wield the weapons which the latter furnishes in vindication of the truth. God's plan is infinitely simpler and infinitely wiser than to attempt to make all his people logicians—it is to make them all witnesses; witnesses "who speak that they do know, and testify that which they have seen." Pure questions of logic are almost never settled. Questions of fact are soon and forever set at rest. The facts that inaugurated christianity in the earth endorsed its divinity and power so fully, that the foundations of the system

have not been shaken by any of the numerous and powerful assaults which they have suffered. The early disciples were all witnesses, confessors, preachers, proclaimers of the power of Christ to save; and the apostles themselves appear to have been little in the habit of discussion, but mainly proclaimers and witnesses of Jesus. Thus it was not by argument but by testimony that the early christians exerted a power in the face of imprisonments, banishments and tortures, which proclaimed them invincible. "And they"—the witnesses—(Gr. *martyrs*) "*overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony.*" Paul the mighty preacher of Christ crucified, wrought through grace some of the most astonishing results of his ministry by simply declaring the facts of his own christian history, and his idea of preaching seems to be set forth in Acts xx. 24, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to *testify* the gospel of the grace of God." The language of his call to the ministry was, "For thou shalt be his *witness* unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard." Nay, the Holy Spirit through whose mighty ministrations alone the church was allowed to expect success, was promised to her under this title, "*He shall testify of me.*" "John was in the Isle of Patmos, for the testimony of Jesus." "And when he (the angel) had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain, for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held."

As the gospel was introduced and achieved its early triumphs under the power of personal testimony in the Holy Ghost, so for its success in all subsequent time, it must rely upon the testimony of the men and women it has saved. Where the testimony of the church is unequivocal, earnest, and specific there the truth must have way.

Men do not commonly receive their ideas of the gospel from the Bible, but from the church, and they are found always to have a reverence for the Scriptures and for the claims of religion, gauged with wonderful accuracy upon the spirituality and holy living of the church where they dwell. Some one has said, the church is the world's Bible, and there is much truth and much force in the saying: how im-

portant is it therefore that the two books should agree in their readings.

Strictly speaking testimony is only of the lips or pen, and the Scriptures do not seem to use the word in any other than its strict meaning; for though there is much in the life of a good man to give weight to his words, yet the Scriptures never recognize these practical exhibitions of godliness, under the title, testimony. They talk vainly therefore who suggest that a christian—any christian should close his lips, and “let his life testify.” The work of the Spirit is in its very nature internal, and therefore hidden. Mere correctness or innocency of life proves nothing with regard to a man’s religious state—since notoriously irreligious and even infidel men reared in christian lands, exhibit much apparent excellence of character: for the gospel wherever it comes erects a standard of morals which acts powerfully and even controllingly upon some persons who are not evangelically converted by its agency.

In view of these things it seems important that the lips of the people of God should be unsealed every where, and that every christian should be made to feel that his personal testimony is needed for the defence and promotion of the cause of his Saviour. Christians should speak plainly, devoutly, frequently, earnestly, specifically, meekly, prayerfully, touching all the work of grace in their souls. God’s cause is suffering every where, and lights are going out all around because God’s order has been violated and lips have been sealed in silence that should have been employed in proclaiming the wonderful works of God. We are not ignorant of the pleas with which men seek to shut the mouths of God’s people. They say one holy life is worth many noisy tongues.

There was no objection to Paul’s holy life; the thing that troubled the world was his incessant testimony for Christ. Just as it is at this day—the worst of sinners have no fault to find with the lives of good men. They are quite resigned that they shall pray as much, give as much, and fast as much as they please. Their burning words are what they dread: for there is always something in the testimony of a holy man, which has a tormenting power upon the heart of a man determined not to leave his sins. But let every member of the church of God consider “*Ye are my witnesses saith the Lord.*”

CLIPPINGS FROM BUSINESS LETTERS.

THE INFLUENCE IS SPREADING.—A brother in Michigan, sends us a good list of new subscribers and thus writes:

The Guide, Br. Degen, is having a good effect upon our hearts. We are struggling for the full *light* and *liberty*. We try to give ourselves, we do give ourselves all up to God, through Jesus’ power. The satisfaction we have felt in getting and sending you these subscribers has been sufficient remuneration for our labor. The influence of the Guide we think begins to manifest itself in the writer’s preaching. He loves holiness more; loves to talk about it, and preach about it. He does not deal so much in metaphysical speculations and airy flights. There seems to be more point and spirit. Thank God, “He is able to do exceeding abundant above all that we are able to ask or think.”

REVIVALS WITHOUT HOLINESS.—Another correspondent closes a similar business letter, with the following testimony:

I live in the midst of Methodists, and they boast of a great revival last winter and are said to have added seventy-four new converts to the Church; but they are all very wary of holiness. Although there is not one amongst them but what can afford to buy fashionable clothing, and other luxuries, they can’t afford to take the Guide to Holiness. They can do without holiness. They want a religion that will take them easily to heaven. Being converted to the Church and being converted to God are two things. “If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear.” As I understand the Bible there will be but a small part of the Church members that will inherit eternal life.

CHILDREN’S CORNER.

LITTLE MARY’S FAITH.—One day a party went down the harbor in a sail-boat. The weather was fine when they started. In the afternoon a black cloud arose, the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed, occasioning great alarm among the ladies. One lady was more frightened than the rest. Her little daughter nestled toward her. Taking her hand, and looking up into her mother’s face with a look of pity and surprise, “Mother,” said she, “God is in the thunder. Can’t we

trust him when he speaks *loud* as well as when he speaks *easy*?"

"Yes, my child," replied the rebuked mother, with a tear in her eye. "And pray, Mary, that I may have the perfect trust of a little child."

How precious was little Mary's faith!

THE SOLDIER TO HIS CHILDREN.

The following exquisite poem is taken from the Boston Transcript as written in camp, after a battle, by a soldier to his children at home.

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining,
Of the cloud—the silver lining,
Turning darkness into day.

I am weary of the sighing,
Moaning, wailing through the air;
Breaking hearts, in anguish crying
For the lost ones—for the dying;
Sobbing anguish of despair.

I am weary of the fighting;
Brothers red with brothers' gore—
Only that the wrong we're fighting—
Truth and honor's battle fighting—
I would draw my sword no more.

I am pining, dearest, pining
For your kisses on my cheek;
For your dear arms round me twining;
For your soft eyes on me shining;
For your loved words, darlings—speak!

Tell me, in your earnest prattle,
Of the olive branch and dove;
Call me from the cannon's rattle;
Take my thoughts away from battle;
Fold me in your dearest love.

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining,
Of the cloud—the silver lining,
Turning darkness into day.

WHERE DOES JESUS LIVE?

One day the wife of a missionary among the Karens was engaged in teaching a number of heathen children in the garden, when a wild-looking boy rushed in through the opening in the hedge and asked, "Does Jesus Christ live here?" "What do you want with Jesus Christ?" "I want to see him, I want to confess to him," answered the boy. "What then have you done that you need to make confession?" With great emphasis he repeated his question: "Does he live here? That is what I want to know? What have I done? Why, I lie, I steal, I do everything that is

bad, and I am afraid of hell. Does he live here? O tell me where I can find Jesus?" The woman told him: "He does not save any from hell if they go on in their evil ways." Thereupon the boy said: "I would gladly cease from them but I cannot. I don't know how I shall ever do it; wicked thoughts are in me and wicked deeds come from the wicked thoughts; then what shall I do?" The woman replied: "You must come to Christ poor boy as all others must. But you cannot see him now." Then the youth burst out into a loud cry as if now he had lost everything. The woman comforted him. "I am his humble friend and follower. He has given me a commission to tell all those who would be saved from hell, how it may be done." "Tell me that," begged the boy, "O tell me that! Pray your Lord, the Lord Jesus Christ to save me and I will be your servant, your slave my whole life long. Be not cruel, do not send me away? I do indeed wish to be saved—to be saved from hell!" Gladly was the boy taken into the mission school where he grew in faith and in knowledge. Truth and grace removed from his countenance its heathenish wildness and stupidity. Long ago he put on the white robe of Christ's righteousness, and was baptized.

THE LITTLE ONES IN BED.

A row of little faces by the bed—
A row of little hands upon the spread—
A row of little roguish eyes all closed—
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide
The little errors of the day to chide.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads,
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night;
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

A YOUTHFUL SAGE.—"Would you like to be a judge?" said a gentleman one day to a very precocious five-year-old boy. The child gravely replied, "I think I should like better still to teach the children about Jesus, and how he hung upon the cross for them, for that would make them love him; and if they loved him, *they would be good, and not need to be judged at all.*"

JEHOVAH HAS TRIUMPHED!

Begin with Chorus.

Arr. by W. McDONALD.

1. Sing, for the pride of the ty - rant is bro - ken— His chariots, and

2. Vain were their boasting, the Lord having spoken, And chariots, and

Chorus.

horsemen all splen - did and brave! Sound the loud tim - brel o'er

horsemen were sunk in the wave! Sound the loud tim - brel o'er

Egypt's dark sea! Je - ho - vah has triumphed, his people are free!

Egypt's dark sea! Je - ho - vah has triumphed, his people are free!

3.

Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!
Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

4.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

5.

For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel, &c.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

HOLINESS A MORAL NECESSITY.

BY REV. F. BROWN.

The necessity of holiness is based on the positive injunctions of the Scriptures and on the idea of fitness. "Sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself; and let him be your fear and your dread." "Be ye holy for I am holy." "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." This doctrine of holiness shines through the whole volume of inspiration with increasing power and brilliancy. From the first promise of a coming atonement for human sin to the apocalyptic visions which close the canon of Holy Scripture, holiness is written on every page. The biography of the volume is holiness in exemplification; the teaching of the volume holiness in theory. The Mosaic dispensation presented it in type and shadow and ceremony; the Christian, in antitype and substance and power. The book itself is by common consent designated the "Holy Bible." In this sacred character it has been enshrined in the hearts of millions and revered with an intensity of feeling only surpassed by the reverence we have for God himself. No man

receiving this book as God's word, can consistently doubt the inflexible necessity of holiness.

This necessity is also based on the idea of fitness. We are naturally unholy. This truth is the substratum of the whole christian system. It is a universally acknowledged fact in man's moral history. Almost every religious system is founded upon it. The highest forms of civilization confess its existence, and the lowest forms of barbarism are but its exemplification.

Yet we occupy a high moral position. Our fall neither annihilated us, nor degraded us from our natural rank in the scale of being. We are still intelligent moral beings, capable of the highest forms of worship, and possessed of a nature, by the power of grace, conformed to the divine. But it is only by our restoration to holiness that we can perform the functions of our high position. Infinite purity can only be pleased with worship rendered "in spirit and in truth." Only the pure song and the hallowed prayer are incense well pleasing to Him. Hence the psalmist, "worship the Lord with holy worship." "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

The christian character can only be

sustained by holy living. Growth in grace is growth in holiness. Religious enjoyment is the legitimate result of holiness. Christian effort is practical holiness. The graces of the Spirit are the various forms in which holiness is exemplified in the life of believers. There is a beautiful fitness between the doctrinal holiness of christianity and its practical development in the church of God. It is the adaptation of the foundation to the edifice. It is as essential to the existence of the christian character as the foundation is to the building. How beautiful and appropriate these words, "building yourselves up on your most holy faith." If the foundation be *most holy* surely the edifice should correspond.

This idea of fitness as the ground of the necessity of moral purity will be more appreciated in the light of eternity. Did we say that God has given us a high natural and moral position in the scale of being? We may add that he has opened before us an interminable future of holy praise, holy employment, holy pleasure. But can it be realized by the impure soul? Can angels dwell in the embrace of demons? Can God and Satan jointly occupy the throne of the universe? Neither can impurity walk the plains of paradise, stand in its holy light and join in its hallowed songs. Destroy the divine provision for human purity and you seal heaven's fountains, you bar its gates, you make it an impossibility. There are no robes that have not been washed in the blood of the Lamb; there are no crowns that are not the reward of holy living. Its trees are trees of life; its gates are gates of pure gold; its foundations transparent precious stones; its streams health-perpetuating; its sea a sea of crystal.

Its light, has no physical sun; its day has no night; its atmosphere carries no death-giving element. Can it ever be ours without moral fitness? Can we be fit without being holy?

Hamden, Ct.

THE INNER CALM.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow,
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast,
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let thine outstretching wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or my wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' eternal calm to gain.

EFFECTUAL FERVENT PRAYER.—It is not the length, but the strength of prayer, that is required; not the labor of the lip, but the travail of the heart, that prevails with God. "Let thy words be few," as Solomon says, but full, and to the purpose.

TO THE READERS OF THE GUIDE.

Dear friends: I have felt a desire for a long time to address a few thoughts to you on the subject of personal holiness, through the medium of the Guide, but the fear of trespassing too much on its limited space, and the consciousness of my own irability has hitherto prevented me. But when I consider that what talents the Lord has put into my hands he has bid me occupy till he come, I do not feel at liberty on account of the paucity of their number, to envelop them in a napkin. Three years have almost passed away since through the abounding mercy of God I experienced the blessing of perfect love, which experience has been before you. I was then as it were ushered into a new world. A new world of faith and hope. A new world of joy and peace; and of labor and responsibilities from which I have felt no desire to be exonerated. From that happy moment the field of my spiritual vision has been radiant with the glorious rays of the Sun of righteousness, beaming full-orbed upon my soul; and my peace which from the first, has been like a river, has continued to flow on in a broad and even channel deepening and expanding, and through grace I trust it will continue to flow until it is merged and lost in the boundless ocean of God's eternal love. I need not tell you that the happy change I then experienced will form an era in my short probation which I shall not cease to contemplate with admiration and praise while time rolls on, or eternity endures. I mention these delightful frames and emotions and this sweet and constant peace, as further testimony of the legitimate fruits of holiness; and as incentives to others to seek and obtain that pearl of inestimable price. Some of you, many

I trust, have drank from the same cleansing fountain, and know from a happy realization, the joys of a full and present salvation. Such I would hail as brothers and sisters in the Lord, pre-eminently beloved—would hail as the precious ones of earth, and the sure and happy expectants of a blissful immortality. To such I would say, be faithful. Let not the superior light which the Holy Spirit has lit up within you, be shrouded under a bushel; but let it be like a broad beacon light to allure and direct the dark and benighted mariner on life's tempestuous sea away from the rocks and shoals of sin and unbelief, into the peaceful harbor of the rest of faith, and ultimately into the haven of God's eternal rest. Realize that there are vast responsibilities resting on you; in the same proportion as you have made professions and elevated your standard above the ordinary level of those around you; and in the same proportion any aberrations from the path of holiness will recoil upon yourselves, and much more upon the precious doctrine which you above all others are bound and expected to carry out and exemplify in all your intercourse with men. Be not satisfied with a barely negative holiness; but let your time and talents, like those of your divine Master, be employed in doing good and in shedding light on the darkness which every where surrounds you. Be not backward in contributing to the columns of the Guide "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" on the glorious themes it advocates, and thereby aid in the glorious contest, which by the promise of God is ere long to triumph over all the feeble barriers which sin and unbelief may raise against it. In a word, let your whole life be an exemplification of the

pure doctrine you profess.

But there is another class which I fear composes a large majority of the readers of the Guide who are merely theoretical believers of the doctrine of entire sanctification and are themselves conscious, and frankly acknowledge that they have not experienced the blessing. To such I would say, it is a matter of rejoicing that your understandings have been so far enlightened, and your prejudices removed, that you believe the blessing attainable; but it is also a matter of deep regret, that you who "know your Master's will, even your sanctification" should remain so long without it. I doubt not that often, while reading the happy experiences published from time to time in the Guide, the thought has come up from the depths of your inmost soul, O, that such were my own experience. But has not that thought been "like the morning cloud and early dew," which has soon passed away and left no durable impressions on the heart? Are you not conscious that the strongest desires and greatest efforts put forth to obtain this blessing have been no way commensurate with the value of the blessing sought? Have you ever in the true sense of the word hungered and thirsted after righteousness, even for a clean heart? Ah, I know you have not, for if you had, as God's word is true, you would have been filled. "You know there is balm in Gilead, and a physician there." Why then are you not cured of the dreadful disease of sin? You are sensible there is a fountain set open in which you may wash and be clean. Why then linger ye around its brink, while you might have stepped in and been made whole? O could you but have a faint idea of the blessedness there is in per-

fect love, and the deep pervading peace which characterize the pure in heart! And oh! above all could you have a realizing sense of the guilt of your unbelief, and the dishonor you bring upon your Saviour, while your indifference and apathy keeps you from accepting at his hands all that his dying love has purchased for you! Does not the indifference you manifest on this subject, virtually say, "I care not for the blessing; it is not worth my seeking?" Ah! do you not know you cannot die without it if heaven is ever to be your home? And should death cut you down to-day, would it not be with you one day too soon? O, my brother, my sister, let me intreat you before you dismiss these thoughts from your mind, to retire to your closet, and there in deep contrition of soul, confess your sin of unbelief, which has thus kept you away from the Saviour—from the full participation of his love: and with a full consecration of your whole being to him, with an entire confidence in the efficiency of his blood to cleanse you from all sin, receive him to your heart; and ere you leave that blessed retreat, you may be made whole, and enjoy that holiness of heart without which no one shall see the Lord! But should you turn away from this request; and live on as in days and months that are past, the day may never come when you can say, Jesus has made me clean. With these thoughts I must leave you to meet the retributions of eternity, by adopting the prayer of the Great Apostle, "That the very God of peace may sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it;" if on

your part, you comply with his requisitions.

But there is still another class who are at least occasional readers of the Guide; who are without hope and without God in the world. I would in faithfulness to your souls say to you, what perhaps you at present are insensible of, that your state is awful beyond description; and remaining where you are but a short time your doom is sealed for eternity. I pity you; and would fain help you to realize your lost condition. Think not that your situation is an unfortunate and innocent one; no, it is in consequence of deep and long contracted *guilt*. I fear you have never measured its depth, in turning away from the calls and invitations of the gospel—in slighting and rejecting the Saviour, and in resisting the influences of the Spirit, nor the deep, accumulated guilt resting on you for the violation of God's holy and righteous law. Although living under the full blaze of the gospel, you are altogether insensible of your guilt and imminent danger. You are perhaps dreaming that all is well. Listen no longer to the syren song of the insidious foe of God and man, who would gladly lead you on to eternal death; but bend your ear to the sweet voice of the compassionate Saviour, who is calling you by his mercies—by his word and ministers, and by his dying agonies, to come unto him and live. I fear you have rolled sin and pollution so long under your tongues, that you have but a feeble appetite for holiness or heaven. Although you have been warned a hundred times, I would warn you once more “to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold on the hope set before you in the gospel.” Repent of your sins by turning unto righteousness—

believe on the Lord Jesus; and joy and peace, and holiness and heaven shall be yours. That these thoughts may benefit those for whom they were designed and aid the cause of holiness is the prayer of your brother and friend.

U. B.

JOY IN THE CROSS.

There is more joy in enduring a cross for God than in the smiles of the world; in a private, despised affliction, without the name of suffering for his cause, or anything in it like martyrdom, but only as coming from his hand, kissing it and bearing it patiently, yea gladly, for his sake, out of love to him, because it is his will so to try thee. What can come amiss to a soul thus composed?

I wish that even they who have renounced the vain world, and have the face of their hearts turned Godward, would learn more this happy life, and enjoy it more; not to hang so much upon sensible comforts, as to delight in obedience, and to wait for those at his pleasure, whether he gives much or little, any or none. Learn to be still finding the sweetness of his commands, which no outward or inward change can disrelish, rejoicing in the actings of that Divine love within thee. Continue thy conflicts with sin, and though thou mayest at times be foiled, yet cry to him for help, and getting up, redouble thy hatred of it and attempts against it. Still stir this flame of God. That will overcome: “many waters cannot quench it.” It is a renewed pleasure to be offering up thyself every day to God. O! the sweetest life in the world is to be crossing thyself to please him; trampling on thy own will to follow his.—*Leighton*.

THE LUXURY OF PREACHING.

In his farewell discourse, Sunday evening, May 24th, on leaving for Europe, Rev. H. W. Beecher said :

My God has made my work its own reward. Although every summer I have a vacation of four Sabbaths—the month of August is mine—and although I have always been glad when vacation time came, and I repaired to the country to rest, yet I never was half so glad to get into vacation as to get out of it, and come back again to my people. For although my body needed rest, I bear witness that preaching has been to me meat and drink. I have not worked because it was my duty to work : I have worked because it was sweeter to work than to do any thing else. I take no credit for industry and enterprise. To have lain still would have been the self-denial. Not to have caught the fire of the age in which I lived would have been to be brutal. Not to have rejoiced to bear with Jesus Christ would have been to have forfeited all claim to discipleship. O, that I could have worked harder, done nobler things, and suffered more ! Compared with what the apostles bore, my cup has run over. My cross has been so covered with flowers that I bore the garden in which the sepulcher was, rather than the cross. I suffered ? Where are the wrinkles ? I troubled ? My name has been kicked like a football in the papers, but I have not ! And as to all reproach, as to all inconveniences, does a man cry because there is a little cloud in the summer air ? And what do these fitting things amount to ? They are not half so bad as they seem, even ; and they are the result of misapprehension, for the most part. What are all the miserable little con-

temptible frets and grievances that annoy us in this life, compared with the boundless joy of laboring for God ? The privilege of standing before men to preach the truth to them, in any time of the world, is greater than the privilege of sitting upon a throne. Where, in all the world, is there such a throne as this pulpit ? Where is there such a scepter as this right hand ? Where is there such a crown as that which can be wrought out from this Word of God ? Where is there such a monarch as I, or any man who stands in the chamber of your thought, your imagination, and your affection, and disposes all things there according to the everlasting precepts and principles of divine truth ? Kings ! Emperors ! Poor stuff they are compared with ministers ! A minister is the only king, if he understands himself. I do not mean those ministers who are taken by the ankle with the thread of propriety, and wound round, and round, and round till there is nothing left but a little mouth, and a small hole at that ! I do not mean those ministers who are so afraid of their people, of the community, of their influence, of every thing but God and the devil, that they stand trembling. I know not how they feel. Never, in my wildest imagination, did it enter into my heart to conceive the sensations of a minister who stood thinking all the time what he should not say. But for the man who feels the license of infinite truth ; for the man who feels the touches of God's heart ; for the man before whom, brighter than the dawn of the morning, and more glorious than all the magnificence of the sunset, shines immortality ; for the man who recognizes Christ and Christ's as his ; for the man whose heart calls every man brother, and

loves him; for the man who loves so much that he dares to be faithful—for that man to have a free platform, where he can have men gathered together to hear him speak of the things that concern their immortality, their honor, their welfare here and hereafter, there is a luxury with which no other luxury can for one moment be compared.

REV. LOREN STILES,
of Albion, N. Y.

This eminent and devoted servant of Christ entered into rest at his home in Western N. Y., May 7, 1863. We clip from the *Earnest Christian* the following notice of his character.

Eps.

It is our mournful duty to record the death of this eminent minister of the gospel. It was fondly hoped that his disease, the fatal typhoid fever, had relaxed its grasp, and that he would recover, but God had decreed otherwise, and on Thursday evening, the 7th of May, his ransomed spirit, refusing longer to be detained on earth, took its upward flight to the realms of bliss. His sufferings, during his sickness, were very great, if, indeed, he was conscious of them, for he was delirious while the fever raged. A few days before his death, he became quiet and rational, but so great was his exhaustion, and such the condition of his throat and mouth through the influence of medicine and disease, that he was not able to converse much. He was greatly blessed in his soul when he was first taken sick, and to this he often referred, even during the ravings of delirium. He said to us one night when we were watching with him, "Bro. Roberts, I want you should go out and tell the committee, (supposing himself to be in the power of a committee of Knights of the Golden Circle,) that I am ready to die in two hours, or one hour, or even this minute. What do I care for a little bullet through my body. The Lord has greatly blessed me, and I shall go straight to glory." The day before he died, he told the attending physician, that if he did not get well, ALL WAS RIGHT. After he began to run down, he gradually grew weaker and weaker, towards the last drawing his breath at longer intervals, until, without a groan or a struggle, his spirit passed over the Jordan of death, and entered upon the joys of Paradise.

His funeral, on the Sabbath following, was attended by an immense congregation; the large free church at Albion, built through his instrumentality, being crowded to its utmost, and many hundreds standing upon the outside, unable to gain admission. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. William Hosmer, editor of the *Northern Independent*. Thus passed away in the prime of life, in the midst of his usefulness, one of the most able, eloquent, and faithful preachers of the day. We have seldom met his equal in the pulpit, and had he compromised to meet the popular taste, there is no doubt but he would have been heralded as one of the most talented ministers of the age. But his record is on high, his eloquent voice is hushed in death, and his works follow him.

One of the greatest discouragements we have had to meet with, in trying to promote spiritual religion, has been the early removal from the scene of conflict of those who seemed to be most necessary for the advancement of the cause.

Almost at the commencement of our ministry, Bishop Hamlin, who was probably doing more than any other living man to promote the work of ho-

liness, was laid aside by disease. The sainted Kendall, a man of the strongest faith we ever knew—a man endued with power from on high for the work of the pulpit, the altar and the family circle, whose track was marked wherever he went, by the most deep and thorough conversions, was cut down in the vernal vigor of robust man-hood.

The gifted Dr. Redfield, the most searching in his appeals to the conscience, and incomparably the greatest revivalist we ever knew, was also, by the touch of disease, compelled to leave a work that was dearer to him than life, at a time when it seemed as if he could not possibly be spared.

Others of our early associates have catered to the corrupting influences that prevail, or yielded to discouragement, and buried themselves alive; and now the courageous, the eloquent, the resolute, the noble Stiles, has been summoned away. We feel alone; we feel sad. What does it mean? Is God displeased with efforts to promote a pure religion, that he thus lays aside those who are doing most for its advancement? It cannot be. He takes away his workmen, but carries on his work. He would have HIS CHURCH—the church of the first-born—lean on him alone, and so he takes away its pillars, and sustains, by his unseen, almighty power, the trembling edifice whose downfall, to human appearance, seemed inevitable and near at hand. So it has always been. The good Josiah died in his fortieth year; while the wicked Manasseh who “made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to sin, and to do worse than the heathen,” swayed his unrighteous sceptre for more than half a century. We must have FAITH IN GOD. He still survives, and, instead of yielding to

discouragement, we should double our diligence, that when the Master calls for us we may be found of him in peace, “not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.”

PSALM XVII. 15.

BY MRS. B. P. S.

Be satisfied! this sinful worm
Of earth: this mortal, take
Upon itself thine image, Lord,
Or in thy likeness wake!
Ah! more than satisfied I'll be,
When I awake in heaven, like thee.

Will I lay off this flesh,
This body leave behind?
This will give up entire,
And be to *thine* resigned?
This, this alone, were heaven to me,
And more, when I awake like thee.

No struggles to maintain,
With doubt, or care, or fear;
No sad regrets, no clouds
Will o'er my head appear.
How long and bright that day will be,
When I awake, O Lord, like thee.

Will sorrow cease to claim
Me as her captive there?
Will I, when all is o'er,
A palm of victory bear?
Ah! grief is joy, if it but be
A pledge that I shall wake like thee.

My soul with rapture fills,
My heart is running o'er
With joy, at prospects bright,
Just on the other shore.
Friends wait, and wait to welcome me,
When I awake, dear Lord, like thee.

Northern Christian Advocate.

A GODLY LIFE.—Rest not, I entreat you, in a mere rational conviction of the truth of the gospel, but reduce your faith to practice. Embrace the gospel as well as assent to its truth. If christianity is true, it is the most important concern in the world. Avail yourselves of its precious invitations; obey its salutary precepts, and escape the dangers of which it gives warning.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

We clip the following from the Wesleyan Times of June 15th. We are rejoiced to learn as often as we hear from these excellent christian friends, that the Lord's hand is still with them in great power. We trust their bow will ever abide in strength, and that the prayers of the many thousands both in Great Britain and America by whom they are daily remembered at the throne of the heavenly grace will still continue to ascend in their behalf calling down everywhere the richest dew of heaven upon their fields of labor.

Forest-grove House, Nottingham, June 11, '63.

Dear Brother: You will unite with us in ascribing glory to God in the highest, when we tell you that we are witnessing the great and mighty things of our Almighty Lord in this place. Dear brother M. informs us that you were not unmindful of us and our work on Sabbath afternoon one week ago, when we commenced our labors here. And now our hearts are exclaiming, What hath God wrought!

That afternoon was truly memorable. We told the assembled multitude of disciples, if they would indeed bring the matter to a point, and at once prove God by bringing all the tithes into the Divine store-house, they might quickly see heaven's windows opened. Scores rose to their feet to manifest their resolve before God, men, and angels that they would consecrate all their redeemed powers, unconditionally and for ever, to the service of the Lord their Redeemer.

He whose name is Faithful and True poured out his Spirit in saving, sanctifying influences, and great grace rested upon us all. In the evening the arm of our Lord was made bare in the awakening and conversion of sinners. I do not remember to have heard how many were brought to God, but the work gloriously commenced; ever since

it has continued with increasing power. During the present week over one hundred, we trust, have been truly saved. Last evening (Wednesday) 42 were blest; Tuesday evening the same number; Monday evening, 20; Sabbath evening, 64; making 160 in four evenings. About 300 have been written on earth, and we trust also in heaven, as having received either justifying or sanctifying grace since we began our labors here eleven days ago. Far the largest number of those who have come forward as seekers have obtained pardon. I presume not less than 250 have been raised up, to testify that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins. Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

A gentleman at the mid-day meeting sent up a written petition, asking special prayer for all employed in his warehouse, numbering forty, male and female. The note from this employer stated that he intended to bring all in his employ to the evening service, and asked for united prayer that all might be arrested by the Spirit, and brought to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

This was evening before last. At the mid-day meeting yesterday this employer publicly returned thanks that nearly all the persons in his employ were converted the evening previous at the chapel. To-day he again returned thanks that the work was widening, a wife of one of his assistants having been converted last evening. I might relate other interesting incidents, but time forbids. Surely these are the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes. We have had much rain this week, but the chapel is nightly crowded, and it seems as if the whole congregation were under the solemn arrest-

ings of the Holy Spirit. "Alleluia ! and again they said Alleluia !"

We dare not leave while the work is going on after this fashion.

Yours in Jesus,

PHOEBE PALMER.

To Jas. Holroyd, Esq.

EVERY HOUSE HAS ITS CROSS.

A widowed lady was almost in despair from the variety of hindrances, vexations, and disappointments she had to endure. She was quite overwhelmed with her domestic crosses, and had scarcely the heart to go on with her daily conflicts. "No other roof," she complained, "is so constantly beset with misery as mine." She had no idea that any neighbor of hers was half so crossed as herself; judging, as she did, from outward appearances. But it pleased God to teach her a lesson, through the instrumentality of a dream, which was the most wholesome medicine of which she could have partaken.

One night she dreamed that a whole town stood before her, and every house in it bore a cross against its door: on one it was a very large one, on the next it was of less size, and on others, though they were very few, it was but a small one. Among all the crosses, however, none appeared to her so light to carry as that at her own door. She awoke a new creature. What she had seen she had understood; and she recollected Christ's saying, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." She fell down upon her knees at once, and prayed God to pardon her for her complaining, murmuring, repining spirit, and besought him to release her from it, and fill her with his strengthening grace to bear her

cross, which from that hour forward she found to be light, as compared with the cross her own weakness had given her to bear. "Yes," she exclaimed, "'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,' for his 'yoke is easy, and his burden is light.'"

STRONG CHARACTER.

Strength of character consists of two things: power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence: strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake; because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a "strong man." The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak.

You must measure the strength of a man by the powers of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home-peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY A. E. S.

At the age of seventeen I sought and found the Lord. My desire was to walk in the light of his countenance by cleaving unto him with my whole heart. The tempter came. He bade me look at the church—the major part of whom had nothing to do in the social meetings. It was suggested to me they are good christians and travelling heavenward—why could not I get along as easily as they? I began to ask God to excuse me and let me live as other christians lived.

O dreadful prayer! How soon I grieved the Holy Spirit! God gave me the desire of my heart, “but sent leanness into my soul.” I soon realized what a mistake I had made, and like Peter wept bitterly. About ten years I wandered in the wilderness. I maintained the form of godliness, but this did not satisfy my soul. A friend recommended my reading “Upham’s Interior Life.” I read it, and there found just the help I needed. I was now enabled through divine grace to make a full consecration of *all* to God as there directed. I felt that I must shun no cross but *obediently* go forward. By taking this stand Satan was greatly enraged, and everything that his art could devise was placed before me to hinder my progress. As long as I could see my enemy I could successfully resist him, but in these new assaults he was hid from my view. He again directed me to the church. So deeply laid were his plans that he well nigh drove me from the church. I neglected to attend the social meetings; my desires for full salvation became fainter and fainter, until I lost all confidence in this experience. The enemy had

now gained his point. A few years after, God, in his good providence, sent us a minister who did not fail to declare the whole truth of God. He exhorted the church to personal holiness, and immediate consecration as the condition. In conversation I told him I did not believe the doctrine. That night, after I had retired to my chamber, the Holy Spirit gave me to see that I had not, as I supposed been speaking against the errors of individuals, but against God’s own truth. I bowed before my Maker and humbly sought pardon, firmly resolving never to speak against the doctrine again. But this was not enough. I saw by the light imparted that it was my duty to be holy. My mind went back to the time when I was seeking the blessing and the trials that then came upon me, and led me to shrink from an attempt to start again. Suddenly, as if whispered by the Spirit, the thought came to me, “*Have faith in God.*” *He is able to chain the lions and carry you through the fire unhurt.* I now decided that I would seek the blessing. I would *die at the foot of the cross if need be, but never again turn back.* A few weeks after I attended a meeting for the promotion of holiness. Prof. Upham read a part of the 11th chapter of Deut. and then remarked that the Lord was just as willing to lead his children into the promised land—the land of holiness—now as he was formerly. His covenant remained unchanged, and the conditions were the same; i. e. obedience to his commands, and if we complied he would fight all our battles, and drive out all our enemies from before us. “*Ah,*” thought I, “*but is it so hard to obey God?*” But will he require aught at my hands, that he will not give me strength to perform? Sure-

ly not. It is perfectly *right* that I should obey him, and although my flesh shrinks from the cross, and I feel it is death indeed to my sinful nature, yet trusting in God, I *will* go forward. A few days after this, I renewedly consecrated all to God, not in my own strength, but fully relying upon the Word of God, that he was *able* and *willing* to do for me all he had promised. I gave my entire being to him—my interests for time and eternity—calmly and firmly resolving to do his will, as far as I knew it. That day God *revealed* himself to me, most graciously and filled my heart with peace and love, and for two weeks I realized an abiding sense of his presence, and an *assurance* that he was leading me. Whatever my state of mind might be, whether light or dark, I was satisfied. The desire of my heart was, that I might walk in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless, and be enabled through grace, to adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour, by a well ordered life and godly conversation. Thus God gently led me on, enabling me to give up all my idols, and teaching me to trust wholly in himself. Then I was led to feel the depravity of my heart as I never had before. The enemy beset me on every side. O, how severe was the conflict! I had no rest. I spoke of my trials at class meeting. At the close of the meeting a sister who had long enjoyed the blessing of holiness, invited me to call at her house. That night I dreamed an angel came to my bed and stooped and kissed me, and smiled so sweetly; and just then all my sorrow left me, and peace and joy filled my heart. I thought it was really an angel, yet it seemed the same christian sister who had spoken to me in the class room.

The next day I called at her house. I have never doubted that the Holy Spirit directed in the conversation, for every word seemed just what I needed. There, as in my dream, all my sorrow left me—the enemy was driven back and I was filled with peace and joy. The next morning was the Sabbath. O, what rest my soul enjoyed!

Wednesday morning while kneeling before God in prayer, I was suddenly overshadowed by the divine presence: the way of salvation by *faith in Christ* was revealed to me, and I was enabled to enter into the possession, through Christ who is indeed "the door." O, blessed salvation! O, glorious fullness, who can describe it! I had supposed that I must fast and pray a great deal, but I now saw that faith in Christ was all that God required. How insignificant did *works* appear! Faith in Christ. *Faith in Christ* was the all sufficient medium. During the day I had a view of my state. I saw that I had gained an important position. I had been traveling through "miry clay," but now my feet were firmly planted upon the rock. I saw I had nothing to fear because I had made the Lord my refuge. If the *tempter* came I had only to look to God and was saved from his power. I continued in this blessed state of rest four weeks, without once thinking that God had *cleansed* my heart, and granted me the blessing I had been seeking. One evening while reading in Upham's Interior Life (chap. 21st, on the dispensation of the Holy Ghost in its fullness) "that one of the most decisive marks of the presence of the Holy Ghost in its fullness, is a resigned and peaceful state of the spirit, originating in perfect faith in God," it came to my mind, Is not this what I'm enjoying? Every

word I read found a response in my own heart. I looked back and saw how gently God had led me. I had been in the enjoyment of this blessing four weeks, and the fact had been hidden from me. During this time I had been called to pass through some severe trials, which previous to this would have sorely vexed me, but I found that the deep peace of my heart had not been stirred. I was often led to wonder at myself. I now saw that God had been proving to me that *he was abundantly able to keep me from sin*. Then the cross was presented. Was I willing to go to the church and tell them how great things God had done for my soul? The answer of my heart was, "I will, O my Father, thy grace assisting me," and this I was enabled to do the next evening at the prayer meeting, and indeed at many subsequent meetings.

Nearly twelve years have passed since God wrought this work in my heart; and to the praise of Divine grace I would say, that during these years my steps have not declined backward. Every day I have endeavored to come to the altar of consecration, and give all to God, and I find him faithful to keep what is committed to his care. At all times I have been permitted to ask, and to *receive* forgiveness for my many imperfections and short comings, so that I have not been overcome by the tempter, but have enjoyed great peace of mind and comfort in the Holy Ghost, and a continued desire to please God and do his will in all things.

Brunswick.

KNOWLEDGE of Gospel doctrines is the candle, without which faith cannot see to do its work.

THE SHORT CANDLE.

As I sat in my chamber, I saw a little girl working by the light of a candle. It was burnt down almost to the socket. I perceived that she plied her needle very fast, and at length I overheard her saying to herself, "I must be very industrious, for this is the only candle I have, and it is almost gone."

What a moral there is, thought I, in the words of this child! Surely I may learn wisdom from it. Life is but a short candle. It is almost gone and I have no other. How earnestly engaged should I then be in every duty of life! While I have the light of life, how careful should I be to perform everything enjoined by my Heavenly Master!

I ought to be in haste to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling, knowing that when this light is extinguished, there is no other allowed to mortals for preparation.

I ought to be alive to the immortal interests of my fellow-creatures, working while it is called to-day, striving to bring sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ; for my brief candle is soon to go out, and there can be no conversion of sinners in another world.

I ought to be unceasingly active in every act of benevolence, making as many happy as I can, relieving the miserable, and doing good to all within my reach; for this light is soon to be put out, and in the other world the miserable and suffering will be beyond my reach.

I ought to use every talent for the glory of God and the kingdom of Christ, working the works of him that sent me, while it is day, because the night cometh in which no man can work.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."—Eccles. ix. 10.

PLAINNESS IN THE PULPIT.

A man who cannot make things plain, is not qualified to fill a pulpit. First of all, let the preacher think out his subject so thoroughly, that his ideas shall lie clear and distinct, like crystals, in his own mind; and then let him remember that a "straight line is the shortest distance between two points," and speak accordingly. What right has he to use an involved and tortuous manner, when declaring the great things of God—"darkening counsel by words without knowledge?" What right has he to come before plain people in the straight-jacket of professional dignity, and talk of "volition," instead of will, "intellectual processes," instead of thinking, and "moral obligation" instead of duty and the like, as if the very use of language were, as Talleyrand suggests, "to conceal one's thoughts?" What right has he to give his hearers the hard stone of metaphysics, when they are dying for the bread of heaven? What right has he to bring forward profound disquisitions and curious speculations, when the command is, "Preach the preaching that I bid thee!" And what right has he to hide that Christ whom he is to make known amid flowers of rhetoric, as Verelst, in his portrait of James II., virtually hid his majesty in a profusion of sun flowers and tulips? When the late young preacher, Erskine Hawes, was dying, he said, "I wish to live to preach the Gospel more simply." How many at death's door have felt as he felt.—*Dr. H. C. Fish.*

THE INFLUENCE OF A TRACT.

Two hundred years ago, a humble pedlar sold a lad a tract, called "*The Bruised Reed*," which led to his conversion. This was a simple and unpretending act of itself. But mark how the hidden life of the church is propagated, how one genuine convert swells the vital pulsations and augments the giant energies of the church. That lad was no other than Richard Baxter. His writings were the means of rousing, with scores of others, the soul of Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge's "*Rise and Progress of Religion*" was the means of quickening that illustrious advocate of freedom, William Wilberforce. William Wilberforce's "*Practical Christianity*" was the means of bringing Legh Richmond to Jesus. Legh Richmond's "*Dairyman's Daughter*" has been the means of bringing multitudes to the footstool of mercy. There were in Nov. 1856, in the records of the Tract Society alone, fifteen hundred cases of conversion attributable solely to the circulation of that little book. How many more have been converted by the same means, eternity only will reveal. Now could you this moment extinguish the results of Baxter's conversion—could you blot from the records of the church those who have lineally sprung, during the last two hundred years, from the loins of that single Puritan—you would pluck thousands upon thousands of sainted ones from their snowy seats in heaven, and thousands upon thousands of devoted ones from their circles of usefulness on earth. What a motive to labor, though it be in an humble way.

Do I feel a firm, unwavering confidence in God as my Father and my God.

GOD DIRECTS THE STORM.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Once more, dear friends, you meet beneath
A clouded sky:
Not yet the sword has found its sheath,
And, on the sweet spring airs the breath
Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the ground,
Nor pain from chance;
Th' Eternal orders circle round,
And wave and storm find mete and bound
In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery ways
Of peace have trod,
Content with creed and garb and phrase:
A harder path in earlier days
Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear,
Are made our own;
Too long the world has smiled to hear
Our boast of full corn in the ear
By others sown.

To see us stir the martyr fires
Of long ago;
And wrap our satisfied desires
In the singed mantles that our sires
Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies bore
On us is laid.
Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,
And in the scale of truth once more
Our faith is weighed.

The cry of innocent blood at last
Is calling down
An answer in the whirl-wind blast,
The thunder and the shadow cast
From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments. Who
Stands guiltless forth?
Have we been faithful as we knew,
To God and to our brother true,
To Heaven and Earth?

How faint through din of merchandize
And count of gain,
Has seemed to us the captives' cries?
How far away tears and sighs
Of souls in pain?

This day the fearful reckoning comes
To each and all;
We hear amid our peaceful homes

The summons of the conscript drums,
The bugle's call.

Our path is plain: the war-net draws
Round us in vain,
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,
We keep our fealty to the laws
Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle brand
We may not take;
But, calmly loyal, we can stand
And suffer with our suffering land
For conscience' sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain?
Shall we alone
Be left to add our gain to gain,
When over Armageddon's plain
The trump is blown?

To suffer well is well to serve;
Safe in our Lord
The rigid lines of law shall curve
To spare us; from our heads shall swerve
Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom,
And joy with grief;
Divinest compensations come.
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom
In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless
By word and deed,
The widow in her keen distress,
The childless and the fatherless,
The hearts that bleed!

For fields of duty opening wide,
Where all our powers
Are tasked the eager steps to guide
Of millions on a path untried:
THE SLAVE IS OURS!

Ours by tradition dear and old
Which make the race
Our wards to cherish and uphold,
And cast their freedom in the mould
Of Christian grace.

And may we tread the sick-bed floors
Where strong men pine,
And, down the groaning corridors,
Pour freely from our liberal stores
The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?
God's hand within the shadow lays

The stones whereon His gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn ; O outstretched Hand !
Nor stint, nor stay ;
The years have never dropped their sand
On mortal issue vast and grand,
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground
Of man's despair,
Is freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound
Upraised in prayer.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross !

ALL THINGS WORKING FOR GOOD.

All things work together for good to those who love the Lord.

As I sit here at my little cottage window, this holy quiet Sabbath evening, and look on the glorious setting sun, gilding each tree, and hill and dale with its departing glory, the above blessed promise broke from my lips, and I asked myself—how have I been tested? Eight precious children had been taken from me—part in infancy were transplanted by a heavenly gardener to his paradise above; the rest in the bloom of manhood and womanhood; and one after another dear relatives had departed. How had such heavy afflictions (some of them coming in quick succession) worked together for my good? The calm and peaceful rest in Jesus I now enjoy, the perfect submission to his will, answers the questions.

To be brought into a fellowship with the world's redeemer through suffering, is indeed to feel that it has not only worked good, but an "eternal weight of glory." When in my early married life, a precious babe, my only boy was taken from my arms, I awoke to a

sense of the utter helplessness of my state out of Christ—I flew to him as my only refuge and yielded my poor heart to be comforted and regenerated through his atoning blood. Did not that affliction work for my good which brought me out of nature's darkness and illumined my soul with the glorious light of the gospel. Sometimes I think, what more can the Lord have in store for me that I have not already endured? But it brings no disquietude, my feet are on a sure foundation, and "though he slay me yet will I trust in him."

That precious promise was not left on record in vain, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." There is indeed a rest, a joy and peace for the stricken and bereaved heart—that joy of which the apostle speaks, as being not only joyful, but *exceeding* joyful in tribulation. To be one of those "who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" would recompense us for all our sufferings here.
s. g. s.

THE GLORY OF GOD.—This wonderful and beautiful universe is full of religious suggestions. Its glorious works move in obedience and praise. The stars sing their anthems, the ocean offers its tribute, the mountains kindle with adoration, the flowers waft their incense, and in this great fabric of creation are altars, and hymns, and myriads of worshippers—the burden of all being the glory of the Maker. Shall the human heart, amid all this, be the only dumb and tuneless thing? Shall the immortal soul, that stands in the scale of creation next to the angels, and possesses faculties nobler than all the glories of the outward universe, be unwilling and disobedient?—*Chapin.*

IS HE A CHRISTIAN?

"Is he a Christian?"

The question reached my ear as I sat conversing with a friend, and I paused in the sentence I was uttering, to note the answer.

"Oh, yes; he is a Christian," was replied.

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so. I was not aware of it before," said the other.

"Yes; he has passed from death unto life. Last week, in the joy of his new birth, he united himself to the Church, and is now in fellowship with the saints."

"What a blessed change!"

"Blessed, indeed. Another soul saved; another added to the great company of those who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. There is joy in Heaven on his account."

"Of whom are they speaking?" I asked, turning to my friend.

"Of Fletcher Gray, I believe," was replied.

"Few men stood more in need of Christian graces," said I. "If he is, indeed, numbered with the saints, there is cause for rejoicing."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," responded my friend. "I will believe his claim to the title of Christian, when I see the fruit in good living. If he has truly passed from death unto life, as they say, he will work the works of righteousness. A sweet fountain will not send forth bitter waters."

My friend but expressed my own sentiments in this, and all like cases. I have learned to put small trust in "profession;" to look past the Sunday and prayer-meeting piety of people,

and to estimate religious quality by the standard of the Apostle James. There must be genuine love of the neighbor, before there can be a love of God; for neighborly love is the ground in which that higher and purer love takes root. It is all in vain to talk of love as a mere ideal thing. Love is an active principle, and, according to its quality, works. If the love be heavenly, it will show itself in good deeds to the neighbor; but, if infernal, in acts of selfishness that disregard the neighbor.

"I will observe this Mr. Gray," said I, as I walked homeward from the company, "and see whether the report touching him be true. If he is, indeed, a 'Christian,' as they affirm, the Christian graces of meekness and charity will blossom in his life, and make all the air around him fragrant."

Opportunity soon came. Fletcher Gray was a storekeeper, and his life in the world was, consequently, open to the observation of all men. He was likewise a husband and a father. His relations were, therefore, of a character to give, daily, a test of his true quality.

It was only the day after, that I happened to meet Mr. Gray under circumstances favorable to observation. He came into the store of a merchant with whom I was transacting some business, and asked the price of certain goods in the market. I moved aside, and watched him narrowly. There was a marked change in the expression of his countenance and in the tones of his voice. The former had a sober, almost solemn expression; the latter was subdued, even to plaintiveness. But, in a little while, these peculiarities gradually disappeared, and the aforesaid Mr. Gray stood there unchanged, not only

in appearance, but in character. There was nothing of the "yea, yea," and "nay, nay," spirit in his bargain-making, but an eager, wordy effort to gain an advantage in trade. I noticed that, in the face of an asseveration that only five per cent. over cost was asked for a certain article, he still endeavored to procure it at a lower figure than was named by the seller, and finally crowded him down to the exact cost, knowing as he did, that the merchant had a large stock on hand, and could not well afford to hold it over.

"He's a sharper!" said the merchant, turning towards me as Gray left the store.

"He's a Christian, they say," was my quiet remark.

"A Christian!"

"Yes; don't you know that he has become religious, and joined the Church?"

"You're joking!"

"Not a word of it. Didn't you observe his subdued, meek aspect, when he came in?"

"Why, yes; now that you refer to it, I do remember a certain peculiarity about him. Become pious! Joined the Church! Well, I'm sorry!"

"For what?"

"Sorry for the injury he will do to a good cause. The religion that makes a man a better husband, father, man of business, lawyer, doctor, or preacher, I reverence, for it is genuine, as the lives of those who accept it do testify. But your hypocritical pretenders I scorn and execrate."

"It is, perhaps, almost too strong language this, as applied to Mr. Gray," said I.

"What is a hypocrite?" asked the merchant.

"A man who puts on the semblance

of Christian virtues which he does not possess."

"And that is what Mr. Gray does when he assumes to be religious. A true Christian is just. Was he just to me when he crowded me down in the price of my goods, and robbed me of a living profit, in order that he might secure a double gain? I think not. There is not even the live and let live principle in that. No—no sir. If he has joined the Church, my word for it, there is a black sheep in the fold; or, I might say, without abuse of language, a wolf therein, disguised in sheep's clothing."

"Give the man time," said I. "Old habits of life are strong, you know. In a little while, I trust that he will see clearer, and regulate his life from perceptions of higher truths."

"I thought his heart was changed," answered the merchant, with some irony in his tones. "That he had been made a new creature."

I did not care to discuss that point with him, and so merely answered,

"The beginnings of spiritual life are as the beginnings of natural life. The babe is born in feebleness, and we must wait through the periods of infancy, childhood and youth, before we can have the strong man ready for the burden and heat of the day, or full-armed for the battle. If Mr. Gray is in the first effort to lead a Christian life, that is something. He will grow wiser and better in time, I hope."

"There is vast room for improvement," said the merchant. "In my eyes, he is, at this time, only a hypocritical pretender. I hope, for the sake of the world and the Church both, that his new associates will make something better out of him."

I went away, pretty much of the

merchant's opinion. My next meeting with Mr. Gray was in the shop of a mechanic to whom he had sold a bill of goods some months previously. He had called to collect a portion of the amount which remained unpaid. The mechanic was not ready for him.

"I am sorry, Mr. Gray," he began, with some hesitation of manner.

"Sorry for what?" sharply interrupted Mr. Gray.

"Sorry that I have not the money to settle your bill. I have been disappointed" —

"I don't want that old story. You promised to be ready for me to-day, didn't you?" And Mr. Gray knit his brows, and looked angry and imperative.

"Yes, I promised. But" —

"Then keep your promise. No man has a right to break his word. Promises are sacred things, and should be kept religiously."

"If my customers had kept their promises to me, there would have been no failure in mine to you," answered the poor mechanic.

It is of no use to plead other men's failings in justification of your own. You said the bill should be settled to-day; and I calculated upon it. Now, of all things in the world, I hate trifling. I shall not call again, sir!"

"If you were to call forty times, and I hadn't the money to settle your account, you would call in vain," said the mechanic, showing considerable disturbance of mind.

"You needn't add insult to wrong." Mr. Gray's countenance reddened, and he looked angry.

"If there is insult in the case, it is on your part, not mine," retorted the mechanic, with more feeling. "I am not a digger of gold out of the earth,

nor a coiner of money. I must be paid for my work before I can pay the bills I owe. It was not enough that I told you of the failure of my customers to meet their engagements" —

"You've no business to have such customers," broke in Mr. Gray, "no right to take my goods and sell them to men who are not honest enough to pay their bills."

"One of them is your own son," replied the mechanic, goaded beyond endurance. "His bill is equal to half of yours. I have sent for the amount a great many times, but still he puts me off with excuses. I will send it to you next time."

This was thrusting home with a sharp sword, and the vanquished Mr. Gray retreated from the battle field, bearing a painful wound."

"That wasn't right in me, I know," said the mechanic, as Gray left his shop. "I'm sorry, now, that I said it. But he pressed me too closely. I am but human."

"He is a hard, exacting, money-loving man," was my remark.

"They tell me he has become a Christian," said the mechanic. "Has got religion—been converted. Is that so?"

"It is a common report; but I think common report must be an error. St. Paul gives patience, forbearance, long-suffering, meekness, brotherly kindness, and charity, as some of the Christian graces. I do not see them in this man. Therefore, common report must be in error."

"I have paid him a good many hundreds of dollars, since I opened my shop here," said the mechanic, with the manner of one who felt hurt. "If I am a poor, hard-working man, I try to be honest. Sometimes I get a little

behind hand, as I am now, because people I work for don't pay up as they should. It happened twice before when I wasn't just square with Mr. Gray, and he pressed down very hard upon me, and talked just as you heard him to-day. He got his money, every dollar of it; and he will get his money now. I did think, knowing that he had joined the Church and made a profession of religion, that he would bear a little patiently with me, this time. That, as he had obtained forgiveness, as alleged, of his sins towards heaven, he would be merciful to his fellow-man. Ah, well! These things make us very skeptical about the honesty of men who call themselves religious. My experience with "professors," has not been very encouraging. As a general thing, I find them as greedy of gain as other men. We outside people of the world get to be very sharp-sighted. When a man sets himself up to be of better quality than we, and calls himself by a name significative of heavenly virtue, we judge him naturally, by his own standard, and watch him very closely. If he remain as hard, as selfish, as exacting, and as eager after money as before, we do not put much faith in his profession, and are very apt to class him with hypocrites. His praying and fine talk about faith, and heavenly love, and being washed from all sin, excite in us contempt rather than respect. We ask for good works, and are never satisfied with anything else. By their fruits ye shall know them."

On the next Sunday I saw Mr. Gray in church. My eyes were on him when he entered. I noticed that all the lines of his face were drawn down, and that the whole aspect and bearing of the man were solemn and devo-

tional. He moved to his place with a slow step, his eyes cast to the floor. On taking his seat, he leaned his head on the pew in front of him, and continued for nearly a minute in prayer. During the services I heard his voice in singing; and through the sermon, he maintained the most fixed attention. It was communion Sabbath; and he remained after the congregation was dismissed, to join in the holiest act of worship.

"Can this man be indeed self-deceived?" I asked myself, as I walked homeward. "Can he really believe that heaven is to be gained by pious acts alone. That every Sabbath evening he can pitch his tent a day's march nearer heaven, though all the week he has failed in the commonest offices of neighborly love?"

It so happened, that I had many opportunities for observing Mr. Gray, who, after joining the Church, became an active worker in some of the public and prominent charities of the day. He contributed liberally in many cases, and gave a good deal of time to the prosecution of benevolent enterprises, in which men of some position were concerned. But, when I saw him dispute with a poor gardener who had laid sods in his yard, about fifty cents; take sixpence off of a weary strawberry woman; or chaffer with his bootblack over an extra shilling, I could not think that it was genuine love for his fellow men that prompted his ostentatious charities.

In no instance did I find any better estimation of him in business circles; for his religion did not chasten the ardor of his selfish love of advantage in trade; nor make him more generous, nor more inclined to help or befriend the weak and the needy. Twice I saw

his action in the case of unhappy debtors, who had not been successful in business. In each case, his claim was among the smallest; but he said more unkind things, and was the hardest to satisfy, of any man among the creditors. He assumed dishonest intention at the outset, and made that a plea for the most rigid exactions; covering his own hard selfishness with offensive cant about mercantile honor, Christian integrity, and a religious observance of business contracts. He was the only man among all the creditors, who made his Church-membership a prominent thing—few of them were even church-goers—and the only man who did not readily make concessions to the poor, down-trodden debtors.

“Is he a Christian?” I asked, as I walked home in some depression of spirits, from the last of these meetings. and I could but answer No—for, to be a Christian is to be Christ-like.

“As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” This is the divine standard. “Ye must be born again,” leaves to us no latitude of interpretation. There must be a death of the old, natural, selfish loves, and a new birth of spiritual affections. As a man feels, so will he act. If the affections that rule in his heart be divine affections, he will be a lover of others, and a seeker of their good. He will not be a hard, harsh, exacting man in natural things, but kind, forbearing, thoughtful of others, and yielding. In all his dealings with men, his actions will be governed by the heavenly laws of justice and judgment. He will regard the good of his neighbor equally with his own. It is in the world where Christian graces reveal themselves if they exist at all. Religion is not a mere Sunday affair, but

the regulator of a man's conduct among his fellow-men. Unless it does this, it is a false religion, and he who depends upon it for the enjoyment of heavenly felicities in the next life, will find himself in miserable error. Heaven can not be earned by mere acts of piety, for heaven is the complement of all divine affections in the human soul; and a man must come into these—must be born into them—while on earth, or he can never find an eternal home among the angels of God. Heaven is not gained by doing, but by living.—*Steps Toward Heaven.*

HEART POWER.—A man's force in the world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man; if he be erroneous, then he is powerful for error; if the thing is in his heart, he is sure to make it notorious, even though it may be by a downright falsehood. Let a man be ever so ignorant, still, if his heart be full of love to a cause, he becomes a powerful man for that object, because he has heart power, heart force. A man may be deficient in many of the advantages of education, in many of those niceties which are so much looked upon in society; but once give him a good strong heart, that beats hard, and there is no mistake about the power. Let him have a heart that is full up to the brim with an object, and that man will accomplish the object, or else he will die gloriously defeated and will glory in the midst of defeat. *Heart is power.*

THAT which is now our idol, may quickly become our burden, and we know not how soon we may be sick of what we were lately sick for.—*Henry.*

STEADFASTNESS IN A SOLDIER

AND ITS REWARD.

A correspondent who is accustomed among other ways in doing good, thus writes of a soldier to whom she regularly mails a copy of our magazine.

I think you would be much interested in the case of a young man in our army, one of those to whom I send the Guide, and I have thought of penning you a little of his history.

He has *no relative* that he knows of in the world. He is a native of New Jersey, and both his parents died when he was quite young. Through a train of circumstances Providence directed him to this place, and by the efforts of a few individuals, under the blessing of God, he was brought to see his need of salvation and earnestly sought the pardon of his sins, and in a quiet room kneeling with three others beside himself, who were pleading with God in his behalf, he was soundly converted and filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

He lived a consistent christian life until about two years ago, when he felt it his duty to enlist as a soldier for his country, and he did so. His lot was cast among the most wicked and profane. He had no Chaplain, and in all his regiment there was no one that he could look to as a patron of piety, or for counsel and encouragement. He was ridiculed for his religion, and endured the taunts and jeers of wicked men who seemed to try to make him as wicked as themselves; but instead of yielding to the wicked influences around him, he learned to prize the favor of God more and more, and has continued to grow in grace. He has been in some of the most severe battles, and most of his regiment have fallen around him, but God has been with him. He

now holds a responsible position in the army, shares largely the confidence and love of both officers and men, has a devoted Chaplain, is active in religious meetings, has succeeded in getting those that would not have allowed him to kneel in silent prayer in their presence to refrain from swearing, and kneel in their little tent while he leads in prayer. A regimental church is formed, frequent meetings are held, backsliders are reclaimed, and numbers are enquiring what they shall do to be saved; and to use the language of his Chaplain, "he is a young man of spotless life and character, whose example is worthy of imitation, and is having a salutary influence on all around him."

If you could know of the gratitude he often expresses to the friends that cared for a "homeless wanderer" and pointed him to Jesus, you would not wonder that we like to send him the precious Guide to Holiness, and help him all we can to lead others to the same Christ that saves him.

M. A. H.

It requires a great degree of watchfulness to retain the perfect love of God; and one great means of retaining it, is frankly to declare what God has given you, and earnestly to exhort all the believers you meet with to follow after full salvation.

J. W.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN.—A poor man once said that there were three steps to heaven: out of self—into Christ—into glory.

WE know of no reason why God should not have the glory of our *sanctification* as well as that of our justification. Any argument against a profession of entire sanctification would be equally conclusive against a profession of justification.—*McDonald*.

HAVE YOU AN ANCHOR?

Looking out from our open window this morning towards the Bay we can see a home-bound ship riding gallantly up past the Quarantine station and the leafy shores of Staten Island. She looks weary from a long voyage; and on her bow, as a field-marshal wears a star upon his breast, she bears her *anchor*. It has done good service, and deserves its place of honor on her front. It has been her salvation on many a night of tempest. Though it hangs idle now, beneath her bowsprit, yet more than once when the gale struck her in the open roadstead; or, when off a wild lee-shore, the hurricane made hideous music through her cordage, like one immense harp strung to the gales, that anchor was unloosed, and running out with merry rattle of the chains, it dove straight downward to its resting-place. Upon the bottom of the deep its flukes took brave hold; and while the ship strained on the cable above, the patient flukes stoutly held on below. As soon might she attempt a voyage without a compass to guide her, or without canvas to impel her, as without an anchor to keep her from the devouring rocks or the yawning lee shore. So when she returns in triumph from a campaign with the elements, scarred with collisions of the angry deep, it is fitting that she bear on her bosom as a trust and a trophy, the good anchor that held her safely.

Voyager to eternity, have you the "anchor of the soul sure and steadfast?" It is the christian *hope*, Paul tells us. It is the hope in Christ which holds the soul of man as an anchor holds a ship. You cannot have it without knowing it, and if you have it, you will be none the better if you do not use it in the hour of need.

You will need it to keep you from drifting away into skepticism and unbelief. There is no such safeguard against practical infidelity as the possession of a living faith in Jesus. And the secret of so many lapses into error—of so much veering about with "every wind of doctrine"—is found in the lack of a well-grounded hope in the inner heart. As soon as the soul begins to swing away into painful doubts—doubts of God, of the truth of His Word, of the mercy of His dealings, of the triumph of His cause, or of the reality of heaven, then let go the anchor to the bottom. Nothing else will hold against that Devil of Doubt, but a practical faith in the Lord Jesus.

II. But if you are not assailed with doubts, you are certain to be assailed with troubles. No hurricane can arise more suddenly upon a full-rigged ship, when moving gracefully before an evening breeze than will the storms of adversity burst upon you; they will come, too, at the most unexpected moment. God lets loose his tempests on the sea, without an hour's warning. As a vessel is often stripped of her mainsail, or loses her spars before the seamen can man the yards to take in canvas, so it may be with you. You may be struck "all aback"—may be obliged to heave overboard many of your cherished possessions—you may be stripped of many a topsail which ambition had hoisted, or many a spar of prosperity, but if Christ is in the soul you cannot suffer wreck. Christ in the depths of the soul will anchor you. You do not see what holds a vessel when the storm is smiting her. The anchor is all invisible, as it lies in the untroubled quiet "full many a fathom deep." So when we see a man

beaten upon with adversity, or lying under a perfect Euroclydon of trials and yet preserving a calm cheerful spirit, we do not see, always, what is the secret of his serenity. We wonder why he is "not moved as other men are." But God sees a hope sure and steadfast, lying down deep beneath the surface. Trouble strips the man of much of his external gear and cordage, but never touches the interior source and strength of his piety. When Martin Luther was struck with sudden tempests he used to sing the Forty-sixth Psalm above the roar of the winds; his anchor never dragged. The Devil let loose the utmost of his fury upon Paul; but the brave apostle had an "I know whom I have believed," that struck its flukes under the Rock of Ages. O God, thou wilt keep in perfect peace the soul that is staid on thee.

III. There is a danger to the christian greater than adversity or the persecution of enemies. It is from the stealthy *under-currents* of temptation. An unanchored ship may be lying on waters as smooth as glass, and yet before the master is aware, his keel is on a rock. The invisible tide bore him away so softly and so silently that he did not observe the motion. Had the wind risen he would have taken the alarm; he did not suspect that an under-current was stealthily carrying him away. So are thousands of christian professors carried on the rocks every day, not with the shocks of adversity, but by invisible under-currents. One man insensibly drifts into neglect of prayer, and into laxity of Sabbath observance. Another one feels the hand of sensual temptation on the keel, but takes no alarm until he strikes the rock with a hideous rent of his christian

character. Another gets in an under-current of worldliness; it swings him along slowly but surely, until he has lost sight of the light-house on the headland; he is aroused by no sudden shock, but when we look for him where he ought to be, he is not there. The world got hold of his keel, and his anchor had no hold on Christ. Is not this the secret of by far the larger part of all the backsliding in the church?

It is not strength of intellect that saves a man, nor the surroundings of society, nor alliance with a church, nor orthodoxy of belief. All these have proved but ropes of sand attached to anchors of straw. They never hold a man when the tide of temptation sets in. He must have christian principle or he is lost. No man is safe in business, or safe in public life, or safe in private morals, when his conscience is unloosed from Christ. When his godly principle gives way, he may float smoothly for awhile, but it is a mere question of time, how soon he shall strike and go to the bottom. Remember God never *insures* a man, even in the church, who has no anchor of true religion. And if you ever reach heaven, my friend, you will come in, like yonder vessel, with your anchor at the prow. You will give all the glory then, not to your own skill or your own seamanship, but to the blessed "Anchor, sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the veil."

"There are ships," says the eloquent Melville, "that never will founder in life's battles or go down in life's tempests. There are ships which shall be in no peril when the last hurricane shall sweep earth and sea and sky; and which, when the fury is overpast, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, shall be found

on tranquil and crystal waters, *resting beautifully on their shadows*. These are they who have trusted in Jesus; these are they who have been anchored upon Christ."—*Evangelist*.

EXPERIENCE.

BY L. B.

Years have passed since first I gave my heart to Christ, and my name to the Church. I recollect, as it were but yesterday, when a dear and very intimate friend of mine, who had herself but a short time before found the "pearl of great price," took me by the hand and led me a trembling penitent to the altar of prayer; and though I did not feel that deep conviction for sin which I had felt at other times, yet I prayed earnestly that God would soften my heart and teach me how to approach him aright. I did not struggle long with unbelief and hardness of heart. Soon the "Sun of Righteousness" arose with healing in his wings, my darkened soul became illuminated with the Light of life, and I was enabled to believe that God had for Christ's sake forgiven all my sins.

Ten years passed away. Sometimes my way was bright and clear, sometimes hedged up. Sometimes I could trust my Heavenly Father, at others I was in doubts and fears and perplexities. I felt the workings of inbred sin, and a carnal, evil nature. The enemy often suggested "Perhaps you are deceiving yourself, and have never been converted." I did not even know this to be a suggestion of Satan, but believed it proceeded from my own hard heart. Trembling, doubting, fearing, I knew not what to do. Often I found myself engaged in that I knew was wrong. I tried to be a Christian, but when I would do good evil was

present with me. I tried to return like the prodigal, but found that

"Sin's deceitfulness had spread
A hardness o'er my heart."

For months I felt so deeply my lost, unhappy condition that I found no rest by day or night. When I retired I feared to close my eyes lest I should awake in eternity. I tried to repent and to feel more deeply my need of repentance. I tried to pray but the heavens seemed as brass, and I feared God had indeed withdrawn his Holy Spirit and left me alone to battle with the adversary. I did not know the right and the good way. I felt sure that I had deceived myself in regard to my conversion; yet I could not let my Saviour go—I clung fast to the hem of his garment—fearing, trembling, yet believing I would be made whole. While in this perplexed state—tied to earth, yet seeking freedom from its allurements—the Lord was pleased to remove from me the idol of my affections. Though my heart was bleeding at every pore, yet I resolved to bow in meek submission to his will concerning me. Then it was that I could let go of earth and with solemn vows I entered into a covenant with my Maker to not rest until I found rest in believing. Boldly did I take up my cross and go forth where duty led me. It was in a protracted meeting held in the winter of '62, that my burden of sinful unbelief was removed. Our pastor, Rev. W. W. Parsons, had plainly set forth the way of life, and pointed out the terrors of a broken law. Many came forward crying for mercy. While endeavoring to point out, to a dear sister, who like myself had lost her first love, the merit of a crucified Redeemer, and pleading in her behalf, my chains fell off; the fetters binding me to earth were bro-

ken, and oh, what rapture—what glory filled my soul. Never had I so realized the height and depth and length and breadth of the love of Christ. A new song was put in my mouth even songs of praise. Then

"I could tell to all around,
What a dear Saviour I had found."

Then I felt in verity "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Reader! I cannot express to you the raptures of a soul set free from sin. Do you enjoy perfect love? Oh, let me urge you to "come out and stand upon the mount before the Lord." Sit not down in sorrow, but arise and press up near thy Saviour, casting your sorrows at his feet. Let not doubts distract or fears distress you. Liberty from inward corruption and outward sin is attainable. Will you seek it? Remember, without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Oh, then let us seek not only to attain but to retain that inward purity that forms within us a silent heaven of love.

St. George.

THE SHINING ONES.—It is said that a pure diamond may be recognized by putting it under water, when it retains all its brilliancy, while all other precious stones lose their peculiar appearance.

Thus it is with the person who is made pure in the blood of Jesus. However deep the waters are which overflow the soul, still his light shines, showing the peculiar excellency of the christian's hope, and the power of Divine grace. Of such it may be truly affirmed, "Ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life."

"HE DIED AT HIS POST."—That pilot dies nobly, says Seneca, who perishes in the storm with the helm in his hand.

THE OLD MILL.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

You do not see it till you begin to go down a steep, winding path—the old mill! It is surrounded with beautiful shade-trees and flowers, growing all around. When the water is let on and the great wheel turns round, the spray rises, and the sun shines on it, and a rainbow often hangs over it. The mill was new, and it seemed as if it would almost go of itself. The waters seemed to shout with gladness as they rushed upon the wheel, and the birds sang in the trees, and everything was fair and good. Day after day and year after year the mill was kept in motion. Children who grew up near it felt as if it had always been there, and always would be there!

But after the mill had stood about seventy years, and had received the name of "the old mill," the timbers became weak. It seemed to tremble under its labors. When the water was let on the wheel, the old joints creaked and groaned, and it seemed to take a great while to get all the wheels in motion. It ground slower and slower. It creaked in every part. It was very plain that the old mill was nearly worn out. Every year it grew feebler, and did less and less work.

One day the owner came that way to talk with the tenant, or the man who lived in it.

"Well, Mr. Willard, the old mill is almost worn out!"

"Yes, sir; but you see I have set up poles against it to prop it up, and I mean to get more, and so I hope to keep it agoing!"

"It will do no good. The poor old thing is worn out. It was built of frail materials, and no propping can save it."

"But, sir, what do you propose to do?"

"To take it down."

"What! the mill I have lived in so long? I can't have it done, sir! I claim it as—"

"But, Mr. Willard, have you been careful and faithful to pay me the rent on the old mill?"

Mr. Willard hung his head, for he knew that he had paid but very poor rent!

"Must it come down, and I be turned out of my home?"

"Yes, it must come down, or fall down. But I will tell you what I will do. I will take it down carefully myself, and will save everything in it that is worth saving. And then I propose a new mill higher up the stream, near the great lake. I have selected a beautiful spot—O far more beautiful than this, where the sun always shines, and the birds always sing, and the flowers are always fresh. It is a place so beautiful that the angels come there and bring their harps and sing. And there I propose to erect the new mill—not of such frail timbers as this is built with, but of *durable* materials, such as will last ages and ages. And I am going to make it in such a way that the very moving of the wheels will make music, as if the mill was one great organ to praise God with. It will never grow old, or need taking down, or even repairing. Won't that be glorious?"

"When shall you take this down?"

"O, very soon."

"But who will live in the new mill?"

"You shall."

"But what shall I do while it is building?"

"O, I will take care of you. I have

a beautiful summer house on the hill that they call Zion, among the trees, where you will be safe, and ready to enter the new mill. Don't have any fears!"

Does the reader understand my story? The human body is the mill; the earth is the place where it stands; the life that God pours into us every day is the water let on the wheel; the trees around us are the comforts and blessings that God gives us; the birds that sing are the joys and the gladness of life; the rainbow over the great wheel are the bright hopes that hang over us every day.

But we grow old. The poor old man lives in an old mill. Life seems hardly to move the wheels now. He cannot stand straight up as he once did. He trembles, and can't work as he once could. He must die. The owner—God himself—will come and carefully take down the old mill. But he will build a new one, higher up the stream, nearer the Lake—himself—and make it of materials that never decay! Good old man! Disciple of Christ! Come out from the old mill while it is being rebuilt, and as you come sing, "I know that if my earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"

Sunday School Times.

DIVINE UNION.—True union with God, is to do his will without ceasing, in spite of all our natural disinclination and in every duty of life, however disagreeable or mortifying.

THE poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset, and as much silver in the moon, as any body.

The Guide to Holiness.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

INFLUENCE OF GRACE UPON THE JUDGMENT.

The question as to how far the possession of the grace of entire sanctification affects the action of the reasoning faculties, is one upon which there is not entire unanimity of opinion, even among those who seem to be walking fully in the light. Some seem to suppose that grace—any degree of grace—is not to be expected to exert any assignable measure of influence upon the reasoning or judging faculties of the mind. Some think that though grace can never make the human mind infallible, yet by tranquilizing the mind, freeing it from low, narrow, selfish views, and supplying it with the single motive of doing all things to the glory of God, it does greatly diminish the probability of error in judgment in any given case. There are others still who seem to think it the *privilege* of sanctified believers to be saved from error and mistake; and there are a few who maintain that persons who are really in the enjoyment of entire sanctification, do not err at all—that in fact error is itself sin.

There are doubtless persons whose views are not accurately expressed by either of the foregoing formulas; yet the statement we have given represents the points of difference fairly as we think, and with sufficient accuracy for our present purpose.

We shall proceed humbly, and candidly to submit our own views upon the question, for we feel that our readers have a right to our maturest thoughts on every question pertaining to the higher life.

We believe that the grace of God affects the whole intellectual, moral and spiritual nature of man, and that wherever the Spirit works for the sanctification of the soul, He works in the whole man; giving light to the understanding, purity to the affections, rectitude to the will, authority to the conscience, and placing the whole being under the motive power of love to Christ—so we cannot agree with the opinion first named.

II. We believe that though the influence of the Spirit of God in regulating the under-

standing and quickening the perceptive powers of the mind is very great, especially in some believers, yet this department of his operations in the human soul, is to be looked upon as *in part* incidental to his great work of purifying the affections, and exalting the purposes of the man. In other words, we believe that entire sanctification, by delivering the soul from the jostlings of unholy tempers and passions, and from the biasing power of selfishness, and by supplying it perpetually with the tranquility which comes of a perfect faith in Christ, does supply the happiest conditions for the due and proper exercise of the intellectual powers. Hence we say that the influences of the Spirit in guarding the intellectual faculties against error and delusions, are in part the incidental results of his gracious operations upon the heart; but it is also true that the Holy Spirit does illuminate the mind which he cleanses and saves. He "hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love and of a sound mind." Indeed it is matter of the commonest observation in the church that the all-hallowing baptism of sanctifying grace does wonderfully quicken the intellectual powers. A man who has received sanctifying grace, therefore thinks more clearly, more calmly, more profoundly, and concludes more justly, and therefore acts more wisely than he did before. These views present fundamentally what we judge to be truth in the case.

But does sanctifying grace confer infallibility upon the judgment? We answer most solemnly and unequivocally—we think not, by any means—and we must think that the contrary theory is a very dangerous one. Obviously judgment can never be infallible when knowledge is imperfect; for where the premises are not fully known, the conclusion must be proportionately uncertain. Now, very ignorant persons may be fully sanctified by grace; but as the sanctifying process leaves their minds but partially stored with knowledge, so it leaves them still subject to erroneous conclusions, and consequent ill-judged actions and words.

"But," asks some brother, desirous of accomplishing the ends of our high calling in the highest possible degree, "Is this all?" "Does the gospel make no provision for sup-

plementing the feebleness of human thought and human reasonings by the light of a divine guidance? May not a christian, in perplexity as to which of several lines of effort God would have him just now pursue, go to his Heavenly Father and confessing his own lack of wisdom, ask of Him 'who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not?' " We answer—yes—and we are free to express our belief that as often as a holy man will go to God for counsel and ridding his own mind of all secret preference for this way over that, will consecrate himself anew to God and patiently wait for the guiding light, he will not be left to hurtful error, either in opinion or practice.

Our conclusions are:

1st. Errors of judgment do not necessarily imply sin.

2d. The grace of God acts upon the intellectual faculties, both directly and incidentally, so as greatly to diminish the liability to error and mistake.

3d. There is no state of grace which renders infallible the operations of the mind.

4th. It is the privilege of each believer to ask counsel of his Heavenly Father touching his path of duty, whenever he is in perplexity and doubt, with the assurance that he shall not be left to walk in darkness, but shall be guided into all truth.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

The following letter from an esteemed and prominent minister in Ohio, will show how the present fiery ordeal is being sanctified to many of God's dear children. Our land is indeed becoming a Brochim—a vale of tears; idols have been removed—earthly props taken away, and conflicts such as no pen can describe are being endured, but out of these heart desolations God is refining and setting apart a people for himself. May God give us grace to abide the ordeal.

EDS.

U—, O., July 18, 1863.

Rev. H. V. DEGEN: For many years I have desired to attend one of your Eastern Camp Meetings, such as those at Martha's Vineyard and elsewhere; but having the regular duties of a pastor to perform, the way has not been opened.

I have been in the army about a year—was in that great flanking expedition of Grant's, that resulted in the fall of Vicksburg—have been obliged to resign from sickness incident upon exposure and fatigue.

I will have some time to recuperate before

Conference, and I would like if possible to make a trip to Boston and join in one of your feasts of tabernacles. Will you be so kind as to inform me if possible when any of these meetings will be held, and what one would you advise me to attend. Perhaps some reference should be had to health, as I am now greatly reduced.

My soul is triumphant in God. My recent bodily afflictions have been wonderfully blessed to the good of my soul. It is a great truth that no amount of grace will make up for actual experience. Our blessed Saviour was made perfect through suffering. He had all knowledge so that he perceived with absolute certainty all the ills of humanity, but that was not enough to make him a faithful High Priest. He must be tempted in all points like as we are. He must personally walk through all the dark paths of human sorrow—must experience all the ills of that humanity he came to redeem—so the christian cannot expect that maturity and perfection of christian character for which he aspires, by direct supplies of grace, but it comes often through deep personal affliction. So God has been dealing with me; I have been chastened in years past in the loss of friends and property, but have never been afflicted in body. My health has been as near perfect as falls to the lot of humanity; I was not prepared to sympathize with the afflicted and sorrowing ones of earth. No amount of grace would have enabled me to do so properly—I had a harshness about my nature that needed toning down. I had perhaps more of the law than the gospel in my preaching. The time had now come. Far from home, in a military hospital, with no kind hand of affection to soften and assuage the chastening. I was brought low. My sufferings were great. My heart became tender—an unkind word would cause me to weep. The voice of sympathy was exquisitely grateful. Through the kindness of my Heavenly Father I was permitted to return home. I saw in a moment that all was ordered for my good, and I blessed the Lord for his wonderful discipline. My soul has been kept in perfect peace. I am trying to realize that prayer of the apostle—the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, &c.

Pardon my lengthy epistle. I like the communion of saints; I love the Guide; I have taken it from the first. Do not fail to consider me a life-long patron. c. w. s.

A CONTRAST.

The two following communications received by the same mail speak for themselves. They will tend to show our friends some of our *encouragements* and *discouragements*. They reveal two opposite states or conditions of mind. A spiritual *appetite* must be created in order to enjoy *spiritual* food. Pray beloved, for an abiding unction and that your Editors may ever be enabled to furnish that which to the believer, shall be sweeter than honey in the honeycomb, though to the unbeliever it may be but chaff.

Dear sir: Some kind friend has sent me the Guide thus far this year. I think it rightly named—I love it dearly—it has been a source of much strength to me. When I get through reading it, I send it to my dear old father, who now lives in Canada; he has made religion his first business ever since I can remember him. Hear what he says about the Guide, in a letter to me, dated July 5th, 1863. He says: "I got two sweet welcome little visitors from you; they came trotting over the hills with glad tidings; and as I love my neighbors, I let them feast on them. Some read them twice, and some three times, and some put new covers to them that they may be preserved," and ends by saying "May God bless the Guide to all who read it" It is my intention that my father shall have the Guide as long as he lives, if I am spared that long, and it can be obtained. May God bless those who are laboring as editors and supporters in maintaining the Guide, and the kind friend who sends it to me, is the prayer of your unworthy friend.

H. K.

Sir: I have taken your book two years. I did not intend to take it so long, but you kept sending it on; now I wish you to discontinue, for I don't think it is worth carrying home from the office. When I send for your book again, you will know it. Don't let me catch you sending any more of such books. The first year was paid for in advance, and I will send you pay for the last year. So good bye holiness.

N. B.

A WIDOW'S MITE.

M—n, W. Va., July 18, 1863.

To the Editors of the Guide—Dear brothers: Having a desire to do good, and promote the cause of holiness, and having been benefitted by the Guide, I am encouraged to send my mite by reading a piece in the last No. (the soldiers and the Guide,) May it be blessed to

souls, and may you be abundantly blessed in your labors of love, shall be the prayer of the soldier's friend.

I send (\$4) four dollars, although I do not belong to the class you named. I know you will not refuse the widow's mite.

A WIDOW.

We have written to a brother, now serving under Gen. Rosencrans, in the Army of the Cumberland, who but a few days before remitted us \$10 out of his own scanty resources for Guides which he is distributing among the soldiers, requesting him to become the almoner of our beloved sister's bounty. God bless the widow's mite and may He who seeth in secret reward her openly.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE MILK-WHITE DOVE;

OR, LITTLE JACOB'S TEMPTATION.

Will you have a story, darling?

I know one very old,

For when I was a little child

I used to hear it told.

It is about a little boy,

And the pigeons which he sold.

His mother,—she was very poor,

And kept a rich man's gate;

Until the carriages passed through,

There Jacob had to wait.

Now Jacob was a patient lad,

A loving, faithful son:

Of all the things the rich man had,

He wanted only one.

A pigeon with a crested head,

And feathers soft as silk,

With crimson feet and crimson bill,

The rest as white as milk.

He had some pigeons of his own,

He loved them very well;

But then his mother was so poor,

He reared them all to sell.

He kept them in a little shed

That sloped down from the roof:

Great trouble had he every spring

To make it water-proof.

He used to count them every day

To see he had them all:

They knew his footstep when he came,

And answer'd to his call.

And one—a chocolate-color'd hen—

Was prettier than the rest,

Because there was a gloss like gold

All round its throat and breast.

You know the little birds in spring

Build houses, where they dwell,

And feed and rear the little ones,

And love each other well.

So the black pigeons Jacob had

Were mated with the grey;

And crested—crown and ring-neck made

Their nest the first of May.

For God hath made each little bird
 To love and need a mate;
 And so the little chocolate hen
 Was very desolate.
 And Jacob thought if he could get
 The rich man's milk-white dove,
 And keep it always for his own,—
 Now, listen to me, love.
 He wanted that which was not his;
 That which another had;
 And so, a great temptation grew
 Around the little lad.
 The rich man had whole flocks of birds,
 And Jacob reasoned so—
 "If I should take this one white dove,
 How can he ever know?
 "Among so many can he miss
 The one which I shall take?
 Among so many, many birds,
 What difference can it make?"
 But, darling, even while his heart
 Throbb'd with these wishes strong,
 A something always troubled him—
 He knew that it was wrong.
 So, time passed on, he watch'd the dove,
 How every day it came
 Nearer and nearer to the shed,
 More gentle, and more tame.
 He watched it with a longing eye:
 At last, one summer day,
 He saw it settle on the roof
 As if it meant to stay.
 Now Jacob seemed a happy boy.
 Said he, "It has a right
 To choose a dwelling anywhere,
 Most pleasant in its sight."
 And so he scatter'd grains of corn
 And crumbs of wheaten bread,
 Because he thought the dove would stay
 Where it was kindly fed.
 Well, time pass'd on—the milk-white dove
 Well pleased with Jacob's care,
 Soon learned to know him like the rest,
 And seem'd right happy there.
 One morning he had call'd them all
 Around him to be fed;
 And on the ground he scatter'd corn,
 And peas, and crumbs of bread;
 When, all at once, he heard a man,
 Outside the road gate, call—
 "Boy, if those pigeons are for sale,
 I think I'll take them all."
 All!—how it smote on Jacob's ear!
 "I see there are but eight:
 If you will take eight shillings, down,
 I'll pay you at that rate."
 Now, at that moment, all the birds
 Were feeding in the sun,
 But Jacob, in his startled heart,
 Could think of only one.
 And never since the milk-white dove
 Had joined the chocolate hen,
 Had he felt in his inmost heart,
 As he was feeling then.

"Come,—hurry, hurry!" said the man;
 "I have no time to lose;
 Between the shillings and the birds
 It can't be hard to choose."
 Poor Jacob, having once begun
 To do what was not right,
 Forgetting he was standing, in
 His Heavenly Father's sight,
 And knowing how his mother had
 A quarter's rent to pay,
 Felt, in his heart, the sense of right
 Was fading fast away;
 When from the open cottage door,
 There came a murmuring low:
 It was his mother's morning hymn,
 Solemn, and sweet, and slow.
 He listen'd, and a holy fear
 Was waken'd in his heart,
 And strength was given him that hour
 To choose the better part;
 And, turning to the stranger man
 A frank, untroubled eye,
 He said,—“But seven birds are mine;
 But seven you can buy.”
 "Oh!" said the man, "they go in pairs,
 And will not suit me then;"
 So Jacob sold him only six,
 And kept the chocolate hen.
 And when the evening shadows came,
 And dew was on the grass,
 He watched outside the garden gate,
 To see the rich man pass:
 And in his hand the milk-white dove
 He held with gentle care
 And many a soft caress he laid
 Upon its feathers fair.
 And when at last the rich man came,
 Poor Jacob, render'd bold,
 By feeling he was in the right,
 His artless story told.
 And after he had owned to all
 The wrong which he had done,
 And the worst wrong he wished to do,
 He lifted to the sun
 A happy open fearless face,
 Which won the rich man's love;
 And so he bade him always keep
 For his, the milk-white dove.
 And Jacob, once more good and true,
 Stood in his mother's sight,
 The struggle of temptation past,
 The wrong all turned to right.
 And Jacob with a heart at rest
 Lay down upon his bed;
 And whiter wings than his white dove's
 Were around his pillow spread.

—♦—
 BEAUTY WITHOUT BRAINS.—Little Alice was talking to her dolly, and said to her, looking lovingly into her face, "You is bootiful, dolly, very bootiful; but you is dot no bains!"

MOUNT ZION.

From the "S. S. GEM," By Permission.

A. HULL.

1. Beauti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beauti-ful cit-y that I love!

2. Beautiful heav'n where all is light, Beauti-ful angels, clothed in white;

Beau-ti-ful gates of pearly white, Beauti-ful temple—God its light!

Beau-ti-ful strains that never tire, Beauti-ful harps thro' all the choir.

He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, Opens those pearly gates to me,

There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet,

Rit.

Opens those pearly gates to me.

Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;
Beautiful all who enter there.
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heav'nly home with me.

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

OCTOBER, 1863.

REVIVAL IN ENGLAND.

BY MRS. P. PALMER.

Forest Grove Hill, Nottingham, June 22, '63.

I know, beloved, you will ascribe all the glory to Him who alone doeth wonders, when I tell you that God who is rich in mercy is causing us to triumph in Christ, yet more, and more, and making manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place, yet more gloriously. Scarcely ever have we labored in any place where we have not witnessed an aggregate of 100 saved weekly at least. Since we have been at Nottingham hundreds have presented themselves as earnest seekers at the altar, and have also crowded the vestry, the communion rail being wholly insufficient for the accommodation of the multitudes seeking Jesus. Of those who have sought and found since we commenced special services here, three weeks since, 130 stand written as having received the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, and 510 have been raised up to testify that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sin—making in all 640 who stand written as having sought and found. Yet even this we know is far from being all who have been enabled to testify to the power of saving grace

during this extraordinary outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Many of different denominations get blessed, whose names though newly written in the Lamb's Book of Life, are never taken by the secretary of the meeting.

It is our aim in addressing the people previous to the prayer meeting services, to simplify the way of faith to seekers of pardon, and we also try to tell the seekers of purity just the way to the cleansing fountain as we, and others have found it; and often do we hear of those, who while a present acceptance, of present grace, is thus being urged upon them receive the purchased gift. Preach, we do not, that is, not in a technical sense. We would do it if called, but we have never felt it duty to sermonize in any way, by dividing and sub-dividing with metaphysical hair-splittings in theology.

We have nothing to do more than Mary, when by the command of the Head of the Church, she proclaimed a risen Jesus to her brethren—or than Peter and John who talked to the people about a crucified, exalted Saviour, when they flocked together to see the man who had been restored from a life-long lameness. We occupy the desk, platform, or pulpit, as best suitable to

the people in order that all may hear, and see, believing that in thus acting according to the dictates of reason, we act most manifestly in God's order. That God, even our God, makes our commission known, I need not say. Surely we have witnessed the mighty things of our Almighty Lord, not only in this country, but in our own land years before we left. Our calls are ever on the increase.

If we should remain by way of being answerable to the many official calls still waiting our acceptance it would be long—long ere we again see our beloved country and dear ones at home. But I am reminded that you have not heard from us since we were at Manchester.

We had a most gracious work while there, and I made repeated attempts to give a narration of the scenes of triumph we witnessed but could not command the time. We labored there five weeks, dividing our time between three churches, during which period 100 received the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, and over 500 we trust were born into the kingdom of grace. Of those who were sanctified wholly, several belonged to the Independent congregations. Seldom have I heard such flaming testimonies of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, as from some of those spirit-baptized brethren. A new Independent Chapel is just completing in which these brethren seem to be the most active members, and I have a strong anticipation that holiness will be written upon its walls, and a race of spirit-baptized disciples be raised there to work mightily for God, and on whose banner it may ever stand, "Holiness to the Lord." How beautifully significant is the passage, "Thou hast given

a banner to all them that fear thee, that it may be displayed *because* of the truth." Banners as you will know have an inscription.

If each division of God's sacramental hosts might be led forth under the waving banner, "Holiness to the Lord," how mighty would be the conquests of Zion's hosts. We are continually reminded that holiness is the power which the church must have if she would be mighty in achievements for God. It is only as we succeed in inducing the church to put on her strength that we see souls won to Christ through her agency.

THE SPIRIT'S TESTIMONY AND TEACHING.

BY REV. JAMES MILLER.

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

There is no necessity of being deceived in regard to the soul's salvation, or a knowledge of God's requirements, or the work necessary to be done by us, in order to be saved. "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father," "and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." And this, and many other things did Jesus speak unto his disciples, "being yet present with them." He had already informed them that he was going to the Father, and had promised to send them "another Comforter," which was to abide with them forever. He assured them, when the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, is come, "he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Consequently "If any man, have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his," and if he have the Spirit, and do not those things that are

written in the law, "and that law, written on every truly awakened heart, the word of God must prove false. The Spirit, when he is come, saith Christ, shall reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment; of sin because they believe not on me;" "of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;" "of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged."

Oh how few are willing to go to heaven as Jesus went. "He is the way," and "if any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." These are the plain, unadulterated, easy-to-be-understood, conditions of discipleship. The words of him who spake as never man spake. Repenting sinner! deny thyself every unnecessary indulgence, every thing that, if still adhered to, would shut thee out of heaven. Professor of religion, you may deceive man, but you cannot deceive God; and if you are a sincere seeker after "truth, as it is in Jesus," you will not attempt to excuse yourself for wearing a useless finger-ring, because given you by your husband on your wedding-day; or for wearing earrings, for the "benefit of your eyes," when there is not a particle of virtue in them, the whole thing being a trick of Satan to get you to disobey God. Oh, I pray God to save us as a people, from being troubled with any such hindrances to the cause of God; you that belong to the Church, "wearing gold," for Jesus' sake, do lay aside these signs of worldliness. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

Earnest Christian.

THINK of the blood of Jesus, and plead it; of the yoke of Jesus, and wear it; of the example of Jesus, and

follow it; of the love of Jesus, and never be contented to live another day without feeling it.

"THOU NUMBEREST MY STEPS."

A sweetly precious influence has accompanied the reception of this "leaf from the tree of Life" to my believing heart; it has possessed the power to inspire with gratitude and praise a testimony for the Lord, and in the remembrance of the *past* to draw more largely encouragement for the *future*. If in the passing thought of the Spirit's ministry to an unworthy one, a fellow-believer is drawn yet more powerfully to the acceptance of the grace that *sanctifies*, the "name of the great Redeemer will be glorified." In the contemplation of this sweet truth, I can distinctly trace the opening up of the "path of life." The first impressions of the transitory nature of earthly things were experienced when a soul filled with the love of Christ gave expression to the joys of salvation. The earnest pleading to make him my own, to seek the pure treasure of heavenly grace, came with power to my rebellious heart, and when the beloved one was transplanted to the heavenly garner, I exclaimed in deepest solicitude, "Let me follow her, even as she followed Christ." I was awakened to a consciousness of being unsaved, and for months I bore the heavy burden of unpardoned sin. But God graciously blessed to my enlightenment and peace of mind the preaching of the good news of salvation, and I received with joy Jesus as my Saviour. "I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto thy testimonies." My life became changed: I began to love the services of the sanctuary, and to find the "exceeding great and precious promises" of the Word

my delight. I saw a brighter light falling on my pathway and heard a voice exclaiming, "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." But the first pulsations of the spiritual life were checked by the opposing elements of the flesh and spirit and oftentimes a cloud arose between my soul and its Saviour. I wandered in forbidden paths, worldly associations encircled my spirit, and when I sought the place of secret prayer I mourned an absent Jesus. Did I take into my hands the precious Word there was no sweet promise of past days, but a still small voice of reproving love. "Then called I upon the name of the Lord, O Lord, I beseech thee deliver my soul." "Order my steps in thy word and let not *any iniquity* have dominion over me." I felt my need of an *entire* deliverance from the power of sin, and when the conviction had deepened into an earnest desire to give up all for Jesus, there arose "light in the darkness," and led by my Father's hand unto an assembly of those rich in the higher joys of christian grace, the cup of a full salvation was pressed to my acceptance through faith in the Lord Jesus as a perfect Saviour.

I came to Jesus as I was
Without one rival claim,
My body, spirit, soul to place
In Love's encircling flame.

I came to Jesus as I was
From self and sin to flee,
The promise of his grace to prove,
"Thy soul shall cleansed be."

I came to Jesus as I was
The open fountain nigh,
Beneath its depths my spirit sank
No more o'er sin to sigh.

I came to Jesus as I was,
In simple faith brought low;
I found in him the sweet repose
Of heaven on earth below.

I cling to Jesus as I am,
He sweetly keepeth me;
Around, beneath, above, beyond,
His arms of love I see.

I trust in Jesus, and I am
From all defilement free;
The blessed rest of "perfect love"
Is "all in all" to me.

Kentish Town, May 21st 1863.

SEED AND THE FRUIT.—A physician referring to the effect of different modes of education, says: Of thirty boys who were brought up in contempt of all useful knowledge and occupation, spending their days in reading novels and the lives of pirates and murderers, and their evenings in the streets, and at the dram shops, gambling saloons, the circus and theater, one was hung for murder, at the age of forty-five, one for robbing the mail, and three as pirates; five died in the penitentiary, and seven lived and died as useless vagabonds; three were useful mechanics, and he was ignorant of the fate of the remainder. Of forty boys educated with him by a moral and scientific teacher, under a rigid system of restraint, at the age of fifty-five one was a member of Congress, one a judge of the supreme court, two judges of the Circuit court, three physicians, five lawyers, fourteen were dead, and the remainder were farmers and mechanics; not one was ever charged with crime, all were respectable, and all but two or three had respectable homes.

FAITH.—The soldiers that, like Cromwell's, march with Bibles in their boots, load the cannon by the grace of God, and fire it with a psalm, cannot easily be beaten. Give us plenty of the substance of things hoped for, and an evidence of things not seen. Let one feel that he stands on truth, that the laws of the universe and the attri-

butes of the Almighty are pledged to his support, and you might as well try to chase a rock as him. Faith justified Abel, and translated Enoch; floated the ark and founded the church; crossed the Red Sea and shook down the walls of Jericho.

THE RADICALISM OF THE GOSPEL.

"Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."—Matt. xv. 13.

The word here rendered plant, some render plantation.

The word will admit of either translation, and as it does not occur in any other text in the New Testament, it is not important in which sense it is understood.

If it be rendered plantation, it naturally refers to the Pharisees as a society, and the doctrine is, that the Gospel will attack and root up all combinations of errorists.

If the word be rendered plant, as in the text, it more naturally refers to the errors of the Pharisees, and the doctrine is, that the Gospel will attack and root up every error.

In which sense the text is understood is not important, as each sense involves the other. Either sense will warrant the following proposition.

The Gospel is so radically reformatory, that to preach it fully and clearly, is to attack and condemn all wrong, and to assert and defend all righteousness.

The Scriptures assume upon their face, to teach what is right and what is wrong, and to command the one, and to forbid the other.

Nothing can be more radical in this world of deep-rooted error and wrong, than to insist upon all that is right, and to condemn all that is wrong.

This is the radicalism of the Gospel: "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up."

Let us illustrate this view.

1 The Gospel asserts its radical reform position, by maintaining the two extremes of right and wrong, of sin and holiness.

The Gospel regards all men with reference to these extremes, denying all neutrality or middle ground.

"He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." Matt. xii. 30.

"Whosoever committeth sin, is the servant of sin." John viii. 34.

"He that committeth sin is of the devil."

"For whosoever keepeth the whole law, and yet offendeth in one point, is guilty of all." James ii. 10.

"Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." Galatians iii. 10.

2. The Gospel asserts its radical reform position, by demanding absolute obedience and submission.

The Gospel never commutes with sinners; never compromises its claims, but insists on a practical, unconditional, and entire compliance with its claims, immediately, at all times, and under all circumstances.

This radical position of the Gospel is seen, both in its precepts, and in the examples of such as were inspired, and acted out the truth, which they were inspired to communicate to others.

By way of example, we have the offering by Abraham, of his son.

We also have the heroic conduct of Daniel, and his companions. Daniel vi. 4-23, and Chapter iii. 1-23

The precepts of the Gospel bearing on the point are numerous and clear,

and often so connected with example, as to give them great force.

“But Peter and John answered and said unto them, whether it be right, in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we can but speak the things which we have seen and heard.” Acts. iv. 19, 20.

“Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, we ought to obey God rather than men.” Acts v. 29.

In all these cases, worldly prudence would have dictated a different course, but right must be responded to, regardless of worldly considerations.

3. The power and success of the Gospel depends upon the maintainance of its radical positions, by its ministers and friends.

This will be admitted as a general principle.

No one will deny that ministers, christians, and churches, lose their moral power when they fail to exemplify the whole Gospel.

If we abate aught from the claims of the Gospel, it ceases to be a standard, and we have no standard of truth, right and duty, which we can enforce on the ground of divine authority.

If the whole Gospel is not to be maintained, we have no rule determining how much and what part must be maintained.

It is certain the Gospel will never reform mankind, only so far as it is applied, specifically to the evils to be removed.

To root up every evil plant, the Gospel plough must be applied to them.

The Gospel will never abolish intemperance, unless it is so preached as to condemn intemperance, even the very root of the evil.

The same is true of slavery and other evils.

So long as professed christians help make laws to sustain these evils, the Gospel will not abolish them.

The Gospel must be so preached as to come in conflict with them, to root them up; it must turn them out of the church, before it can root them out of the world.

If a man has evil weeds in his field, will he remove them if he turns his plough out every time he approaches one of them?

A large portion of the evils are connected with civil government, and the Gospel will never remove them, until it is so preached as to have something to do with politics.

4. The reformatory power of the Gospel is greatly increased and developed, when its radical positions are maintained in a proper manner and right spirit.

Much depends upon the manner and temper of those who undertake to enforce the Gospel.

Reformers should be reformed.

A spirit-vender or drunkard will preach temperance with poor success.

Reformers must not only be true and firm, but they must also be meek, and kind, and gentle; so much depends upon the spirit and temper in which the truth is urged upon the attention of men.

Reformers should not run into one extreme under pretense of avoiding another.

Some neglect one thing to attend to something else.

Some neglect everything else to attend to one thing.

No one branch has so much power by itself, as when all are urged together.

To promote a revival of religion, we

must have the elements of a revival in our own breasts; we must carry the fire in our own hearts.

5. The Gospel will prove an effectual reformatory power, if it be properly applied.

The individual experimenter will find its power sufficient to root out every evil from his heart, if he applies it with earnestness.

It will also cure public evils so far as it is applied.

What it cannot reform and wash out by its cleansing waters, it will burn up by its fires.

Will we now apply it to ourselves.

We have plants among us and in our own hearts, which God never planted.

Let us take hold of the Gospel plow, and turn out every evil plant.

The Evangelical Pulpit.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., July 26, 1863.

Eds. Guide: I write the following narrative of facts for publication, hoping that those who read it, may by avoiding my error, be saved from such suffering as I have endured from a neglect of christian duty.

Some years ago I experienced great kindness at the hands of one Mrs. C. I was a stranger, and she took me in, and cared for me as a sister. When I was sick, she ministered unto all my wants. In after years, as I knew her better, I could see no fault in her words or deeds. Kind to all around her and beloved by all, she seemed the embodiment of charity; and though never speaking of religion, she lived a consistent life and I thought her a true christian. Often, when I thought of speaking to her of the interests of her soul, I could but compare my own

poor attempts at good works with her noble charities, and under a humbling conviction of my own unworthiness, I kept silence.

Fowler's works began to be circulated in the neighborhood—a small hamlet—and I among the rest was much influenced by them, especially by "Natural and revealed religion." They were quickly succeeded by newspapers advocating Swedenborgianism, Spiritualism and free-love doctrines. All this time there was no faithful missionary to lift up his voice against the evil. Every man did or read that which was right in his own eyes, yet all professing, and many feeling, a sincere desire to know the truth. God gave me trial and sickness and so kept me safer than I deserved. When I went astray He sought me and brought me back; yet had not I courage and faith enough to follow my Saviour. Except he had held me up I had surely fallen.

I married while yet an invalid; and with the new cares—the alternate hopes and fears—and the every-day duties claiming all my time, I saw and knew little of my friend, Mrs. C. until I learned that she was very ill with consumption.

Then I went to see her and talked with her of her approaching death. I asked her, Are you willing to die? Her reply was "I don't know but I am, but it seems rather hard." Why does it seem hard? "Oh," she replied, "we have just got a new house and everything comfortable, and the children are young." I related to her the expressions of my husband, who seemed so happy when he believed he was near his death, and showed her how he, a christian, felt. I then asked her if she felt that there was a better home above—if she trusted in Christ?

"No," she replied; "I've been reading a good deal, and I don't think there will anything very bad be done to me after I am dead; and if you want to know it all, I believe that when I die, that will be the last of me."

I bowed my head upon my hands, and Oh, how my conscience smote me for that silence of years, when she knew I believed in Jesus! I prayed earnestly to God for help then to point her to Him as a refuge. Then I tried to direct her thoughts—I read to her from His word—but it was all useless. Her sister in a distant State, wrote most touching and affectionate letters, beseeching her to go to Jesus and find rest. When we read them to her, she would pettishly say "I do wish other people felt as well about me as I do about myself!"

In a few days she died, saying "I don't want to die—I don't want to leave my little family." Clinging to earth to the last—without hope and without God in the world—with the continued evidence of His goodness about her—in worldly prosperity and abundance—she died.

I had been rebellious of late, for God gave me trials every day; but at that death-bed I saw what might have come to me with riches, and I thanked him for mercifully chastening me every morning. O, may he still give me faith and hope in him, tho' he take away all else, and may all who read this take to their hearts the lesson in relation to those around them. "The night cometh when no man can work."

And further, Mr. Editor, allow me to speak of the condition of that hamlet. Its people are mostly intelligent farmers who are accustomed to reading newspapers and other periodicals, and while the religious world neglect to scatter

good reading, the emissaries of Satan are sowing tares. The rich christians of the East who are sending missionaries to convert the heathen, seem to forget that many at the West are in a worse state for want of some one to care for their souls. Is there no one among all those ministers who are standing idle all the day long because no man hath hired them, who will listen to the Saviour's command, "Go work in my vineyard?"

Long time have I prayed God to fulfil his promise made so long ago, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him."

May he put it into the hearts of some of his faithful servants to come and help us.

ROSE T. TRYON.

THE CONSECRATION.

BY E. E. ROGERS.

Here at the mercy seat I bow,
In thy dear presence all alone,
No ear but thine is listening now,
My vows to none but thee are known.

I bring of beast no offering,
Of blood no costly sacrifice,
A broken, contrite heart I bring,
And that I know thou'lt not despise.

I mourn that I have grieved thy love,
That I a wanderer have been,
I would come back no more to rove
Afar from God in paths of sin.

My God! this is the vow I make—
Strength to fulfil I seek from thee:
Sin and its pleasures I forsake
Henceforth to serve and follow thee.

I give myself away. I call
What I possess no longer mine.
Thou gavest all—thou ownest all,
And all forever more is thine.

Accept me, cleanse me, set me free,
Breathe choicest blessings from above,
Then will I praise and worship thee,
My song inspired by perfect love.

EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. DAVID D. SPEAR.

I never had read the Guide previous to this year. I love it very much, it expresses so many of the desires of my own heart. Two years ago I was living at a poor dying rate, "without hope and without God in the world, a stranger to the fold of Christ. I had often thought deeply on the necessity of vital godly piety, and many a time almost persuaded to seek my soul's salvation, but some darling plans and worldly prospects kept me from duty which I knew I ought to do.

As often as I would resolve to seek an interest in Christ, the world would rise up to separate me from kinder thoughts and better resolutions. Beyond this, I felt if I gave my heart to Jesus I should have to preach. One beautiful Sabbath morn in early spring, I wended my way to the college chapel to attend the morning devotions. Even the sound of the tolling bell as it broke upon the still air, seemed to strike deep solemnity to my heart. The birds as I passed along seemed praising their Maker for returning spring. Ah, thought I, how ungrateful in me, when all animated creation around praises the God of heaven and earth, I, who have received so many blessings, have thanked God not once in sincerity of heart for them all. After prayers I attended the social worship of the day. Every word of the discourse seemed directed to my heart. Said the preacher, "There is one admonition which moves us this morning, which guides our actions and controls our motives. It attends the merchant at the counter, the farmer in his field, the child at his earliest hour, the old man when he draws his latest breath. The same admonition urges us to be benevolent,

makes us sacrifice many things. And," said he, "it has brought some of you here to-day. You would rather be in your fields, you would rather be 'posting' your ledgers. You would rather be at your books, but for that voice in every one of your hearts saying, '*I ought.*' Would God the admonition would bring you to Christ." I went away from the church with different feelings. "I ought," rang in my ears and pierced my very soul. What ought I to do? I ought to be a servant of the living God. I ought to prepare for the better world. Ah, I knew my duty well. I knew, too, that the prayers of a pious mother followed me. Early had she taught me the name of Jesus, and many never-to-be-forgotten lessons. I resolved to give up all for Christ, I did it, I found "peace in believing"—"the joy of the Lord my strength." Oh! the transporting rapture of that moment. I loved Jesus, I knew it. For a time all passed along very smoothly with me. God called me to preach his gospel. The call came not in harmony to my own wishes, I had chosen "law" for my profession. The offers of the favorite calling almost caused the loss of my soul. I told the Lord I could not preach. It was difficult to respond. I would plead, "suffer me to do this, or that," but the response came back, "Go preach my gospel." I struggled with my feelings some time. I found I must preach, or be lost, for I felt "woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." I yielded to the call. I first told my mother of my feelings—asked her if it was not strange I should be called to the ministry. It was just what she had always expected; she had consecrated me to the work, and promised me to the Lord. My two brothers died in early years, only

buds taken home to bloom in the paradise of God. Twice left an only child, twice signally spared, surely God had something for me to do. God blesses me in my labors. The presence of Christ is near unto me, God keeps me and strengthens. Is there a second blessing? I have experienced only conversion. I know that all is upon the altar, and that I am striving to do the will of God with my whole heart. I receive his blessings and am happy in Jesus' love. I feel he saves me now. Is there a blessing beyond this? If so I desire it, for I would enjoy the fullness of the love of God, dwelling in the soul. If there is a second blessing which I have not received, may God in kindness lead me to it.

North Berwick, June 18, 1863.

LOVE FOR THE CROSS.

BY HANNAH SMITH.

I love to linger round the cross
On which my Saviour died,
And point poor sinners to the fount
That's open in his side.

I love to bow beneath the cross,
And raise my feeble heart
To him whose precious blood alone,
Can cleansing power impart.

I love to take my daily cross,
Because 'tis Christ's command,
And follow him through good report,
Through evil, too, to stand.

I'll wave the banner of the cross
On hill, in valley low;
And count all earthly gain but loss
So I but Jesus know.

HE that is not godly himself, cannot heartily love one that is godly, because similitude is both a cause and an effect of love; and this is when godliness is the cause of love, not his riches, his parts, his love to thee, but the holy image of God appearing in him.

Burgess.

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIER, HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

The following sketch is from the pen of the Rev. L. G. Bingham, of New York City, the correspondent who furnishes the interesting reports of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting contained in the N. Y. Observer. While many in leaving home and encountering the temptations of the camp have laid aside their religious professions, it is truly refreshing to be able to record such an instance of devoted and consistent piety. We deprecate war. Justifiable or unjustifiable, it is a terrible ordeal. Happy he, who, amid its fire, is true to his God as well as his country.

Eds.

BEAUFORT, S. C., July 25, 1863.

I little thought, when I parted from you in your office, that my first letter from South Carolina would be from the death-bed and the grave of my eldest and dearly-beloved son. And now you should hear no words from me and my private joys and sorrows, if I did not believe, and had not been often told, that the testimony which he gave for Jesus should be given to the world. And all the more that as he was an officer in the army; and as your paper circulates largely in the army, his fellow officers and soldiers should know how a young christian can live and die in the army in the full assurance of faith and the glorious hope of a blessed immortality.

Lieut. Luther M. Bingham was first Paymaster in the N. Y. 26th Reg., under the old regimen when the N. Y. troops were paid by regimental paymasters. This was a short service, and when over, he enlisted in the N. Y. 23d, and from thence was transferred into Gen. Saxton's department, and was made Quartermaster of the First Reg. South Carolina Volunteers—a colored regiment under the command of Col. Higginson, and the first colored regiment ever organized. He became

connected with this regiment in October last.

He was a member of the South Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Spear's, Brooklyn, N. Y., and for many years last past has been uncommonly active in the cause of mission Sabbath Schools. At the taking of Fernandina, Florida, by the regiment, he went to the chaplain, and asked him to read a notice from the pulpit, on the following Sabbath, that a Sabbath School would be gathered and organized on that day, which was accordingly done, he being chiefly instrumental in opening it,—an institution which has continued to the present time.

He has been for years an earnest christian, and took an active and lively interest in all prayer meetings and social religious gatherings. His voice was almost always heard, either in exhortation or prayer, in these assemblies. His was an earnest, cheerful piety, and he wielded a strong religious influence wherever he was.

He went to the South with no great confidence in the negroes as soldiers, and not very favorable impressions as to the expediency of organizing them into military bodies. But his views underwent a very great change. He found a very large number of these men of the most undoubted and simple hearted piety, and though unintelligent in many respects, according to our ideas, yet in others shrewd, knowing and earnest friends of the government and the laws. He became exceedingly attached to these men, as loyal to the government and to God, and especially did his heart warm to them for their simple and earnest faith in Jesus Christ. He never seemed so happy as when in the midst of them. And these sable soldiers all seemed to be pervaded with

an earnest love to their Quartermaster. He succeeded in gaining their entire confidence, and they would do anything for him. The surgeon said to me one day—

“I have stood and seen your son directing the labors of these men in loading and unloading transports and doing the work which devolved upon them, and I have been amazed at the incredible amount of work which he would get out of them in an incredibly short space of time. He was very strict, very thorough, and yet nobody ever heard him use a loud or angry word.” “And another thing I want you to understand,” said the Colonel, “in no single instance has your son been known to do an act of injustice to one of these colored men. Sometimes they complained, and when an investigation was made, he was always found to be in the right.”

His was a very responsible and difficult post of duty, and all bore witness to the fidelity with which he had discharged it. His own mother was the daughter of Capt. E. Samsor, who was in the war of 1812, and never, with but rare exceptions, did he fail to gather his men for prayer every morning and hold with them what he termed family worship, consisting of the reading of the Scriptures and prayer.

The grandson seemed to gather up the spirit of his maternal grandsire, and carried in the camp the manifestation of a cheerful, but most strict adherence to religious principles. He told me one day, on his sick bed, that he never had touched a drop of liquor since he had been in the service. Said he, “I made a mistake. If I had taken something after this came on me I could have thrown it off.”

I arrived at Hilton Head on the even-

ing of the 18th of July, on board the Arago. When Gen. Saxton had been telegraphed the news of the steamer's arrival, he sent down a small steamer to take us to Beaufort, 15 miles further up the river. Though it was known on board, no one told me that my son was sick until just before we landed. A chaplain then told me that he had been on an expedition towards Charleston, had been much exposed, and had been sun-struck, and was completely paralyzed, and was lying in a private house near where we should land. We landed at 3 o'clock on Sabbath morning, July 19th.

I went immediately to the house, where he lay, attended by an officer and some of the colored men of the regiment. He was in a side parlor, surrounded by a verandah, with large open windows. The attendants thought it not best that I should see him until I could come with the surgeon in the morning. I could not, however, resist the desire to step noiselessly into the room and look at him as he lay with his back toward me and his face toward the open window. I thought he could not hear me possibly. And yet he *felt* that some one was there desirous to see him, and it agitated him greatly, so I was told.

The next morning I went in, at an early hour, with the surgeon, who broke it to him that I had come, while I tarried at the door, and in a moment I was invited in. The very first words which he uttered were:

"Fathe., I am all right—all right. It is all bright on the other side."

These words he uttered with an indescribably gladsome smile upon his face. He knew I would know how comprehensive those words were and how much they meant. I doubt not

they had reference, in his own mind, to a letter he had written to me a few days before—the last to me—in which he says,

"I shall certainly not feel restive because you express concern about me. On the contrary, I thank you for it. I know that men in the army are likely to fall, and there is great wickedness abounding there. Yet to one whose trust is alone in Christ, it seems to me he will not fall. I feel that I have little to do with *keeping myself*. I have given myself wholly and fully to Christ; and, when I did that, Christ took me and *saved* me from *that hour*. He has promised to do so. Is his promise worth anything? Is it sure? If so, I am *certainly* saved. I have nothing to do with saving myself. Christ works out my salvation. And there are no 'ifs' and 'ands' about it. All I have to do is to place my hand in Christ's hand and follow where he leads and marks the way. I know that from a lack of christian privileges a christian life may become cold and ineffective, but I have no fear of being lost. I *know* that my Redeemer liveth, and that my salvation is *sure*! Is this presumption on my part? No! Because the author of it all and the end of it all is *Christ*. And, then, is there no answer to prayer? Think you that I am not followed day by day by the prayers of the home circle? I know that I am—that, morning and evening, my name is mentioned as you kneel around the family altar. And there are other prayers that reach the throne of grace, warm from the heart of one whose love for me burthens them with earnestness—one whose influence over me is only for good. Can I fall, thus surrounded and encircled by prayer, and, more than all, held up by the never failing love of Jesus, whose promise is that he will never leave nor forsake me?

"Do not feel worried in regard to me. If I fall, as I may, either by bullet or disease, do not mourn for me. Feel that I have done my duty, and that you have given me a sacrifice for the country, and from henceforward you own an interest in her. I shall have only gone before. Give my love to all the family, and feel assured that you have the interest and the love of

LUTHER."

No mortal can tell how cheering this letter was. Here was a son in the

army, teaching a father—a minister of religion—what it is to simply trust in Jesus Christ by faith. This letter just received, must have been full in his mind when he woke up with such a glad smile and said, “Father, I am all right, all right, it is all bright on the other side!”

I found my dear son sun-struck from the base of the brain downward, so that he could not move either hand or foot, yet his brain was untouched. His regiment had been ordered up the South Edisto River to create a diversion of the enemy's forces. They got within thirty miles of Charleston. He had to stand in the hot sun and superintend the disembarking of troops and stores, and then of embarking again, until he was fatally smitten, to rise from the effects of it no more. He was never left without the best of attendants to be with him. Five surgeons, all men of great skill and experience, did all they could to save him, but though some hope was expressed through Sabbath, the 19th, yet when night came, I could see that all hope vanished and his case was regarded as mortal, to be speedily terminated.

It only remains for me to give a brief summary of his exercises during the twenty-four hours I was permitted to be with him. He suffered no pain whatever, but wanted to be frequently turned. He was perfectly conscious and could converse, though he could not swallow a drop—could not command the muscles used in swallowing. Yet he was cheerful and observant of all that was passing. He was as patient and uncomplaining as a lamb, though naturally exceedingly active and energetic. He was often seen smiling with a peculiarly joyous smiling face when he was looking at no one,

and was only busy with his own thoughts. Evidently his heart was full of joy. It was very pleasant to be with him. He had two favorite men of the regiment with him—“March” and “Lendon”—noble specimens of their race. March said to me when I first saw him, “When Quartermaster dies and goes to heaven, March wants to die too, and go to heaven for *sure*,—don't want to live when Quartermaster is gone.”

My son said to me one time through the day “Father, Jesus and Glory and Heaven are true. Last night I thought I was in the river, and brother Willie was here to lead me over, and I expected to go every moment. But I was told I could not go, I must wait a little longer. It was hard to come back, I assure you, I wanted to go, oh, so much! I long to be with Jesus. I am going straight to his arms.”

He expressed great affection for the colored men around him, speaking to them with great tenderness of manner. At one time I said to him, “Luther, how about these colored men?” “Oh, father, they are my staff. I never knew how to pray till I heard them pray, so simple, so childlike, so trusting. Father, these negroes know how to trust Jesus; Jesus is everything to them.”

The Adjutant of the regiment sat up with me the last night of his stay, and there was a young lady in the house—a distant relative—a pious, devoted christian young woman, living in the family of her uncle. He had found her out and was very fond of being at the house. It was by her means he was brought there to die. This was a great kindness that he could have a highly cultivated and christian young lady to minister to him in his sickness, as only

a woman can. Toward morning I perceived that his heart was beating loudly and rapidly. He noticed it himself, and said, "Father, I shall not stay long. I wish you would call cousin Ammie."

I called her, and she was in the room in a moment. When he saw her coming to his bedside his face was covered with smiles, and with an inexpressible joy he said, "Come here, cousin Ammie, and bid me good bye," as if he was going on a most delightful journey. She bent low down, and he kissed her. "This," said he, pausing, "is good bye for —," one dearer to him than life, his chosen companion for life's journey. "Tell her good bye for me,"—and, kissing her again, "This is good bye for you, cousin." And then, after a little pause, he kissed me. "Good bye, father," said he, very cheerfully. I asked him, "Have you any message for your brothers and sisters?" "Yes, tell them to keep straight ahead." They are all professors of religion. "Any message for your mother?" said I. "She is all right," said he. After a little pause, "Any for M——?" "Yes," he answered, "I have committed that to Cousin Ammie." This was done before I came. The message was, "Tell M—— her earthly hopes have been bright. She must move them now to heaven. They will be brighter there. Tell her she will meet me soon. Kiss her and bid her good bye."

I inquired if all was well with him? He said "Yes." I asked if he were in any pain? He said "None." The bright sun of early morning was now shining. He lay still for some time, and seemed in a state of repose, though his eyes were wide open. He asked me at length to keep bathing his head

with ice-water. I asked "Why?" He answered, "I want my senses up to the last minute."

"Are you afraid you shall lose them?" I asked. He said, "No, but I feel my head is a little cloudy."

He lay still some time. Then, turning to me, he said, "Did not I die last night?"

"No," I answered, "You are dying now."

"Where have I been?"

"On the expedition with your regiment."

"Where am I now?"

"In Mr. Judd's house," I said; and then he seemed to comprehend all and gather all up into his mind. I said to him, "Are you afraid, Luther?" "Oh, no!" he answered, "I want to go." He lay with his eye fastened intently upon me for many minutes. To see if he could speak and was conscious, I said, "Are you in pain?" He shook his head. "Is all well with you, Luther?" He nodded—and in a few moments more he fell asleep. *Blessed sleep.* There was no gasping—no shudder. It was ceasing to breathe, and not a single struggle for breath. Gone to be

Forever with the Lord.

My heart is full of assurance that he lives in heaven, and his beautiful christian character lives on earth. It will never die.

He died at 6 A. M., our time, on the 20th July. His age was 26 years and 10 months. On the morning of the 21st, his funeral was attended by all the officers and men of the regiment who were able to be on duty. The exercises were conducted by the chaplain of the post, Rev. Mr. Harris, who referred in very affecting terms to the address which he made a few nights

before, in a prayer meeting of 400 or 500 soldiers, held in the church near at hand, in the yard of which we lowered him into his grave. He said he should never forget that address. Some who heard it had fallen on Morris Island, and some lay wounded in the hospitals near by us, and some will never forget his dying words to trust in Jesus—commit their all to Jesus—do it at once, and do it always.

Then came the three volleys over his grave by one-third of the regiment, and slowly we departed. That regiment is a regiment of mourners.

This young Quartermaster lived a short life, and when the father expressed this idea as we were walking to the grave in the procession, a chaplain said "No, brother Bingham, his life of one year in South Carolina has been longer than if he had lived forty years at the North. Think of the impressions he has made on all the officers of his regiment and other regiments—on all these colored men. There is not a black man, woman or child in all the South that has not a special interest in the life that he has lived, and the influence which he has exerted.

THERE is no greater anger than when God is silent, and talks not with us, but suffers us to go on in our sinful works, and to do all things according to our own passions and pleasures; as it has been with the Jews during the last fifteen hundred years.—*Luther.*

THE RELIGIOUS TIE—is perhaps as strong as can bind two hearts together; the tie that comprises time and eternity—God and man; and that has for its basis the most solemn and liberal, the most simple and magnificent exercises of the soul; that sweeps all the earth

in quest of objects to pity or to save, and still finds in the nearest and homeliest duties the repose of contentment, the affluence of satisfaction, and the lustre of fame; that moves with destiny and reposes on Providence; that loves Love, exults in the pure, and swells in the light, as the new starting bud of the spring anemone.—*Richard Edney.*

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIVINGTON STREET, N. Y.

During the opening exercises this week the following note was handed to Mrs. L——, which she read aloud:

Dearest friends—I think it my duty to let you know to the honor and glory of God what profit I did have in having the opportunity to visit this meeting for the first and only time last Tuesday. I have been struggling as I did say for a long time after a clean heart, but it seemed to me no progress. But glory be to God this meeting was the means of bringing me to the point. I think every word that was spoken was a blessing to me. Going out, an old gentleman took me by the hand, and asked me if I did believe? I had a hard struggle, but answered, "Yes." I did believe all the way home, without any evidence or feeling till I got in my closet, where I bent my knees in prayer, and the blessing came, yes, Jesus took full possession of my poor heart; and from that time to this, I have a sweet assurance and happiness to which before I was a stranger, and I do trust in Jesus for the future. All the honor and glory to be to his holy name. Business calls me away so I cannot be present to-day. Your humble and unworthy brother in Christ,
A SWEDISH SEAMAN."

The meeting was characterized by the same confessions of many who had

last week, and in the interval, received the witness of purity of heart. Also a goodly number rose for prayer, and some entered into rest. The work of sanctification to neighboring churches is hopefully progressing, and Zion begins to show something of her beauty.

The meeting this week although the weather was quite unfavorable, was large, and of special interest in its instruction. No pulpit or book could make such vivid impressions as are received in the relation of simple experience, which is unexpectedly brought out at the spur of the moment. A minister spoke of having rebuked wrong and injustice in a way which caused him some searchings of heart afterward; and learned a lesson to do such a duty *in a better way*. Another minister replied that he was glad his brother had gone through the minutia of that experience; it showed how quick and tender the conscience is in a sanctified state, and that things we may have passed over before, as trifles, are not so with us now. He had been reading lately of the necessity of being saved from all *unsavory peculiarities*—these are taints upon the doctrine of holiness. We should avoid sarcasm, and severity of manner, and in all things have the love that thinketh no evil. He spoke of the delicacy and refinement which accompanies purity of heart.

In the advanced stage of the meeting a minister expressed himself as having thought much lately of being *a sacrifice, a living sacrifice*, in his Master's service, body, soul and spirit. It was no time for him to study geology, or astronomy, for souls are perishing, and he meant to save all he could. His soul had been much quickened in the conversion of sinners in his church.

He rejoiced in his personal enjoyment of full salvation, and in presenting it clearly and plainly to his people; although not definitely enforced in the standards of the body to which he belongs. Many desired prayer at the close, and some entered in through faith and were fully saved.

It was thought at the close, a season of the divine presence, and without exceptions. The way of faith was made plain to the seeker, and those advanced on the highway picked up pearls dropped by fellow pilgrims.

"IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE."

One moment, the sick-room, the scaffold, the stake: the next, the paradisiacal glory. One moment, the sob of parting anguish; the next, the great deep swell of the angels' song. Never think, reader, that the dear ones you have seen die had far to go to meet God after they parted from you. Never think, parents, who have seen your children die, that after they left you they had to traverse a dark, solitary way, along which you would have liked, if it had been possible, to lead them by the hand, and bear them company till they came into the presence of God. You did so if you stood by them till the last breath was drawn. You did bear them company into God's very presence if you only staid beside them till they died. The moment they left you they were with him. The slight pressure of the cold fingers lingered with you yet, but the little child was with his Saviour.

Recreations of a Country Parson.

GOSPEL holiness includes a heart broken for sin, a heart broken off from sin, and a perpetual conflict with sin.

Medley.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

BY S. L. BALDWIN.

FUCHAU, June 23d, 1863.

To the Editors of the Guide: In accordance with the resolution expressed in a former letter, to write to you concerning such things among the Chinese as might, from time to time, suggest themselves to me, I will now give you a few words concerning the "Dragon Boat Festival," which was observed here last Saturday.

This festival was instituted in honor of Wah Tien, a statesman who lived about 300 years B. C. He drowned himself in the Yantse-kiang river, and having been greatly beloved by the people for his virtues, they made search for his body.

The day of the festival is the 5th day of the 5th month; but as early as the first day of the month, the dragon boats begin to appear on the river. * These are boats long enough to hold thirty pairs of rowers, and just wide enough for two to sit abreast. The bow is carved into the shape of a dragon. A man stands on the extreme end of the bow waving a red flag with the utmost energy of action; others behind him are beating gongs and drums, as though their very lives depended upon their exertions, while the rowers ply their oars with the greatest rapidity. These boats generally go in pairs, and race up and down the river, as though in search of the deceased statesman. On one day last week we counted from our verandah, thirteen of these long, narrow, queer-looking boats in full motion on the river Min. The thermometer must have stood considerably above 100 in the sun—yet here were scores of men exposed to the full power of its scorching rays, exerting themselves to the very utmost of their strength on a

pure fiction—an imaginary search for the body of a man who drowned himself over 2000 years ago! On the fifth day, the real day of the festival, there seemed to be fewer boats on the river, and much less noise than on the preceding days. I suppose the people were feasting at their homes, and did not care to leave the *nice* things of the table for a search after the dead statesman in the hot sun.

The feasts on these occasions generally consist of varieties of meat and fish, cut up in small bits, cooked to suit the Chinese palate, and of the right size to be conveniently handled with chop-sticks, together with vegetables and fruit. I do not know whether the spirit of Wah Tien is invited to partake of the "essence" of the food. Probably this is the case, but if so, there is no perceptible diminution in the "substance," which the people greedily devour, after he has got through with the "essence." They have a drink called *sam-shiu* at their feasts, mildly intoxicating, which flushes their faces and makes them silly, but seldom produces anger, and never delirium.

At this season, also, charms are hung up at the door-posts, consisting of sprigs of artemisia, which are supposed to ward off sickness during the coming season.

How full of vain imaginations are the minds of this people.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—Richard Baxter once said, "I seldom hear the bell toll for one that is dead but conscience asks me, 'What hast thou done for the saving of that soul before it left the body? There is one more gone into eternity! What didst thou do to prepare him for it? And what testimony must be given to the Judge concerning thee?'"

A PRIME ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.

"I feel persuaded that if I could follow the Lord more fully myself, my ministry would be used to make a deeper impression than it has yet done."

Thus said McCheyne, and thus have felt many devoted and successful ministers. The late venerable Archibald Alexander was accustomed to say to his students, "You will be good preachers just in proportion as you are rich in christian experience." He certainly did not undervalue intellectual training, nor the gift of a graceful and forcible utterance by means of the pen and the voice. But he knew that men speak with power when they speak from the depths of their own experience. This is true in regard to secular matters; much more is it true in regard to spiritual matters.

Those who follow the Lord most closely, will, in the main, be the most successful in winning souls to Christ, and in building them up in faith and holiness. Their success will be of God. It will not be bestowed on account of their merit. The holiest man who ever lived did not deserve to be the instrument of the conversion of a single soul. God in his sovereign and gracious pleasure uses as his chosen instruments the men who follow him most fully.

It can not be said, by way of objection, if you urge this element of success upon the attention of men, you will cause them to neglect other things; if you tell the student that he will be a successful minister in proportion as he is a holy man, he will give himself wholly to the pursuit of holiness, and will neglect his studies. Not so. If he will give himself wholly to the pursuit of holiness, he will be very diligent in his studies. Holiness

is conformity to God's will. In proportion as a man follows after holiness, will he seek to know and to do God's will. It is God's will that his ministers should give attention to reading, and to all things necessary to their becoming thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

In proportion as men follow the Lord, the truths of the Bible become living truths in their souls. These living truths speak through them to the souls of their fellow men. More potent than the highest specimens of elocutionary art are the tones of sincerity prompted by a true and deep christian experience.—*S. S. Times*.

LETTERS FROM MRS. TRUE.

The following paper, containing letters from Mrs. Mary True, to her daughter-in-law, (our correspondent, "A student,") will be perused by our readers with tearful interest. It should have appeared in the Guide for September. The manuscript was mislaid and has just been recovered. EDS.

MY DEAR CHILD:—It is but little that I can say to you compared to what I feel. Isabella has been very kind in reading to me. Yesterday morning I was sitting up and felt a little better. I asked for the Bible. I commenced to read, after being unable to do it for many weeks; and Oh, what a feast to my soul! It seemed like the bread and water of life. I began to cry, "Glory to God for the Bible, the blessed Bible"—which I could not help repeating for some time. It is impossible to describe what I felt while a shower of blessings came down upon me. I was so filled with the Spirit, and so much goodness passed before me, and such a weight of glory rested down upon me, it was perhaps about as much as I could bear in so great weakness of body. But I sat in my chair four

hours. How quickly the time passed while I rested so sweetly in Jesus. Dear Elizabeth, I did not sleep away my happiness, though it came to my mind that I should not feel so in the morning. But I feel that I am in safe keeping to-day as well as yesterday. I feel so lifted up above the things of time and sense. I have desired for a long time most earnestly, that I might be more risen with Jesus. My prayer is answered more fully than I could expect. I am but dust; but my heart seems full of Jesus. I cry out, what is this world to heaven?—what is the chaff to the wheat? Jesus is my resurrection and my life. How good the Lord is to permit me to enjoy so much of the presence of my Saviour—one that has made so little progress in holiness. My weak head needs rest. Love to my dear friends where you visit. Much love to yourself. I have been saying to my sons that there is a blessed reality in the religion of Jesus. No more now—must lie down.

YOUR MOTHER.

In the autumn, on my return, I found her patiently waiting the Master's bidding for her to go, or stay a little longer. After this she was restored to her usual health, which was but feeble. My own illness prevented me from seeing her through the winter, though my home was but a few miles from hers. Jan. 4th, she wrote me, "This is the first Sabbath of the new year. Two years ago last evening, about ten o'clock, my husband left us to return no more. How fresh that solemn hour is to me to-day; but the Lord be praised that I have a good hope that he has landed safe in heaven. No more sorrow there; but sweet rest,—rest for the weary. May I be all ready to follow. This is a good Sabbath to

me. Jesus is my present Saviour."

March 2nd, she wrote me again, commencing,

DEAR ELIZABETH:—I am very sick; sat up twenty minutes yesterday, and not more than five to-day. The last hour has been a precious hour to me. I was thinking that eight years ago, this hour, two o'clock, our dear Wesley was leaving us, and we could not be with him. The tears started and I wept; but soon his pure spirit seemed to be hovering around me; then the spirit of my dear husband came; then the spirits of dear Joseph and Julia came. They all were hovering around me, and my blessed Saviour with them. I cannot describe it; I am very weak. I wanted them to stay longer; but Joseph assured me they would come again soon. My husband never seemed so dear before. I must lie down.

MOTHER.

In about one month, the escort came again without doubt, though she could not give an indication of it. Two days before her death a collapse of the brain took place. I did not get able to go to see her in time to be recognized, but I knew that all was well.

ELIZABETH W. TRUE.

THE STARS.—Look at the heavens above you. There is star after star, all through the infinite realm of space—some shedding down streams of glorious radiance, some bestowing only a feeble light—but, nevertheless, all pouring their tribute of brightness from their gilded urns, and all fulfilling, in the general system of the universe, an office of good and of blessing. So every man may shed his portion of light and perform his function of benevolence, whatever may be his station in society as respects wealth.—*Chapin.*

THE SOUL SET FREE.

Happy is that soul which, freed from its earthly prison, at liberty, seeks the sky; which sees thee, its Lord, face to face; which is touched by no fear of death, but rejoices in the incorruption of eternal glory. At rest and secure, it no longer dreads death and the enemy. Now, O Lord, it possesses thee, whom it has long sought and always loved. Now it is joined to the company of those who sing to thy praise, and forever it sings to thy glory the sweet sounds of never-ending blessedness. For of the fatness of thy house, and the rivers of thy pleasure, thou givest it to drink. Happy is the band of the heavenly citizens, and glorious the solemnity of all who are coming back to thee from the sad toil of this our pilgrimage to the joy of beauty, and the loveliness of universal splendor, and the majesty of all grace. There shall the eyes of thy people see thee face to face; there nothing at all that can trouble the mind is permitted to the ears.

What songs of praise! What sounds of harmonious instruments! What sweetly flowing chorusses! What music rises there without end! There sounds continually the voice of hymns and pleasant chants, which are sung to thy glory by the heavenly inhabitants. Malignity and the gall of bitterness have no place in thy kingdom, for there is no wicked one, nor is wickedness found therein. There is no adversary nor any deceitfulness of sin. There is no want, no disgrace, no wrangling, no turmoil, no quarreling, no fear, no inquietude, no punishment, no doubting, no violence, no discord; but there is the excellency of peace, the fulness of love, praise eternal and glory to God, peaceful rest without end, and ever-

lasting joy in the Holy Spirit.

O how blessed shall I be if ever I hear those most sweet choirs of thy citizens, those mellifluous songs ascribing the honor that is due to the Holy Trinity. But O how exceedingly blessed shall I be if I shall be found among those who sing to our Lord Jesus Christ the sweet songs of Zion!

St. Augustine's Manual of Devotion.

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY P. P. DALEY.

I have often found it both pleasant and profitable to turn back to the time when God first set my feet in the narrow way, and from that starting point to trace by the light of experience the way in which I have been led. To live over again in memory the hour when faith and hope first came to me promising to sustain me in whatever difficulty or danger I might be called to pass through. And how faithfully have they fulfilled their promise through all these intervening years; faith ever whispering to my heart of a risen Saviour, able and willing to save—hope ever pointing to the “crown of life” awaiting me at the end of my journey. How does memory love to linger over the great mercies which crowd the past; over the crosses and trials which then seemed so dark and heavy, but which now shine out in their true character as the richest blessings a wise and good God could bestow. Over how many dark and dangerous passages hath the angel of mercy guided my unwary feet! O the rich, the precious past! In reflecting upon its mercies gratitude wells up from the depths of my soul; its healthful streams overflow my heart sweeping away every murmuring or repining thought.

And I likewise find it exceedingly profitable to turn my mind and heart

forward to the future. To the great future, which will soon be to us an everlasting *present*. For surely if the past be precious, the future must be more so. As much must it exceed it as does the end attained, the means used. If our hearts glow with gratitude to God for what he has done for us, what will it be when faith is lost in sight? Those fadeless crowns which now seem so distant, and to which we look forward with much apprehension lest Satan should after all wrest them from us, will then be fitted to our brows. We shall then embrace that Saviour in whom we have believed, and in him find full and perfect rest. O the future! The blood-bought inheritance of the saints! How should its hopes and prospects stimulate our hearts, filling them with love and gratitude and holy desire. My poor weak heart needs to feed daily upon this heavenly manna. Often I send it journeying heavenward; faith leads the way—up through the golden portals, across the heavenly plain, down beside the river of the water of life and underneath the tree of life—where I am wont to gather strength for the cares and duties of the day. The rapturous songs of praise which in that blest clime fill every heart and employ every harp and tongue, leave upon my soul such an impress of praise and thanksgiving that no earthly influence can erase.

And thus is it that both the past and the future mingle with and sanctify my present. Praise God for life *here* as a preparation for the life to come.

Milan, Ohio.

THE higher a bird flies, the more out of danger he is; and the higher a christian soars above the world, the safer are his comforts.—*Sparke.*

DO YOU LOVE JESUS?

A few months since, that venerable man of God, Dr. Lyman Beecher, went to his rest. Some nine years ago, during a revival in one of our eastern churches, he was present, his form then bowed with age, his locks white as snow, and his voice tremulous as a child's. I myself, then scarce more than a child, shall never forget his deep earnestness as he urged the young to come to Christ; but one sentence remains ineffaceably engraved on my memory as a sweet memento of his life.

A large number had gathered in the pastor's study for religious conversation and special prayer. The Spirit of God was there. Passing through the room, speaking words of consolation or entreaty, Dr. Beecher paused by the side of a little girl, perhaps of ten summers. Bending over her, he said,—

"Do you love Jesus?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, confidently, not looking up, for her eyes were filled with tears.

He placed his hand on her head as if in blessing, saying in that tremulous voice, modulated by deep emotion within,—

"Well, you *may* love him just as much as you have a mind to."

Perhaps that child has forgotten those words, but I never can. Often, when a cold world has looked down frowningly, I have thought of this precious love.

Little ones, do you love Jesus? You love your playmates, but they will grow up and leave you; you love your brothers and sisters, but by and by the cares of life will seem to divide your affections; you love your father and mother, but soon they must die and be

laid in the grave. Do you love Jesus? He loves you.

"His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end."

What has he not done for you to testify that love? He has given you all the good things of life, and died for you on the cross to save you from eternal death. Will you return his love? See! He opens his arms, saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

PROMISES.

BY A. C. B. L.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises. He is faithful that promised."

Who is the faithful promisor? God, the creator and upholder of the universe, of which this sin-ruined world is but a small, a very small portion. God, who sits upon the throne of the universe and at a glance takes cognizance of all throughout his mighty realm—the moral governor of all sentient beings, in all this vast domain. The scales of justice, poised in his hand, weigh with unerring precision every word, act, and motive of his intelligent creatures, and the slightest want of an even balance ensures condemnation and the sentence of banishment from his presence. If justice were the only attribute of his character, well might we tremble and stand in awe; for "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." "Our God is a consuming fire." But "gracious is the Lord, and righteous, yea, our God is merciful." "The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." "God is love," and his infinite, loving heart devised the plan of redeeming his revolted, ruined subjects from this terrible condemnation and guilt—and he redeemed them, "not with cor-

ruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ" his Son.

By means of this atonement come the promises—the precious promises—the great and precious promises—the exceeding great and precious promises. Through Christ they are given, to whom?

To us,—yes, dear reader, to *you* and to *me*—as being numbered among those for whom the atonement was made. May we expect these promises will be fulfilled? "He is faithful that promised." If we fulfil the conditions, he will never fail. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive." If we give him an undivided heart, a constant, unwavering trust, if we truly "come out from" the world, and are not conformed to it in heart or life, "and touch not the unclean thing," he will receive us—will dwell in us, and walk in us, and will be our Father, and we shall be his children—"heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ" to a heavenly inheritance. Who has fathomed the greatness, the preciousness, the exceeding greatness and preciousness of the promises made to us, even to us, so unworthy, so ill-deserving?

PRAY WITH THANKSGIVING.

We are not to forget that *praise* is as important a part of communion with God as prayer. It is the language of gratitude; and, unless we are grateful for what we have received, we are not in a condition to receive more. We have heard of the man cast on a desert island; through a whole year, he devoted one day each week to fasting and prayer, that a vessel might come that way and take him from his lonely exile. But no vessel came. At last he thought of his numerous mercies, and chided

his ingratitude. Why did he not perish with his companions in the wrecked ship? Why was he cast upon an island furnishing food and drink? Why was he not a prey to wild beasts? Why were his health and reason preserved? Why was he yet alive? Why out of hell? He set apart the next day for thanksgiving and praise. The whole day proved too short to recount his mercies and express his gratitude; but while still praising God, just as the evening sun was rolling his golden wheel into the ocean, he saw the ship in sight that was to answer all his prayers, restore him to his native country and the bosom of his rejoicing family.—*Hidden Life*.

GIVING A CUP OF COLD WATER.

There is a pleasant story told of a man living on the borders of an African desert who carried daily a pitcher of cold water to the dusty thoroughfare, and left it for any thirsty travelers who might pass that way. And our Saviour said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." But cups of cold water are not given in African deserts alone. A spiritual Sahara spreads over the whole earth, and to its fainting travelers many a ready hand holds forth the grateful "cup."

A lady, whose home looks out upon our beautiful common, called to ask me if I would tell her of some poor and sick persons to whom she could be of service in furnishing good books. The names of two were given; and the Testament, in large type, which shortly found its way to the old man's abode, also the green tea and white sugar—rare luxuries—for the feeble

woman in the cellar-kitchen, and the dollar bill, slipped into her hand at parting—were they not "cups of cold water?"

A poor Scotch comb-maker's wife, whose generous heart is larger than her purse, gave me fifteen combs, asking, in a half doubting way, if I thought some poor children, who had none, would not like them. And so fifteen young hearts were made glad! By what? Surely by "cups of cold water," in no wise to lose their reward.

Several young misses met in our pastor's parlor, in the early part of the season, to sew for poor children. From time to time they have come together, plying busy fingers with happy hearts. And we have sixty-two garments as a result. Sixty-two "cups of cold water!" How the heavenly inventory runs up!

A pious German woman, herself an invalid, heard that her neighbor in the yard below was yet more feeble. The bottle of wine, provided for her at the doctor's suggestion, would surely do that neighbor good. And so, nimble little feet are soon at the widow's door, a bright face looks in, and with a "Mother sent you this," the little flask stands upon the table. Wine to the sick woman it may be; but the divine chemistry, which years ago changed water into wine, can show this also to be a "cup of cold water!"

Late one Saturday evening a pious widow, in humble circumstances, who had not walked, save from one chamber to another, for years, sent me a loaf of bread, with the message, "The Lord sent it to me for some poor woman." The lateness of the hour, and our Lord's saying, that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, determined me to leave it until the morning,

when I took it where I thought it would be welcome. "The Lord has sent you a loaf of bread, Mrs. S.," I remarked as I went in. Lifting up her hands toward heaven, her eyes filling with tears, she exclaimed, "The Lord be praised." Then pointing to the neatly-spread table, with its scanty breakfast, she said, "There is all we had for to-day." Was it strange that the ringing of the church bells made glad music in my ear that morning? And may we not believe notes of joy were heard above, as the heavenly chronicler noted down, in that wondrous book, another "cup of cold water in the name of a disciple?"

And so streams of refreshing flow through the parched desert. So to fainting lips is pressed, by loving hands, the overflowing "cup."

Life of Susan M. Underwood.

FULL OF JOY AND PEACE.

Many Christians know little of permanent joy and peace. Divided in their affections between religion and the world; half-hearted in their attachment to Christ; they are troubled with uneasy consciences from neglect of duty, and with restless cravings for forbidden pleasures. They have too much principle to forsake religious duty, and too little to submit to the sacrifices it exacts. Being double-minded, they are unstable in all their ways, and like the troubled sea, cannot rest.

There are other Christians, whom large experience has taught the folly of forsaking the living Fountain for broken cisterns that can hold no water. They are not tempted to stray from God, for they know there is no other resort for light in darkness, or comfort in trouble. They cling to Christ, as the branch clings to the vine, drawing from him

alone their spiritual life. Their course is steadily onward; their strength is sustained by daily communion with God and his word; and they have learned something by an inward experience, of that peace which is like a river, and that righteousness which is like the waves of the sea.

An aged veteran, long-beloved for his ripened graces, and honored for Christian steadfastness, said, a few weeks ago, in a social meeting:

"Brethren, I ought to be willing to testify to the goodness of the Lord and the pleasantness of his service. I have had many delightful hours. I have known seasons when my heart was so full of the joy and peace of the Gospel that I felt it would be wrong to pray for more. I seemed to have as much as my present nature could contain. But I hope to have more in heaven, when my body and soul, changed into the perfect image of Christ, shall have a larger capacity for happiness and holiness."

He subsequently added, fearing lest he might have been misunderstood:

"I do not mean that I have been satisfied, but that I have been as happy as my present frame can bear. I can see more beyond. I know there is much more to be felt, when the soul gets nearer and more like God. But my joy and peace have been so great that I could contain no more. Religion gives great comfort here, but there is something better yet in reserve. 'Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness!'"

Who would not prefer the peace of a heart at rest in Christ, to the peevish discontent of a divided heart?

Watchman and Reflector.

In my daily cares, I will endeavor to aim at the glory of God.

REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

BY MRS. PALMER.

ENNISKILLEN, Aug. 15, 1863.

We have since made short visits to three or four places, which though primarily in view of the revival of God's work, have also been chosen as locations favorable to health, as both Dr. P. and myself have not been at all well, and need rest. Though intending to take a little respite by going to the smaller towns, we have held two meetings daily, with the exception of but one place.

First after the date of my last letter we went to Norwich, where we stayed one week, and saw a gracious work.

Our next remove was to Edgeworth, where we enjoyed an interesting visit at the house of an opulent friend, where we were favored with invigorating mountain breezes, holding meetings each evening at which some received pardon, and others purity. Our stay at E. was less than a week, after which we went to Southport, a populous watering town on the Irish Sea.

Here we held mid-day and evening meetings a little over a week, and saw the altar nightly surrounded with earnest seekers. As no secretary was appointed, we cannot say how many found mercy, or received the sanctifying seal, but we know the Lord wrought most graciously in healing the broken hearted, and cleansing his people.

By the address of my letter you see that we are again in Ireland. We came by official request of the Wesleyan friends here to attend a Camp Meeting. The meeting closed two or three days ago. It was marked by some extraordinary manifestations of God's power and presence. The number of the saved I cannot tell, as there was

no regular secretary this year. Last Sabbath was particularly owned of God. I asked two leading brethren to act as secretaries and take the names and residences of those who sought and found, in order that they might be looked after, and cared for, by nursing fathers and mothers in Israel. The names of above one hundred were received. They also informed me that according to their record about 100 received the blessing of purity. The Lord grant that they may abide faithful unto death. The meeting closed on Wednesday. The Lord's Supper was administered to about three hundred of various denominations. It was a season of great sweetness and power. Just before the conclusion of the service, one more opportunity for seekers to avail themselves of the prayers and sympathies of the friends of Jesus was given, and about fifty bowed at the penitent forms. In about one hour thirty-six were enabled to testify of the pardoning love of God, and others of the efficacy of Jesus' blood to cleanse from all sin. Alleluia! The Lord God reigneth. We have engaged to remain a few more days to hold services in the Wesleyan Chapel in the town of Enniskillen. We are having two services daily, as usual, and there are added daily to the Lord, such as shall be saved.

The Lord willing, we leave on the 20th for England, and on the 22d, to commence our work for Jesus in the large town of Louth.

I am praying and trusting for power to cast anchor daily, deeper within the vail. What a privilege to be permitted to do anything for him, who has done all for us. Often do I ask myself, "what has Jesus done for me?" "what

is he doing for me *now*, what can I do for him?"

It is difficult to tear ourselves from the friends here.

THE RESTING PLACE.

BY EFFIE JOHNSON.

Not where the gently murmuring streams
With music fill the Summer air,
Where bright birds sing and flowers bloom,
And all around is passing fair.
Not in the lordly palace home,
Where luxury and song unite
To lull the soul to quiet rest,
And put all sordid cares to flight.
There *is* a resting place so sweet
That cankering care, and toil and pain
May never invade that sure retreat,
Or cause the weary pilgrim pain.
'Tis found within the crowded mart,
In palace, and in hovel low,
In prisons, and in peaceful homes
Where'er the Holy One can go.
His love—Christ's love,—this is the balm
For wounded souls; this is the rest
For weary hearts. No power can harm
When in *his* loving presence blest.
And all may come, the sad and gay,
The rich and poor, the bond and free;
All who will own the Saviour, Lord,
To this *safe resting place* may flee.
Not for a day—not for a year,
Not for ten thousand years—for aye
This blessed resting place endures
When *earth and time* have passed away.

THE GREATEST THING.—After Dr. Beecher's mental faculties became clouded in his old age, a minister, to try his condition, said to him in the presence of several friends, "Dr. Beecher, you know a great deal; tell us what is the greatest of all things?" For an instant the cloud was rent, and the gleam of light shot forth in the reply, "It is not theology, it is not controversy, but it is to save souls;" and then the deep shadow came over him again.

WE are to expect our daily trials, as our "daily bread."

"THERE'S LIGHT BEYOND."

"When in Madeira," writes a traveler, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had, with difficulty, ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps, or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me ever and anon, saying, 'Press on, master—press on—there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens."

O ye over whom the clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadow, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on—THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

The Rev. Albert Barnes, in a deeply solemn discourse on death-bed repentance, preached lately, gave it as the result of forty years' observation in the pastoral office, that "he had not met with a single instance of sick-bed repentance which, upon the recovery of the individual, turned out to be genuine." That which satisfies us of the genuineness of the dying thief's repentance, he continued, "is not what he

said, but the testimony of One who could penetrate beneath the surface, and could know, what we never can, the reality of man's professions."

The Rev. H. W. Beecher, in a sermon on the words, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," says: "In my not short ministerial life, I recollect of but one man who, after making promises of fidelity in sickness, remembered to keep them after he got well. I went to see him, and he said, 'My sickness incapacitates me from talking to you; and something tells me that it would be dishonorable and cowardly to seek religion now, just at the end of my life—if I am to die; but I promise you that if I ever recover I mean to attend to the subject of religion.' And probably the first visit he made after his recovery was at my house and to me. He introduced the topic himself by saying, 'I have come to ask you how I may become a christian?' And he became a christian man, and I believe that he has led a consistent christian life from that hour to this. I do not recollect another case of this kind, though I recollect scores of cases of men who made promises in sickness, in afflictions, and broke them when they were released from trouble."

DAILY DUTIES.—My morning haunts are where they should be, at home, not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in Winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labor or to devotion; in Summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full freight; then with useful and generous labors preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render

lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty.

Milton.

SING SING CAMP MEETING.

All means of grace are effective, just in proportion as the heart is interested, and a meeting of this kind may be attended with little or no profit, if the determined aim is not kept up, *to do good, and get good.*

The preaching was good, but the labor in the tents brought forth results. We think holiness was a general theme of interest with the church—three tents were devoted to this doctrine, and the services commenced after each sermon usually, when with the greatest Scriptural simplicity the truth was presented, and urged upon those who were hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Many who had been obscure in their recent experience, were enlightened and comforted—those who did not understand the doctrine, saw its reasonableness and power, and those whose intense longings were for inward liberty were blest.

In these meetings the divine presence was powerfully manifest to teach, soften and subdue. There is a difference between resting in forms, and knowing the power. The sweet simplicity which pervaded all that was said, made them indeed hallowed places, and many from distant parts have taken with them saving remembrances of those sacred hours.

We have understood one hundred were converted, and we think nearly, or quite that number were sanctified. However severe the tests may be on grace received in these days of worship, we think the Great Head of the Church was present to bless: M. A.

The Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1863.

THE CAMP MEETINGS.

Thus far we have attended three of the N. E. Camp Meetings—that at Yarmouth, that at Martha's Vineyard and that at Sterling. We are now in attendance on the fourth, near Wilbraham.

There was a good work at Yarmouth, both in the church and among non-professors. In the Bromfield St. tent, with which we were connected, the meetings were seasons of very solemn interest, and several of the members were wonderfully quickened and blest.

Bro. J. A. Wood, of the Wyoming Conference, with a number of dear devoted friends of his present flock, was present and under God contributed not a little to the interest and success of the seasons of devotion at the stand and in the tent named.

Measures were taken to ascertain the exact number of professed conversions on the ground; but we did not learn the result of the inquiry. We knew of quite a number; and the work of holiness went on in several tents with power.

The Meeting at Martha's Vineyard commenced Aug. 18th and held till the morning of Tuesday, 25th. One never fails to be struck with the beauty of the scenery at the Vineyard and with the exquisite taste of the fixtures located by the Committee of Arrangements and of the cottages and tents for family residences, which exhibit such beauty of construction, and have at length become so multiplied that they are a wonder and an astonishment to all new-comers. We heard that there were 700 tents on the ground.

We were present at several interesting prayer meetings, while there; and at one time there were several penitents at the altar before the stand.

We next attended the Meeting at Sterling. Here there were perhaps sixty or seventy tents on the ground and there may have been more; we did not attempt to number them. A large proportion of them were society tents; the churches which attend there preferring, and we think with good reason, to keep as much together under the personal direction of their

respective pastors as possible. The experiment has proved it impossible for the pastor to maintain the prayer meetings with interest and vigor in the large, or society tent when his people are all scattered about in their family residences.

We were pleased to learn that the grounds at Sterling are to be improved before another annual gathering there.

We were much impressed with the size and demeanor of the congregations. Compared with either of the other Meetings the encampment itself was small, and yet the congregations which assembled to hear the Word were much larger than those even at Yarmouth, and their decorum and solemnity was marked and impressive beyond what we remember to have witnessed before.

The meeting was under the charge of Rev. D. Sherman, P. E. of Worcester District, and all the preachers present seemed much united with him and each other in laboring to promote the object for which we were assembled. Repeatedly, penitents came in considerable numbers into the altar, and many sinners were saved and many believers were purified during the meeting.

The closing services were on Saturday morning. We gathered before the stand and had several seasons of singing and prayer, during which the saving power of God was richly manifest. It was then ascertained that there were some seven minutes before it would be necessary to leave for the cars, and it was proposed to spend that time in brief expressions of God's dealings with our several souls. Instantly the dear friends began to arise one after another and utter their hearts in a single sentence each. Would that we could recall the burning words which were poured forth from lips almost inspired that morning. Ninety-two spoke in eight minutes, while the Pentacostal baptism fell incessantly on the assembly. "I am saved." "My soul has sunk into Jesus." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "I came seeking full salvation, and I have received it." "I see my way clear thro' to heaven." "Through grace, the question of my life is settled." "Jesus saves me now." "I see a great light." "All is well." "The dew is falling all around; it falls on me." "I have perfect rest in Christ." "I want full salvation, help me into the stream." "This is the best morning of my life." "Hallelujah!

the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." So the current ran. Often there were three or four on their feet at a time, and the speaking was in a continuous stream of glowing words, much as if the utterances had been from a single tongue. Never before, in a ministry of near thirty years, have we witnessed a scene of the kind which equalled, or nearly approached that closing scene of the Sterling Camp Meeting.

O, may the Lord keep unto eternal life the precious ones who there gave their testimony for him; and may we all meet and know each other when mortality is swallowed up of life.

Up to this time, (Thursday, Sept. 3) the present (Wilbraham) Meeting has progressed with a good degree of interest and power. Rev. R. W. Allen, the P. E., is evidently aiming in his arrangements at the highest efficiency of the meeting; and he is well sustained by the ministry and laity on the ground. Every call for seekers to the altar is largely responded to, and the P. E. and preachers go down *en masse* and at once and engage in the work of prayer and religious council among the broken-hearted suppliants. Perfect order prevails on and about the grounds so far as we see and there is a prospect of a great and thorough work of grace here before the Meeting shall close. G.

P. S. The Wilbraham Camp Meeting went on with interest and success to its happy close on Friday night. The number of conversions must have been considerable, as there were twenty or more who professed faith in Jesus at the altar before the stand, and we heard of numbers, from time to time, converted at the prayer meetings in the tents.

We understood that the Meeting is to be held hereafter at a location near the Connecticut River, and farther north.

We were compelled by a sudden failure of strength to desist from all labor after Thursday P. M., and received such constant and affectionate attentions at the hands of several physicians and many friends, as laid us under the strongest obligations of gratitude both to God and to them. May they never lack a friend in time of need.

Returning, in a state of great weakness and prostration, to Boston on Saturday, we rested from all labor and all care on the Sabbath and found such return of strength as to be able to attend service in the evening, when we listened

to a heart-stirring sermon from Dr. Kingsley of the Western Christian Advocate. It was a sermon full of Christ, and adapted to draw all men unto him. With such preaching the church will not starve and the world will not perish.

Strength suddenly rallying, we continued our line of action, according to appointment, and on Monday came to this place to take charge of a little meeting which we are holding in Hall's Grove. The attendance is not above five hundred thus far, but there is an excellent spirit prevailing, and there have been several instances of the experience of perfect love. There have been but about sixteen or eighteen ministers present, but they have labored with zeal and efficiency, and with great union of spirit in the work of God; and they have not labored in vain. G.

Marion, Sept. 12, 1863.

THE PRESENT NUMBER of the Guide has been prepared amidst many embarrassments. The almost incessant toil of five successive Camp Meetings has occupied us and taxed our time and strength severely. There may be discovered a few inaccuracies in the typography of the Number, but we believe our readers will generally say it is quite as rich in good things as its predecessors have been. G.

A LIBERAL AND VALUABLE OFFER.

Everybody has heard of Seth Boyden's wonderful new Strawberry. From all accounts, it is a marvellous thing—the berries nearly as large as hen's eggs, and as good as they are large. Dealers were after it, offering as high as \$3000 for the plants, to speculate upon; but we are glad to know that the enterprising Publisher of the *American Agriculturist* got the start of them, and bought up all the plants, and is multiplying them in order to give them away to his subscribers! To those unacquainted with it, we would say that the *Agriculturist* is a large Journal, of 32 pages in every number, is beautifully got up, and is illustrated with many pleasing and instructive Engravings, which are alone worth the whole cost. The pages are literally filled with good things—plain, practical, reliable information upon everything connected with the work of the HOUSEHOLD, the GARDEN, and the FARM,—including a very pleasing and instructive Department for Children and Youth that is hardly surpassed by any of the professedly Children's Magazines. There are special reasons for subscribing now: *First*, the rule for distributing the Strawberry plants is, "first come first served;" and *Second*, every new subscriber for the 23d annual Volume (that is, for all of 1864), will get the remaining numbers of this year FREE. Take our advice then, and send a dollar at once to the Publisher, (ORANGE

JUDD, 41 Park Row, N. Y. City,) and secure the paper, and the extra numbers, and also an early place in the great Strawberry list. If the plants are to come to you by mail, as they can safely do, send an extra five cents to cover the mailing. Those desiring to see the *Agriculturist*, before subscribing, can get a post-paid copy, by sending a dime to the Publisher, as above.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LETTER TO A SOLDIER.

A little girl, a Sunday school scholar in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, wished to do some good to the soldiers. This plan was adopted. She purchased a Testament, inclosed in it a letter, and intrusted the package to a friend, to be handed to any sick soldier he might meet. This friend attended to the mission intrusted to him. A sick soldier received the Testament and its inclosed letter. They had a wonderful influence upon him. His appreciation of the letter was shown by refusing ten dollars for it. Dr. Howard, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city, said he had seldom listened to anything couched in language so sublime. It runs in this style:

MY DEAR SOLDIER,—I send you a little Testament. I am a little girl seven years old. I want to do something for the soldiers who do so much for us; so I have saved my pocket money to send you this. Although I have never seen you, I intend to begin to pray that God will make and keep you good. O, how sorry I am that you have to leave your dear mother. Did she cry when you bade her good-by? Don't you often think of her at night when you are going to bed? Do you kneel down and say your prayers? If I were you I wouldn't care if the other soldiers did laugh. God will smile upon you. I am sorry, very sorry that you are sick. I wish that I could go to nurse you. I could bathe your head and read to you. Do you know there is a happy land? I hope you will go to that land when you die. But remember I will pray that you may get well again. When you are able to sit up, I wish you to write to me, and tell me all your troubles. Inclosed you will find a postage stamp. I live at 254 North Ninth-street. Good-by.

Your friend, LIZZIE SCOTT.

The soldier answered this letter. We hope hereafter to be able to secure a copy of his reply.

OUR DARLING MATTY.

Happy little Mary Burton has gone to God. She loved him, and so he took her home to live with him. I suppose he did it so soon, when she was only fourteen years old, because he wanted to make her happier than she could be here. So she went to heaven, where there is no sin nor suffering, and where are pleasures forevermore.

She was all ready to go.

Five years before this, when I first knew little Matty, she was a bright, playful child, very truthful and conscientious, and fond of good people and good things. I liked to meet her eyes—those clear, attentive, happy eyes—as she sat opposite me in our Sunday-school class. Dear eyes! They seemed to say, as plainly as words could speak, “I love Sunday, and Sunday school, and I love you.” By and by they began to say more. When we talked about the lesson which she had so perfectly recited, or the lovely hymns she often learned, or about the love of Jesus, those pleasant eyes would glow and soften with a new light, and seemed to say tenderly, “I love *Jesus* too.”

And then her conduct was so good! Once our superintendent asked the school a question: “What makes a model Sunday-school scholar?” I answered in my heart, “To be like Matty.” Other girls might be looking at their neighbors' bonnets, or gazing around the room, or whispering about something that amused them, but Matty enjoyed the lesson too much to throw it away. She too was often amused, and we often laughed together; but it was about what we were learning, or some pleasant thought that made her glad. These things made me want to know how she seemed at home. So I asked one of her family, “Do you think Matty loves the Lord Jesus? Does she try to *live* like a Christian child?” What a pleasant answer! “Yes, I think Matty does. She wants to hear about Jesus, and loves to pray; and at night she tells me her thoughts and her feelings about being a Christian, and she is very consistent.” So one day I talked alone with Matty herself. Dear child! She nestled close to my side, and hid her face upon my bosom, and wept. She was so sorry for her sins, and that she loved Christ so little! But soon the cloud cleared away, for she knew he had forgiven her, and had promised to save her.

Two years did little Matty grow in grace and in favor with us all, and then she wished to sit down at the Lord's table, as his loving children do.

"I should like to join the church now, when I am twelve years old," she said, "because Jesus was twelve years old when he entered into the temple." We were very glad to receive her into our number. So for two years more she was the youngest daughter and dear child of our church, and then she joined the church in heaven. She kept close to Jesus, and enjoyed her pleasures, her plays, and her companions all the more because she knew that she had a dearer Friend who had promised to keep her safe from all harm.

One day Matty was talking with her friend Fanny, who was a Christian too, about being good at school. "Well," said Matty, "this is the way I do. When I am going to school in the morning, I always pray that God would keep me through the day. Then, when I sit down in my seat, I just put my head down a minute and ask him to help me be a good girl. After school is begun, every time I open my books to get a lesson, I pray that I may learn it well, and when I go out to recite, I pray that I may say it perfectly."

That is what the bible calls "praying always." And this was *real* prayer. Matty wanted help; she believed she could get it by asking, and *she did*. Saying over some words night and morning, without any real wish in them, is not prayer.

At home Matty was dearly loved. She often amused the children by telling them stories and saying hymns. Once she told me that, when little Harry was doing anything she did not like to have him do, she could always stop him in a minute if she said, "Oh! Matty can not say any more hymns to Harry if he does so!"

Everybody was grieved when it was known that dear Matty Burton was taken sick with fever. We all thought we *could* not spare her, because she was doing so much good to others by her cheerful, faithful life. The Lord Jesus has not very many holy, happy children here, and we hoped he would spare her to us for an example to others. But she soon grew very ill, and became unconscious except for a few moments at a time. She could have had no time for repentance, if she had not made ready for death before. One of

the family said to her, "Isn't it a relief to you that you chose Christ for your friend when you were well?" "Oh," said she, "I don't know what I should do now if I had not." When her reason returned for a few minutes, she would ask to have the Bible read to her, and to have some one pray. Once her sister chose the 14th chapter of John, and began, "Let not your heart be troubled." "Why," said Matty, "how did you know that was my favorite chapter?" And her heart was *not* troubled; for when, by and by, they were obliged to tell her that she might not get well, she was perfectly calm. She only said, "If it is God's will that I should go to him now, I am willing; I am not afraid. But you will read to me a great deal about Jesus, won't you?"

Matty suffered very much, but no impatient word escaped her lips. She was so afraid of murmuring that she often asked if the tone of her voice seemed harsh. Ah! that voice was soon hushed on earth, but only to sing sweeter and stronger the new song in heaven. Those eyes, which kindled with joy and love at the name of Jesus here, have now seen her dear Lord in his beauty. She remembered him in the days of her youth, and he remembered her when she came to die, and led her safely through the gate, into the city of glory. There our darling will live among the children of the King, through all the days of eternity. There she shall never grow old or sorrowful; never sin, and never die.

When tossing to and fro in her sickness, she had said, "I want to *rest*." So when she had fallen asleep in Jesus, and her pale form, strewn with flowers, was brought to our Sunday-school room for the burial service, her schoolmates sang, "There is rest for the weary; There is rest for you." It was one of her favorite hymns, and she has found it true.

Dear children, Matty lived a happy life, and died a blessed death, because she was a christian.

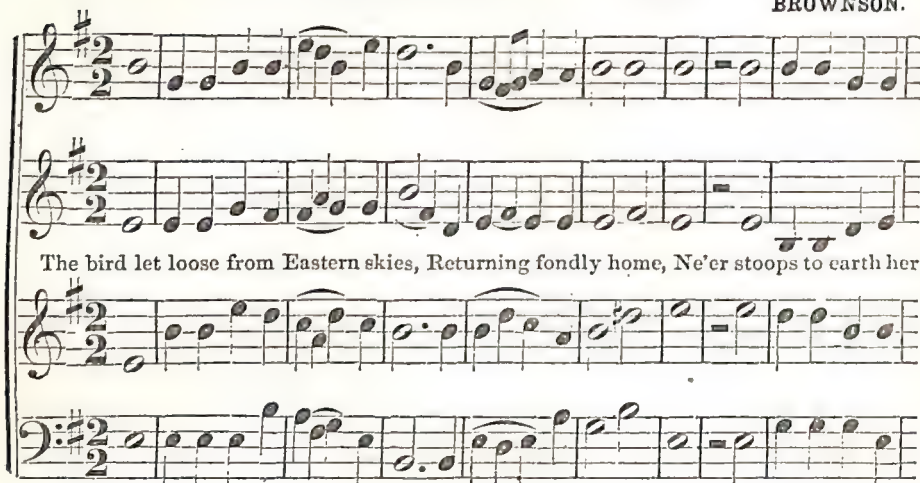
Do you wish you knew how to be one? Matty too used to say, "I do want to be a christian, but I don't know how exactly." She prayed every day to be taught *how to believe in Jesus*. And God answered her prayer. If you will pray, "Lord, teach me how to love and trust thee, and forgive my sins," he will hear and save you too.

C.

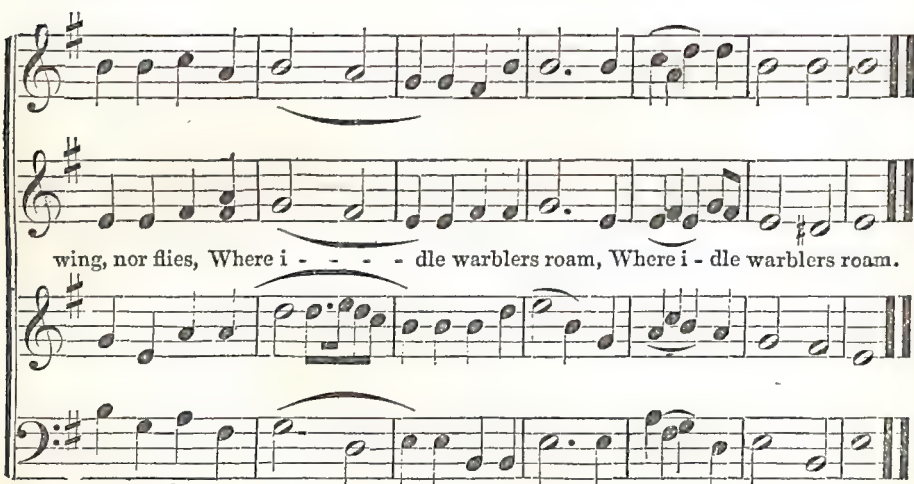
Tract Journal.

VIRGINIA. C. M.

BROWNSON.



The bird let loose from Eastern skies, Returning fondly home, Ne'er stoops to earth her



wing, nor flies, Where i - - - dle warblers roam, Where i - dle warblers roam.

- 2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to Thee.
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.—MOORE.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

MAN SAVED BY MAN: OR HUMAN AGENCY IN GOD'S WORK.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

"Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins."—James v. 19-20.

The peculiarity of this scripture consists in the prominence it gives to human agency in the work of human salvation. In discussing it, I wish to inquire

I. WHAT IS IT TO BE CONVERTED?

To convert is to change. Evangelically, the term is used, sometimes in a restricted or technical sense, to signify the gracious change wrought in us by the Holy Spirit by which we are made new creatures in Christ Jesus; by which grace is imparted to the heart, and which is indicated by the phrase "created in Christ Jesus unto good works." Where the term is so used it signifies something distinct from repentance or faith or pardon or adoption and has a meaning restricted to the one act of grace by which God imparts spiritual life to the human soul. But the term has often a much wider meaning than that; and it is used to signify

all the gracious changes both in our hearts and in our relations to God which in the aggregate take a man out of the condition of a sinner doomed to death and put him into that of a saint ready for heaven. In this broad sense it seems to be used in the text.

II. IN WHAT SENSE MAY ONE MAN CONVERT ANOTHER?

"In *no* sense do I hear you say, indignant that such a question should be asked from the pulpit?" These man-made converts! there are quite too many of them in the church. "Away with such an idea from the church. Give it to the Romanists, or thrust it out of the world." Well, now my friend, I sympathize with all that pious horror of yours, fully and keenly. It certainly is true, within the limits of what I believe to be your meaning that one man cannot convert another.

One man cannot transform another man from a sinner to a saint. He cannot change the disposition of that other, nor his habits, nor his affections, nor his will, nor his relations to God. He cannot take from him any sinful affection nor any guilt, and he cannot impart to him either innocency or purity.

Yet there is a sense in the which one man may convert another—may

save another. The text asserts it, and the text stands not alone to assert it. "Timothy, take heed unto thyself and to the doctrine; continue in them for in so doing thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." Timothy save his hearers? Yes, that's the language of the Holy Spirit. Hear the text; "If any of you do err from the truth and *one convert him*;" there it is again. "*He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way,*" there it is again "*shall save a soul from death,*" and there again. Now, what shall we do with these scriptures? Surely, we must not throw them away because they do not seem to quadrate with our notions of orthodoxy. All the words of the scriptures are true and full of precious meaning. It is our better way to patiently examine the words of the Bible and with reverent docility to inquire how far their meaning goes and what is not embraced in them. There is, there must be a sense in which one man can convert and save another or the scriptures would not repeatedly affirm and imply it.

We come back to the inquiry what *is* that sense, since we have seen what it is not.

Tell me then in what sense one man may *ruin* another and you will have suggested in what sense one man may *save* another. You hear a mother say I don't dare to let my Willie play with that wicked boy across the street—Why, he would *ruin* my child. You hear a man tell of a besotted man in his neighborhood who resolved on reformation and became temperate and industrious till all about his person and his premises began to put on a new aspect; when, unfortunately some of his former associates in sin induced him to go with them to one of their haunts of

vice and they *ruined* the poor man again. Now what is the sense in which the mother and neighbor use the word "*ruin*" in these cases. They surely don't mean to imply that the agents in either case compel to vice; that their acts create evil and inject it into the soul of the patient. Not that at all. They simply imply that there is a moulding power in the contact of mind with mind, by which one, strongly bent on evil, may win a mind less strongly attached to good, to its own pernicious course; and so compass its ruin. Now let us suppose this influence and this process reversed, and say just as one man may *ruin* another so may one man *save* another; and then, as I think, we shall have the meaning of the terms "*convert*" and "*save*" in the text.

There is, as it seems to me, an analogy or parallelism in the two processes, which is nearly complete: for instance; a sinful man exerts, whether he will or not, a general influence, often imperceptible to himself by which according to his strength of evil tendency he draws those about him to the practical adoption of his principles and manner of life.

This "*insensible influence*" as one writer has termed it, is one of the most potent of the social forces, in the moulding of character. A man who lives in sin, cannot if he would, cast about himself an atmosphere of holiness and truth. A holy mind will feel the chill on coming into his presence; and feeble virtue will reel and falter under his eye. The law of sin is in his members and there is no better law in his mind. His whole head is sick with the disease, and from the head downward to the feet there is an active gangrene that taints the air with

its terrible infection. No godly man can voluntarily maintain association with such a character, without suffering in his own spirit.

Now just the reverse of this is true of every man of God. There is a spirit of humility and love and prayer in him, and a corresponding atmosphere about him. His words, his looks, his manner reveal in a thousand ways the spirit within and his very presence is favorable to the growth of pious desire. Your worldliness and unsanctified solitudes feel rebuked by the serenity of his face, and your holiest aspirations find nourishment in his words and in his silence. So the scriptures say, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Thus we have one point of the parallel:—just as a sinner exerts an influence to make or keep others such, from the fact that he *is* a sinner, so does the life of God in the soul of a holy man beam forth with an inviting light, to draw all men unto it.

Again; men are ruined by *example*. There is a tendency in us to do what we see others do; and that for no other reason than that others are doing it. Hence comes the sway of fashion. "Men and women around me, do and dress thus and thus; therefore that is the way; I must do so too." How came that youth so profane? A little while ago he shuddered to hear an oath. How is it that now his terrible words of blasphemy are so appalling? Simply that he heard other persons swear and soon came to imitate a practice which at first was shocking to him. Thus men are led into the various forms of sin and vice and crime not generally so much because of any erroneous precepts which are dispensed to them as by

the pernicious power of example.

Here too the parallel holds, and man may save man by example. A man of spiritual mind and godly life is constantly exerting an influence on others for their good, by the tempers he exhibits and the works he performs. Everywhere, my brethren, the eyes of men are upon us; fixed upon us, it may be often, with no friendly intent but only to watch for our halting; but the fact that we are thus made a spectacle to men is not only a call to walk circumspectly before them but a summons to the work of saving them; for there is power; almost irresistible power in holy example. In this way we can preach Jesus everywhere; by the way, in the office, in the cars, in the market place, in the school, by the fireside, at the table, on the sick-bed; wherever duty calls us to walk or suffer, there may the steady unquestionable light of a holy example go forth to enlighten and win and save men from death.

God gives to us that are parents especially, a most hopeful field for the exercise of this potent agency. The group of young immortals whose characters are forming under our hands have a faith in us and a love for us which make them in some sense passive in receiving the influences which may come to them from us. We are daily, almost constantly with them. Their hearts are pliable and may be impressed deeply with facility. Besides, we have the power to pre-occupy their minds with first impressions. The godly example of father and mother has saved the soul of many a child. May your children, my brother be led to Jesus by your practical fidelity to the Master.

But again; men are *ruined* by persuasion and enticement. Sinners are

perpetually proposing seasons of forbidden gratification to each other, and are often especially gratified when they can draw the uninitiated into the snare of their ruinous pastimes. Invitations everywhere abound to the card table, to the social glass, to the dance, to the theatre and in a word to each particular avenue by which men and women throng to the gates of hell.

And, my brethren, we may *save* men by persuasion. Satan's servants know how to exhort. They mount no rostrum. They make no parade. They are no formalists. They simply mean to draw men with them to sin and ruin, and so they watch their man, and wait for the opportune moment. They throw out a suggestion; they drop a hint; they make an inquiry; or they tell an anecdote as suits the occasion and the purpose best. O with what infernal ingenuity do they plot and work to *ruin* souls and gain accomplices in the work of sin.

Would God, my brethren, there were a heart in us to counterwork all this in our efforts to *save* souls from death. Why don't we thrust ourselves into this work, and labor a thousand times more earnestly and ingeniously for our Master than sinners do for theirs? Why are we so formal, so precise, so long in coming at our work? Why don't we throw our whole souls into this effort to save men? How little there is among us of this persuading men to come to Christ; this christian habit of inviting men to the prayer-meeting, to the church, to the cross. And when, now and then, we do attempt it how very *dignified* we are, how much more inclined to *reason* than to *plead* with men; *beseeking* them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. In God's name and strength

we can out do the wicked in this work of persuading men, if we will. There is too little *heart* in our efforts to save men. Our *cheeks* are too dry. We are too *professional*. We need a baptism of love—pure love to God and every soul of man: this will give us a genuine zeal and zeal will put us on the alert and make us watchful for opportunities to save men, and ingenious in our work. Men are *ruined* by persuasion; let us *save* them by persuasion.

But I fear we do not yet feel the weight of this subject, neither have laid it fully to heart. The truth is, God saves man by man; and only where the human agent works, does God work. Saul of Tarsus was not converted till Annanias had wrought in the work. God wrought miracles to bring the ministry of Philip to the Eunuch, that the latter might be saved. Peter must preach before Cornelius could be converted; and where, I pray you in all the scriptures is a conversion to be found without the intervention of a human agent.

The announcement of Jesus is, "ye are the salt of the earth, and if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" what shall save the earth, if there be no savor, no salt in the church? plainly implying that God's method of working to save mankind is to work through the church and that his plans involve the necessary agency of the church in the salvation of men. How plainly is the same truth involved in the remark of Jesus, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the *laborers* are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth *laborers* into his harvest. The real forces of the gospel are all superhuman, all divine but

God has left the *administration* of those forces, so to speak, all with the church. Enlarge or contract the field of view as you may, still the truth appears; God works through the lives and labors of his people and only works where that life and labor are "workers together with him." If the heathen world is to be saved it will be through the benevolent agency of the church at home. We must publish and send the Bible forth, that they may read. We must send our sons and daughters that they may go to toil and suffer and die in the ends of the earth for the salvation of the perishing. If the tide of iniquity in our own country is to be stayed and rolled back, the church must do it. If her desolate places are to be visited and her wilderness of ignorance and wretchedness to be made to blossom as the rose, let the church understand it well, it will all be done through her agency. Power of her own, she has not; but all resources are pledged to her,—God is ever within call, and he that rideth on the heavens for her help is sworn to defend, direct and crown her. The church can shake and heave the world if she will.

III. WHY SHOULD WE SEEK TO SAVE MAN?

God's reason is the best reason, therefore, let us have his first. "Let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall *save a soul from death*." What an enterprise is here? "Shall save a soul from death;" and what a death! Were it only physical death, what things, possible or impossible, do not men sometimes attempt to rescue the perishing? A man has fallen into the river, and struggles with the turbid waters, whose current, boiling and

whirling bears him on. See how the eager crowds rush along the shore, now shouting their words of courage to their friend, now trying to throw him a rope, now thrusting forth some floating plank or timber to his aid, some running to seize a neighboring boat, and perhaps one or two athletic swimmers plunging themselves into the water that they may rescue their feebler friend. Nobody thinks of style or manner here; to achieve the object; *to save a man from death* is the all absorbing aim. So should we with eager haste and a noble self-forgetfulness throw all our energies into the work of saving souls from death. We *can* do it, brethren, by God's help, and he *will* help us; for he commands us to abound in the work of the Lord and pledges that our labor shall not be in vain.

Did you hear the wild clangor of the bells as the alarm of fire rang out on the night air? You looked out at your window and saw the heavens made light by the flame that leaped and danced and roared in its angry work of quick destruction. In a minute men were running, from every quarter shouting the cry of FIRE! from street to street. Soon 'tis known that a child is in one of the burning dwellings and must be rescued or die in a few moments. There was sorrow among the spectators before, there is agony and consternation now. The father is palsied with grief, the mother is little better than a maniac; while all around is agitation and bitterness of distress. Suddenly a ladder is thrown against the house and several engines turn their streams upon it. A young man flies up amidst the smoke and water and rushing in seizes the helpless child and at the peril of his own life

descends with it to safety and its mother. From that vast eager crowd, how the shout rings out, in honor of the brave man that *saved a child from death*.

But what of the work of *saving a soul from death*? How almost infinitely more important is it than the rescue of a human body from destruction. O for the holy violence of prayer and faith and zeal. Let us determine, my brethren that we *will* save souls and then pray and believe and work accordingly and God *will* give us souls. We *shall* see sinners converted unto him.

There is a special emphasis in the expression, "*let him know*;" a phrase not elsewhere used in the scriptures, which seems to convey the sympathy which God feels in the work of soul-saving by a form of assurance peculiarly strong and striking as if God would have every believer reiterate the truth in the ears of the laborer to encourage him amidst the difficulties of his task of saving a soul from death. "Let him know it." Be *sure* and tell him. Tell him, *all of you*. Tell him *repeatedly*. Speak to him with the most inspiring *earnestness*. Make him understand and *feel*, how *great* is the salvation, how *priceless* is the soul, how *precious* in the sight of God are his toils for its deliverance, how infinitely *terrible* is the death he would avert and how glorious the *crown* and the *reward* to which he would lift up a sinful soul from the gates of hell.

And then, what darkness and remorse, and shame, and torment, and despair forever are grouped in that one word, "death." It is separation, utter, final, everlasting, from God and the just, from probation and grace, and it is allotment with lost angels

and lost men; the castaways and offal of all being, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. To save a soul from such a death, and lift it up to such a life is worthy the effort of many life times; and how unspeakable is the honor which is conferred upon us, in permitting us to have the principal visible agency in a transaction so momentous as the bringing of sinners to God.

But the text supplements this motive, by adding, "and hide a multitude of sins;" cover, conceal, put out of sight a multitude of sins. All the sins of the converted man in his past life are covered by God's forgiving mercy in the day of his repentance and to these we must add all the sins which his future life would have exhibited had he not been saved. But the catalogue extends still further; for his sinful life would have nourished sin in others and sin in these must have reproduced itself in others still to the end of time. Now all this terrible current and chain of influence is destroyed; and the life of the saved man is to beget a progeny of godly agencies that accumulate and roll along the ages till a thousand walk in white and the ever swelling tide of good shall break along the coast of eternity in anthems of praise forever. O who would not save a soul? Who would not dry up, if he might, such a stream of death; who would not inaugurate the operation of such a train of celestial agencies. God help us my brethren to *save a soul* and may we set about this work at once, and never again rest from our labor, till we rest in the grave.

There is a joy in saving souls. Indeed, there is no other joy equal to *that* joy, as it seems to me, this side of heaven. "These things have I spoken

unto you, that *my joy* might remain in you and that *your joy might be full*. What things? Why, all about abiding in the vine, and *bearing fruit*. What is the joy of Christ which he desires should be in us? "For the *joy that was set before him* he endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Doubtless, the joy of Christ is the joy of bringing many sons unto glory. Among the angels of God that stand near the throne and catch its sympathies there is joy when one sinner repents. How much more in the heart of Jesus who died for that sinner. How then must the heart of Christ thrill with joy as he hears the penitent cry from many thousands of altars in every part of the world he redeemed.

Mark the joy of Christ at Jacob's well. Tired and footsore with his walk from Jerusalem, he halted at the hour of noon. Too poor to go into town and dine at an Inn the company were to lunch at the well. Always ready and waiting for an occasion to do good, he soon found one, in the approach of a woman from the neighboring village, to draw water. His words instructed and awakened her, and she went back to the town to call her neighbors forth, to see the wonderful Prophet. What a scene of spiritual interest was here! As the people came flocking forth the disciples who had now made ready the simple repast began to pray him, "Master, eat." But he did not eat: he said "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." "Hath any man brought him aught to eat?" inquired they. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me and to finish his work," he replied. "Say not ye," he continued, "there are yet

four months, and then cometh the harvest; behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." It is not wonderful that a tired and hungry man, whose soul was charged with such thoughts as these, should forget both hunger and fatigue in his desire to save souls and gather fruit. In his exceeding joy at the opportunity of saving souls which had so suddenly arisen, Jesus lost his appetite and took no dinner but he wrought in the work of God and gathered fruit unto life eternal.

His spirit is in all that are truly his; and *his joy* is in them—the joy of bringing sons unto glory.

But I must abruptly close this discourse. My heart is full of this blessed theme which touches so vitally the true glory of the church. It is her business to subdue the earth to Christ. She can do it whenever she shall avail herself of the armor and the arms. All things are ready. Every member of the church can lead at least one soul to Christ in a year if he will, and that simple process alone would convert the world in less than seven years. Look abroad and see how slowly the work goes on. And how far the church is from even any adequate convictions of either duty or privilege in this matter.

God have mercy on us.

In thine own temptations, often ask counsel of those that have been tried, and have overcome; and in the temptations of thy brother, treat him not with severity, but tenderly administer the comfort which you desire to receive.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING HEROES.

There are sovereigns who have esteemed the right to reign less precious than the privilege to serve; and long is the list of the uncrowned, the men who in high places of power have stood up for Christ's sake, for justice, truth, and liberty; the valiant wrestlers for the right; the brave, trusting spirits which have gone forth self-consecrated to battle with sin and woe wherever our smitten humanity is found; the hearts which have beaten in the quick response of relationship to the myriads who are groping, suffering around them; the long, triumphant, radiant procession, the sound of whose *Gloria in excelsis* has won the world's passing hosanna, as with the pomp and circumstance of most militant faith it has swept victoriously by.

But there is another and a more silent service, which has no glitter before the eye of man, and no reward on earth—the service of that goodly company which moves with muffled tread amid the world's unspoken scorn—the great army of “the last” which may be destined to be “first.”

The *Io Peans* of this multitude are voiceless, and it has no other light than the faint halo of Christ's beatitudes; yet in its ranks some of the most celestial attainments and sublimest triumphs of faith are to be found. Here are “God's heroes,” the heroes of the sick chamber and the vigil by the cradle-side; the heroes of poverty and of the workshop; of silent, patient endurance, having learned through much tribulation that waiting and suffering are their destined work; the heroes of long-suffering, forbearance, and charity, of victory over pain, of the unostentatious self-denials of the household; the lowly toiling men

and women, climbing mounts of sacrifice under heavy crosses, without a human hand held out in sympathy; the noble army of martyrs who have found and followed the Master's footprints in the daily round of humble duties, transfiguring that despised, circumscribed, care-encumbered life of theirs into a living testimony to the truth of Christ's evangel; the lonely sufferers, priests by a heavenly consecration, offering the sacrifices of praise in garret and cellar; men and women far from stimulating delights of successful activities, co-workers with Christ, sowing in hope the seed whose increase they shall never reap; “the sacramental host of God's elect,” ever ascending with songs most jubilant from the faithful performance of earth's lower ministries to the perfect service of the upper sanctuary, with its perennial and unhindered praise. They are passing up through the gates of the morning into the city without a temple, and it is for other fingers than ours to weave the amaranth round their lowly brows.

North British Review.

THE MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY.—Standing in the light and teachings of history, prophecy and promise, looking out upon the formidable problems of the time, we not only believe that Christianity will grapple and master the resistances that confront it, but that wars, rebellions and revolutions will be made, as hitherto, the servants of Christ, waking the energies of men, laying bare great principles which get covered up, increasing the energy of evangelizing influences, breaking the seal of prophecy, and helping in the world toward that era of refitted perfection and bloom for which all past history has been one magnificent series of preparations.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. D. F. L.

Among my earliest recollections is the influence exerted upon me by a pious mother, who prayed for me and led me to class and prayer meetings when I was but a little child.

In those days the meetings in our neighborhood were in log houses, and Methodism was much despised; the members being wholly of the humbler or poorer class of persons.

At the time my mother united with that branch of the church my father had no sympathy for them, and was somewhat opposed to the step which mother felt it her duty to take. It was not long however before he was himself converted and united with the same church and from that time our house was a home for the preachers. We had what we called the "prophets' chamber." I thus became early acquainted with many of them and my confidence in and attachment to them were unbounded.

I think my mother to have been one of the best christian women I have ever known. She seemed to care little for dress or show and to live wholly above the world. I was often astonished at the love and kindness with which she treated the poor; bestowing upon them, as I used to think, sometimes even more respect than she did upon the rich. My heart has often been much affected by conversations between them when their hearts were filled with love to Christ. From my earliest recollections I was always under conviction to a greater or less degree.

We always went to Camp Meeting and had a tent; mother insisted on each member of the family being there

at least part of the time. Forty-two years ago this fall at Camp Meeting I was powerfully convicted, but came home without finding peace. A great revival broke out in W. soon after the Camp Meeting. Brother Lane, our P. E. called on me and said if I would collect my young companions together he would have a prayer meeting in a private house. I did so and when we knelt in prayer I was resolved not to rise till I had found peace. About midnight I was requested to rise which I did and found to my surprise that my friends were all gone. Brother L. observing my deep distress, proposed one more season of prayer. How thankful I was, for I felt as if the very pit was open to take me in.

Just as he was closing his prayer I began to see a ray of glimmering light and after the meeting closed and I had stepped into the street to go home I was constrained to praise God with an audible voice. The witness of my conversion was so clear that I have never doubted it, even for a moment. I can never forget the appearance of nature as it met my eyes the next morning on my way to school. The grass, the trees, the sky seemed all in their exceeding beauty to be praising God and I scarcely seemed to myself to touch the ground but rather to fly than walk.

I soon in company with nine others gave my name to the church. One of the number was a beloved sister, now in heaven. All are now gone but myself and two others and I am now the oldest member on the church record though not the oldest in years.

Oh how thankful I am that I gave my name to the church and that she has kindly cared for me and led me on these many years. I have found the

grace of God sufficient in all my pilgrimage. I have known affliction and been near to death; but God has been my solace and support and has gently led me on with a Father's hand.

I have all along felt that there were higher attainments for me. I often thought of entire sanctification but felt that it would be almost impossible for me to live it, even should I obtain it. I supposed it must be a gradual work and sometimes thought perhaps I might attain to it at the hour of death; but then I thought again if I should be suddenly called away how could it take place and thus my mind was tossed about, though I habitually felt a great hungering and thirsting after all the mind that was in Christ.

In 1861 my convictions for a clean heart were so deep that I could not sleep half the night and my health soon gave way under the perpetual anxiety and sorrow. I deeply felt that I was not ready to die and so expressed myself to several of my friends.

In 1862 the W. Conf. met in our place. I sat in our pew as the preachers came in and one of their number came and knelt at the seat next in front of ours. As I looked upon him I said to myself "that man has something that I want and must have." I enquired of our preachers who he was, and said to them "he is the very man we need." They thought it would be impossible for us to get him but I made it a subject of prayer, and he was sent to us.

After hearing him preach several times upon the subject of entire sanctification I went to him to tell him of my desires and struggles in regard to it. At the close of our interview he gave me a book which he had recently

published called "Perfect Love." Thanks to my God it removed all my difficulties and a short time after, namely at Camp Meeting Sep. 7 1862 the Lord did powerfully bless and cleanse my soul from sin.

In the months that succeeded we had extra services in the church for many weeks during which many of my friends were brought to Christ. On several occasions, during those wonderful meetings my soul was overwhelmed with a sense of the divine glory and I was several times so transported as to be brought into a wonderful realization of the things of the heavenly state. Thus God is leading me on. I feel especially since our last Camp Meeting that the Lord has settled and fixed my wavering soul with all his weight of love. I trust I shall still go on, and that henceforth my peace may be as a river and my righteousness as the waves of the sea.

BE RELIGIOUS IN EVERY CALLING.

Spurgeon never uttered more truth than when he spoke as follows with reference to the every day devotion which Christ demands of his people. There is no obligation that binds a preacher to a devoted life, that does not fall equally upon the lawyer, the tradesman, or the mechanic. He says:

"Sometimes when some of you have been stirred up by a sermon, you have come to me and said: 'Mr. Spurgeon, could I go to China? Could I become a missionary? Could I become a minister?' In very many cases the brethren who offer are exceedingly unfit for any service of the kind, for they have very little gift of expression, very little natural genius, and no adaptation for such a work, and I have constantly and frequently to say; 'My

dear brother, be consecrated to Christ in your daily calling; do not seek to take a spiritual office, but spiritualize your common office. Why, the cobbler can consecrate his lapstone, while many a minister has desecrated his pulpit. The ploughman can put his hand to the plough in as holy a manner as ever did minister to the sacramental bread. In dealing with your ribbons and your groceries, in handling your bricks and your jack-planes, you can be as truly priests to God as were those who slew the bullocks and burned them with the holy fire in the days of yore. This old fact needs to be brought out again. We do not so much want great preachers as good upright traders; it is not so much deacons and elders we long for, as it is to have men who are deacons for Christ in common life, and are really elders of the church in their ordinary conversation. *Sirs, Christ did not come into the world to take all fishermen from their nets, though he did take some; nor to call all publicans from the receipt of custom though he did call one; he did not come to make every Martha into a Mary, though he did bless a Martha and a Mary too. He would have you be housewives still; be sisters of mercy in your own habitations. He would have you be traders, buyers and sellers, workers and toilers still; for the end of Christianity is not to make preachers, but holy men; the preacher is but the tool; he may be sometimes but the scaffold of the house; but ye are God's husbandry; ye are God's building; ye, in your common acts and common deeds are they who are to serve God.'*"

The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.—*Rom. v. 5.*

"BE NOT SILENT TO ME, O GOD."

BY E. L. E.

We were as one, my friend and I,
Lovers was not too dear a name:
A mutual joy was ours, or sigh,
The current of our lives the same;
Our love we deemed so strong a tie
That nought could sever or disclaim.

But ah! there fell one mournful day
A shadow betwixt heart and heart;
A slight offence begun the fray,
And jealous words were next to start;
Love kinship owns to wrath they say,
And angered loves are quick to part.

Apart we stood, my friend and I,
Whose thoughts and aims were one so long;
There seemed no joy in earth or sky,
And only discord in their song:
My life was silent, save the sigh
That answered silence. Deep and strong.

In happier years my heart had grown,
With strength and grace that were not mine:
That life inflowing to my own,
Was life's elixir and its wine:
Alas the silence! 'twas a tone
Of heart, more deep than word or sign.

Mine overflowed; it broke at last
In tears, and vows, and tender prayer;
I could not bear its desert waste
With neither dew nor sunshine there;
It met but silence for our past—
But voiceless silence for my prayer.

My wounded heart could not renew
Its pleading where so lightly spurned;
'Twere vain to watch, or hope, or sue,
For love was cold where once it burned.
Another came my heart to woo,
And to the purer love I turned.

O Thou whom I have learned to call
My more than friend or lover now,
Before whom as my life, my all,
I waiting stand, or reverent bow,
My life is lost if ill befall
This love. O be not silent Thou!

I love Thee: all I have to give
That word implies, for I am poor;
"I love Thee!" let my heart receive
Thy sweet assurance o'er and o'er;
And should my heart Thy kindness grieve
Be not Thou silent evermore.

HOLINESS AN ELEMENT OF RELIGIOUS POWER.

BY REV. F. BROWN.

Holiness is a great quickener of all the Christian graces. Prayer is only effectual when it is the prayer of faith, and our faith is graduated by our holiness. It is not faith, but presumption, that rushes into the divine presence with unholy hands. How should we pray? "Lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting." Our hands will be more effectually lifted up when they are holy hands, and our hearts are strangers to wrath and doubt. David understood this: "who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord; and who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." Powerful praying is dependent on holy living. It supposes a ready access to God, a favorable state of the mind for lofty devotion, an abandonment of self and earthly hinderances, and an unwavering confidence in God. Can these essentials exist in the absence of holiness? or, where holiness is but feebly developed? The poet wrote advisedly when he penned the couplet:

"Of all thy gifts I ask but one,
I ask the constant power to pray."

It was to ask for the divine fulness and hallowed, unbroken fellowship with God.

Holiness as an element of power is seen in the force of Christian example. There is in the human mind a natural love of consistency. It always strikes us as disparaging for a man to be vacillating in his opinions and conduct. Even error when consistent finds some apology. Perhaps it is partially due to the fact that consistency is a mark of sincerity. This

natural propensity is favorable to the success of Christian example. Holiness gives stability to our principles and regularity to our conduct.

God is unchangeably good. "In him is no variableness or shadow of turning." Holiness gives us similar uniformity of virtuous principle and conduct. If there could be seasons when God was not perfectly good, the deep reverence which we now feel would be lessened if not destroyed. His influence over us would be seriously injured, if not entirely lost. Our natural love of consistency would lead to this result under such circumstances. The same result will follow our inconsistency as christians. Men do not expect that we shall be perfectly holy as God, but they do expect that we shall be uniformly christian men. If we present to their observation, actions at variance with the sacred character we assume, our influence over them will be lessened, and lessened in proportion to the amount of inconsistency they discover in us. It follows, that if we are uniformly consistent we wield a power over them which cannot but tell powerfully for religion.

Holiness as an element of power infuses indomitable courage and energy into its possessor. Guilt makes us ashamed and paralyzes christian effort. Many an opportunity of religiously benefiting mankind has been neglected, because we have felt that we were not the persons to seize it, in consequence of some past or present defect in ourselves. We did not dare open our mouths for God lest the reply should make us ashamed: "Physician heal thyself." Conscious purity of heart and life makes a man bold for God. He is not afraid that his motives will be canvassed and even misunderstood.

He is prepared to suffer reproach in the path of duty. Such a christian has an element of power within that must finally close the mouth of every adversary and bring glory to God.

Besides, holiness will give increased knowledge and ability in the work of saving souls. We shall be better able to lead them to Christ when we have clearer perceptions of the way ourselves. Increased holiness will induce frequent meditation on sacred themes and in consequence our interest in the pardon of sinners and the sanctification of believers will deepen, and when we pray and advise, there will be a power about our efforts almost irresistible. Our words will possess a charm that will draw souls to Calvary and to heaven.

Hamden, Ct.

ASSURANCE.

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.—2 Timothy i. 12.

O strong assurance! most comforting persuasion! Christian! do you desire to have the same confidence in Jesus in a dying hour? Then live to Jesus as did the Apostle Paul. Give him your confidence, your love, and he will prove himself faithful to the end. It may not be that you shall exhibit the same strong faith, or give expression to the same feelings of unshaken reliance on the Savior, but you will have peace, you will have security. Let the shadows gather round you, dark and gloomy—let the night close in upon your weary footsteps, threatening and tempestuous—still the eye of faith will discover the soul guardian—the treasure-keeper—the friend that sticketh closer than any brother. Do you long

for the grace of assurance? do you feel at times a doubt of your soul's safety? So did Paul. He dreaded lest, "after having preached to others, he himself should be a castaway." Assurance is not a grace given to the believer, and never again weakened or removed. His experience is varied, his journey is not all sunshine. There are times of cloud and tempest—yea, even when his heart is glad and joyous—when, with a holy rapture, he can exclaim, "Thou hast anointed mine head with oil, and made my cup to run over," there are unseen yet powerful agencies at work, to depress and sadden his soul. To-day he is bold and ardent, to-morrow weak and feeble; to-day he realizes the assurance—"I have blotted out thy transgressions as a cloud, and thine iniquities as a thick cloud from before me;" to-morrow he is sunk in the very depths of despondency, and cries out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Long years of training and discipline are needed, ere the Christian can hope to take up the language of the great apostle. But fear not, trembling one! Still "cast your burden on the Lord, and he will sustain you;" still cling to the assurance, "I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee." O look back on the page of your experience, as did the apostle, and "be not afraid." See your pilgrim-path studded thick with Ebenezers, testifying to your Saviour's faithfulness and mercy. Think of his manifold gracious interpositions in the past, sustaining you in trial, supporting you in perplexity, helping you when vain was the help of man. Take these things as the pledges of faithfulness in the future, and let this ever be your prayer:

"Lord, give me grace to trust thee at all times, in joy and in sorrow, in sickness and in health, and in thy good time enable me truly to say with thy servant of old, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.'"

Pathway of Promise.

LETTER FROM MARENGO.

MARENGO, Ill., Aug. 13, 1863.

Editors of the Guide: The Guide to Holiness is very precious to me, and its perusal has afforded me many, many hours of pure enjoyment. I have often felt a great desire to communicate to its pages some of the dealings of God with my soul, and I now venture, looking unto Jesus to direct the purport of every sentence.

Glory be to His great name! He took my feet from the pit of mire and clay and placed them upon the rock "Christ Jesus;" He put a new song in my mouth even praise to his blessed name.

Soon after this I was convicted for the blessing of "entire sanctification." I saw one witness of the blessing which increased my desires greatly. For a while my soul refused to be comforted, but when I retired into a little grove, and kneeled before the Lord, determined never to leave the place until washed and made pure in the blood of the Lamb, then I was enabled to see clearly, the white stone and in it a new name written, that no one knoweth but he that receiveth it.

My soul was filled with joy unutterable and I cried "this is the blessing of holiness, for which I have so long earnestly sought." Even then the enemy whispered "don't inform others that you are sanctified, you may be de-

ceived, for you have been blessed many times before;" but thanks to the all-sufficient power of God I was permitted to say, "Get behind me Satan for I am wholly and truly the Lord's." Glory be to God that gave me the victory; my heart is emptied of all impurities, and is so filled with love that all my actions spring from that heavenly source. I am living a life of faith and to glorify my blessed Maker in all things.

How grateful is my heart for the Gospel, which has proved the power of God unto full salvation to my soul. Eternity alone can tell what this great blessing has done for me. For more than thirty years it has freed me from sin and Satan's power, and Christ has reigned in my heart without a rival. Truly,

"It is an 'active faith' that lives within,
It conquers hell, and death and sin;
It sanctifies, it makes me whole,
It forms the Saviour in my soul."

How true it is that perfect love casteth out fear. God, Religion, and Love are one.

"O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak."

I believe that the hour is near when master and slave shall together rejoice in God and when Jesus shall reign king of nations as he now reigns king of saints.

I often wonder why this blessing, the only source of true happiness is not embraced by every professor of religion. We that do profess sanctification should freely give as we have received, and let the precious light that the Holy Spirit has imparted unto us, shine, that others may know that we have been with Jesus and learned of Him. O that the whole church would

become holy; then we would be no more pained with excuses and cold indifference. That God will continue to bless your efforts, is the sincere prayer of your sister in Christ. E. C.

THAT ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.—Jas. i. 4.

MORAL DISCIPLINE OF GIVING.

Giving is one of the means of grace; one of the best means of spiritual growth. If no good externally is done by the gifts, the charities, still a vital and immeasurable good is done to the giving soul; enough, and vastly more than enough, to justify the deed. The sordid taunt so often thrown, "Why this waste?" comes of the sordidness that is equal to the sale of the Lord himself; the thirty pieces in the pocket better than he.

I repeat, if no other good is done, there is no waste; no matter what the amount given, be it only enough; if done with the christian motive, then the character is set forward, and the church is brought up higher and nearer to the millennial state. The church must pass through the work and the sacrifice of establishing the millennial abroad, in order to make one in her own pale. These final words of her Lord, then, which lay upon her this amazing responsibility, "Go preach the Gospel"—evangelize all nations—are to her an untold heritage of blessings and of blessedness. They embody the corrective and expulsion of her deadliest foes; they are to her the necessary means of the victory, and the kingdom, and the crown; I mean on this ground of attainment; personal, separate fitness, reached by the culture and through the conflict of beneficent giving and doing. The question be-

fore us is, will we meet these conditions, and have the millennium at home, the kingdom within us? not forgetting the one condition our Lord so significantly marks, the giving alms of such things as we have.

To very many this—as a means of grace, of spiritual advance—stands in the first place, and is indispensable; stands in a sense even before prayer; they being ahead in prayer, behind in giving. To all those, then, who have given leanly and grudgingly, we say, Arise and give; give bountifully; give heartily; give willingly; just because something within resists and says, I wont. Give the more and still more, from the very teeth and grip of the old retaining passion. Give with measure and intent to crucify it; that hundred, the nail, that thousand, the spike, that ten thousand, the spear; and so proceed and persist till the base and slimy thing is wholly dead.—*Dr. George Shepherd.*

SABBATH MORNING.

"Another six days work is done
Another Sabbath has begun."

Precious Holy time—I open the Book of Books, my eye falls upon the words "God is Love." Sweet and blessed attribute of the Almighty Creator. He so loved the world. Ah! who can fathom the depths of that love, which spared not his own son, but freely gave him for our redemption. It was love not fear that won me to the Saviour. I had been brought up to believe that living outwardly in accordance with what the world calls good and right, was all that was needed to fit one for Heaven. In this fancied security I lived twenty-five years of my life, then I found my Saviour—gently He spoke to me in a

great trouble "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Blessed words! Though my sins rose up mountains high, and I looked back with sorrow, on the wasted years of my existence, yet no fear but unutterable *love* filled my whole soul, as I came to Christ, and thought of his long forbearance and mercy. Those only who have experienced it, can tell the joy of pardoned sin. Hitherto I had sought happiness in this world only and had culled earth's fairest flowers but I laid them on an earthly shrine, and one by one they faded away.

Now, my *all* is laid upon the altar of the Lord, and love, infinite love sanctifies the gift, and assures me that my trust is on a sure rock.

In the blessed consciousness that Jesus loves me I have borne the deepest affliction cheerfully; every void has been filled by an ever-present Saviour. He may take all earthly props away, but the sure promise, "Lo I am with you always" has been and ever will be verified to the trusting believer—it has been to me. Love and rest, two sweet, precious words to Christ's followers! On this beautiful Sabbath morning, how my whole soul goes forth with love and gratitude to that dear Redeemer! And then faith and hope points to that rest above, rest from earth's conflicts, from sin, temptation and sorrow, "Forever with the Lord."

S. G. S.

Sept. 1863.

WHAT shall I preach about? inquired a clergyman, on a visit to a neighboring pastor, as they sat together in the pulpit. "Are the people who are here to-day principally professors or non-professors?" "Preach the gospel," was the reply; "they are all sinners and they need it."

"THOUGH I BE NOTHING."

2 COR. XII. 11.

BY BONAR.

"My Father, can, I learn so hard a task?"
 "You must. No more, my child, of you I ask
 Than He hath done,—
 My well beloved Son."

"Must I be nothing? Must I nothing do?"
 "Nothing, my child; Christ has done all for you.

You cannot buy;
 The price is all too high.
 Freely I give;
 Only 'believe and live.'"

Enough. Give Thou the humble heart, and I consent,

Oh, make me nothing, and therewith content!
 My gain is loss,
 My trust is in the cross.
 Hold me, I fall;
 Be thou my all in all.

And give me, Lord, in all some quiet place,
 Where I can work, and yet behold thy face;
 While Thou shalt bid me stay,
 Keep my feet steadfast in Thy way;
 They must not tire,
 Till Thou shalt bid me
 "Come up higher."

Even then, above, let me be nothing still,
 That Christ alone the heaven of heavens may fill

Yet set me Lord, a little glowing gem,
 Upon His diadem,
 To shed my tiny ray
 Among the splendors of His crowning day.

Though unperceived, I still should like to shine,

A tribute glory on that brow divine:
 And let me raise
 One little note of praise,—

Though hardly heard among the myriad voices,

When the redeemed church in Christ rejoices,

That it may blend
 With angel hallelujahs that ascend,
 A lowly offering to my Saviour—Friend.

Lord I am nothing, Christ in all must shine
 Do with me as thou wilt, for I am Thine.

METHODISM IN ENGLAND.

BY MRS. PIERRE PALMER.

WESLEY'S RECEPTION AT WALSALL.

Walsall has been noted in my own mind since childhood as the place where the good Mr. Wesley came so near losing his life by the ruffianly mob in 1743. Truth seems stranger than fiction as one reviews those scenes. The river in which he came so near being drowned is within a minute's walk of the place where I write.

The founder of Methodism could little have imagined, when he with his few devoted friends at Oxford University were endeavoring to live methodically good, that is, by the "same rule" of holy living, that their endeavors were destined to give rise to a cognomen by which several distinct denominations should be distinguished all over the land. There are but few towns of any considerable size in England where may not be found the Wesleyan Methodists, the New Connexion Methodists, the Primitive Methodists, and the Free Church Methodists.

When Wesley was being so roughly handled by the rioters in Walsall that the blood issued from his mouth, and part of his coat was torn from him, and he dragged from one magistrate to another as a disturber of the peace, and for no other crime than that of talking to the people about their souls and psalm singing, could he have conjectured that here would be three or four distinct bodies all ambitious to bear his name, and acknowledge him as their founder under God? Yet so it is.

BRANCHES OF METHODISM.

Walsall has now four or five Methodist Churches, divided in a way little known in America, but as is usual here.

Our efforts to do good in a general way often places us in contact with these various branches of Methodism, and we have reason to know that each is blessed with not a few good men, and we will trust each, as so many separate families are performing a mission which either one singly might not so well perform. While the circumstances which originated the dividing lines were to be regretted, He who alone can call forth things that are not as though they were, knows how to make things which, if taken singly, seem disastrous, when taken together work for good.

A letter just received from an excellent superintendent Wesleyan minister in whose circuit we have labored says: The great Head of the Church has purposes to accomplish which He does not tell us, and what He means to make of the Methodist denominations in the British Isles we must wait to see. For the present it is plain they each have their own sphere, are each glorifying God, and each extending the Redeemer's kingdom. We think, how good it would be had we been all one. Perhaps it might have been so, perhaps not. I do believe as the case stands they are mutual checks and incentives to good works, and that in all probability there are more spiritual results from their aggregate labors than could have been otherwise, had all the Methodists of the United Kingdom been under one banner. Political objects might have been accomplished which may not be attempted in our divided condition. But whether the same doctrinal purity and spiritual life had been retained I am not sure. The world at present wants witnesses for the truth as it is in Jesus, and preachers anointed with the Holy Ghost; and

very likely a larger proportion of what is wanted is secured by things as they are, than could have been realized in another way. O for general and abundant showers of heavenly influence! O for the baptism of the Holy Ghost to be bestowed on all the churches throughout Christendom!"

HARMONIZING EFFECTS OF A REVIVAL.

We are now witnessing scenes in this ancient town, in connexion with the various branches of Methodism, over which angels and the spirits of the just made perfect must rejoice. Within the past twenty-six days over three hundred have been born into the kingdom of grace at the Whittimore-street Methodist chapel. Here we are daily beholding what we have long been wishing to see—people hailing under five or six church banners, all laboring as one in bringing the unsaved to Jesus. What we have regarded as most worthy of grateful recognition is the delightful unity maintained between brethren of the four distinct Methodist bodies, who at most places have had as little to do with each other as the Jews with the Samaritans.

Here under the one distinguishing banner, "Holiness to the Lord," the Wesleyans, New Connexion, Primitive, and Free Church Methodists have mid-day and evening assembled. Perfect love is the prevailing theme; and though the spoils from Satan's kingdom are large, and each are expecting to share, it is most delightful to witness the harmony with which every heart vibrates to the prevailing sentiment, "We are brethren, and our one great work is the upholding of our Father's kingdom, by plucking brands from the burning. We are exceedingly filled with comfort as we witness the

results of this Pentecostal shower.

It is said by many that old Walsall has never before been visited with such an outpouring of the Spirit. The ground has been exceeding dry and barren, but now we rejoicingly sing:

"The desert blossoms as the rose,
And Jesus conquers all His foes,
And makes His people one."

CHURCH MEMBERS RECEIVE THE GIFT OF POWER.

As is usual with our labors, the work began with the church. Few seemed to have been endued with power from on high, and fewer still were disposed at first to manifest their need of it by coming out as definite and earnest seekers of the great salvation. But He who alone doeth wonders walked amid the golden candlesticks. His eyes of flame penetrated their inmost hearts, and many heard his voice saying, "I have somewhat against thee."

Then came the rushing forward to the altar of prayer. Judgment began at the house of God. Local preachers, leaders, and class members again and again encompassed the altar of prayer and all its surroundings. Many were filled with the Spirit, and began to work under the power of the baptism in bringing their friends to Jesus. Said one of these most exultingly to me last evening, "The Lord has given me every one I have brought."

The brother who said this is a local preacher who resides a few miles out of the town of Walsall. On Saturday evening he came forward with many others seeking the baptism of fire. When the sacred flame fell upon him it was indeed a gift of utterance, and he glorified God with a loud voice. The next day he brought his lady, and while I was conversing with her at the

close of the afternoon service she was, to use her own expression, "shut up to an immediate act of faith." The moment she believed, the tongue of fire fell on her as on her husband the evening previous. The result of the outpouring of the Spirit on the one hundred and twenty in the great model revival was, that through their united ministrations not only were three thousand pricked to the heart in one day, but there were subsequent and far-reaching effects by which there were added to the Lord daily such as should be saved. Eminently so has it been with this local preacher. Souls are daily being brought to Jesus through his agency, and, as before observed, Jesus saves all he brings. A race of converts, strong to labor for God, is being raised up.

SPIRIT BAPTISED CONVERTS.

We have long been settled in our convictions that it is the privilege of young converts to be holy. Mr. Wesley gives many instances of persons who were sanctified wholly, some within a few hours after conversion. Many will remember the case of Grace Paddy, of whom Mr. Wesley says, "Such an instance I never knew before; of such an instance I never read; a person convinced of sin, converted to God, and renewed in love within twelve hours! Yet it is by no means incredible, seeing one day is with God as a thousand years." I do not know that we can record prodigies of grace quite equal to this here, but we have seen many who within a few days after their conversion have sought and obtained the full baptism of the Spirit, and the effect of the blessing has made them mighty in pulling down the strongholds of Satan. I have no sympathy for

mysticisms in religion. Any attainment of grace, however lofty, that does not energise the soul and bring it into sympathy with Jesus in the great work of soul-saving, leading to holy activities, does not to my conceptions, reach the Bible standard of Christian holiness.

I cannot forbear referring to the case of an intelligent youth of about sixteen, who presented himself at the altar of prayer, seeking pardon. The great deep of his heart was broken up; and while I was directing the eye of his faith to the Crucified, as wounded for his transgressions, he was enabled to apprehend Jesus as his Saviour, and rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Two or three days had passed when I again saw this interesting youth kneeling among the suppliants. I knelt beside him and said, "I hope you have not cast away your confidence?" He replied, "Oh, no; but what I now want is the full baptism of the Spirit." I told him it was a purchased gift, and he had only to listen to the still small voice of the Spirit and he would inly hear, "Come for all things are now ready." When Jesus bowed His head upon the cross and said, "It is finished," a redemption from all iniquity was wrought out, and all he had now to do was to present himself wholly to God through Christ relying on the declaration, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." It was not long before the dear youth was enabled to enter by the new and living way, and apprehend by faith Jesus as a Saviour, able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him.

"ONLY SIX."

Holiness is a gift of power, and when understandingly received by ei-

ther old or young d'sciples, nerves for holy achievement. "The people who do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." A day or two after this dear youth received this crowning blessing I again met him mingling amid scenes of holy triumph. I spoke to him about the great work to be done for Jesus, and the few that stood ready to do it, and added, "You must do all you can." "Yes!" he exclaimed, "I am trying to do what I can. I tried all day yesterday, and only got six to yield—only six!"

Only six! thought I, as my mind's eye took within its range the hundreds of inactive professors who, for want of the power which holiness gives, pass days, weeks, months, and even years, without bringing a soul to Jesus.

Many of the new converts here have been thus spiritually baptised, and strong for the work of bringing their friends to Jesus. Their plan of working is to take an individual on their hearts as a subject of special prayer, and often do they enlist others to assist them in pleading for particular cases. A note written by a very lovely young lady, converted a few days ago, read to-day at the middle meeting, now lies before me. It furnishes a specimen of many sent in. It reads thus: "E. C. requests the prayers of God's people for some persons she is going to visit this afternoon, that God may incline them to come to this evening's service, and when there, deeply convince them of sin."

This morning I asked the young lady if the persons for whom she had requested prayer were at the service last evening. She replied: "I cannot say whether they were all there, but four of them were blessed at the altar last evening."

Another reads thus: "I, R. B., having myself found peace in believing last Thursday night, very much desire your prayers in behalf of my father and mother, and several brothers and sisters, that they may also be converted."—*Chr. Adv. and Jour.*

BISHOP HAMLIN.

Dr. Elliott of the Central Christian Advocate in a recent tour up the Mississippi, spent a little time it seems with his old friend Bishop Hamlin, of whom he thus speaks in his "Notes by the way."

His health is very precarious indeed, but he is walking in the comforts of the Holy Spirit, with that fulness of salvation, in which he so firmly believes, which he enjoys in personal experience, and expounds and enforces on others with a clearness of exposition, and a weight of argument that will bring conviction to every impartial mind. An Old School Presbyterian minister came to his class Sunday before last, just as the class closed. A most pleasant interview took place; the bishop explaining *the great salvation*, and the other drinking in the words of soberness and truth, which the good bishop uttered to his Presbyterian brother. His visitor then administered the Lord's Supper to the bishop and his few friends present; and truly they had spiritual communion together, which his visitor prized and profited much; and the bishop rejoiced greatly in narrating to us the visitation of his christian brother, the Old School Presbyterian minister. The narrative interested us as another proof of the excellency of the communion of saints. We were led to sing with David, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

THE HEAVENLY BAPTISM.

"The heavenly baptism!" If the expression is more than the mere language of rhapsody, it has a profound significance. The heavenly baptism of the preacher is the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It is that spirit wrought consecration and activity, that divine grace pervading his soul which gives to his words a penetrating force, a Pentecostal earnestness and fervor. It may be found in the highest or in the humblest—in the imaginative or the prosaic, in connection with genius, or in alliance with an intellect as barren of fancy and figure as that of the mathematician who read the *Paradise Lost*, and asked, "What does it prove?"

Indeed some of the most effective preachers have been men who seemed utterly lacking in poetic temperament. They have been matter-of-fact men. Their sermons were not even sprinkled with metaphor. They presented truth in its simplest, perhaps we might say, its bluntest form. We can recall many of this stamp, laborious, zealous, unassuming, unrecognized in the peerage of superior intellect; neither a Chrysostom, a Whitefield, nor a Payson, but whose lives have been crowned with a rare usefulness, and who have been blessed to lead many to the Cross of Christ.

We thank God for such men. We rejoice that his "treasure has been committed" to such "earthen vessels," that it might be seen that the power which wrought the result was of God and not of man. The channel through which the truth was conveyed, was seen to be subordinate to the truth itself. The message was seen to be independent of poetic phraseology or

expression. God was magnified and man was humbled.

The most effective preaching is oftenest that which has least of studied ornament, which least of all gives way to rhapsody. There are thousands who yet remember the pointed appeals of Nettleton; we doubt whether one among them all can recall a single poetic beauty in all his discourses. William Nevins, of Baltimore, is said to have begun his ministry in the use of a flowery style, rich in rhetoric and imagery. Thousands admired the popular preacher. But his posthumous sermons show how thoroughly he bared the sword of the Spirit of mere poetic trappings—unwilling to interpose even a leaf or a flower between its point and the guilty heart, and his success is more than his justification. Many of our readers are familiar with the concise and almost laconic style of Cecil, but few are aware of the process by which he was led to his renunciation of all appeals to poetic taste. Robert Philip, author of "*Manly Piety*," &c., was an early admirer of Hervey, and no unsuccessful imitator of his rounded glowing and gorgeous periods. He has told us of his mistake, and his writings show to what extent he corrected it. Few would deny Cecil, or Nevins, or Nettleton, a large measure of the "heavenly baptism," but he would make a great mistake who credited them with the "magnetism" of mere poetic sympathy.

Genius is a gift of God. So are those quick natural sympathies, by which we communicate the impressions of our own, or receive those of other minds. Let them all be consecrated to Him to whom they belong. Let them all be employed in the service of truth. But let no one imagine that they can

supply the lack of the unction from the Holy One that abideth. Let no one fancy that they constitute the "heavenly baptism." The real and enduring success of the preacher depends not so much on the degree with which he can thrill the mind of the hearer with sublime thoughts, or melt it by affecting pictures, as the measure of his own enjoyment of the divine Spirit, and the extent to which he realizes the nature of his work, "sowing or watering" while God gives the increase. A temporary applause does not constitute success. The admiration or emotion of thousands does not constitute success. Vividness and graphic power of utterance may but draw a picture where an arrow should have been aimed, and the hearer may applaud the work of the pencil, when he should have been smitten down by the power of conviction in his own heart.

We apprehend that one of the calamities under which the church suffers, is the "substitution of the magnetism of poetic or spiritual sympathy," for "the heavenly baptism." One has been mistaken for the other. The attempt has been made to identify them. The crowd goes into raptures over a sermon of eloquent periods, and for the brief period of its utterance the sympathy between speaker and hearer seemed to be perfect. The enchanter's spell was there, but it was that of Egyptian magicians instead of God's. The treasure was committed to very fine golden vessels, and the external was so appreciated that the internal was depreciated or overlooked. Well might one hungering for the simple bread of life exclaim in such a case—"O for a baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire?" The "heavenly baptism" would soon change the scene.

The word would be clothed with a power with which that of the mere orator could not vie. The effect would linger beyond the ordinary periods of "poetic sympathy," and in the ingathered results of the harvest of souls—the crowning testimony to the spiritual fidelity of the pulpit and its divinely originated power—there would be no more danger of mistaking the magnetism of poetic sympathy for the heavenly baptism.—*N. Y. Observer.*

GOD'S WORK THE SAME IN ALL AGES.

BY M. A.

Bible holiness is the same experience in the seventeenth as the nineteenth century—the same in the days of Paul, as with the last soul which will be received with shoutings of Grace! Grace!

We have been pleased with the oneness of experience which we have compared with the Rev. George Herbert of blessed memory in the church of Christ. After a life of fruit unto holiness, he said to a friend on his death-bed, "Sir I pray give my brother Farar an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me, and let him know, that I have considered, that God only is what he would be; and that I am by his grace become now as like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him. Tell him that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health, and tell him my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found. That I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience."

Having said this, he did, with so sweet an humility as seemed to exalt

him, bow down to Mr. Duncan, and with a thoughtful and contented look say to him, "Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farar, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected, poor soul, let it be made public, if not, let him burn it, for I, and it, are less than the least of God's mercies."

With this beautiful preface from the devout author, we make one extract from the book which was then published and still continues to talk with the church.

LOVE UNKNOWN.

Dear friend, sit down ; the tale is long and sad :
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more comply, than help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds, which may
improve,

I hold for two lives ; and both lives in me.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he—

I sigh to say—

Looked on a servant, who did know his eye
Better than you know me, or which is one,
Than I myself. The servant instantly,
Quitting the fruit, siezed on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood ; which issued from the side
Of a great rock. I well remember all,
And have good cause. There it was dipt, and
died,

And washed, and wrung : the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. "Your heart was foul I
fear."

Indeed, 'tis true ; I did, and do commit
Many a fault, more than my lease will bear ;
Yet will ask pardon, and was not denied,
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean, and fair, as I one even-tide—

I sigh to tell—

Walked by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming ; and therein

A boiling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set, *affliction*.
The greatness showed the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold ;
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
To warm his love, which I did fear grow cold,
But, as my heart did tender it, the man,
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan ;
My heart that brought, (do you understand ?)
The offerer's heart,—"Your heart was hard, I
fear."

Indeed, 'tis true ; I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there :
But with a richer drug than scalding water
I bathed it often ; e'en with holy blood ;
Which, at a board, while many drank bare
wine,

A friend did steal into my cup for good,
E'en taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardinesses. But, at the length,
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled,
Unto my house ; where to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed.
But, when I thought to sleep out all these
faults—

I sigh to speak—

I found that some had stuffed the bed with
thoughts ;

I would say, *thorns*. Dear, could my heart
not break,

When, with my pleasures, e'en my rest was
gone ?

Full well I understood who had been there ;
For I had given the key to none but one :
It must be he,—"*Your heart was dull, I fear.*"
Indeed, a slack and sleepy state of mind
Did oft possess me, so that when I prayed,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay be-
hind.

But all my scores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. "Truly, friend,
For ought I hear, your Master shows to you
More favor than you wot of. Mark the end,
The font did only what was old renew :
The caldron suppld what was grown too hard.
The thorns did quicken what was grown too
dull,

All did but strive to mend what you had
marred,

Wherefore be cheered : and praise him to the
full,

Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender,
quick."

"I MEANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN."

I sat by the bedside of a dying soldier in one of the hospitals of Gettysburg, and asked him what message I should convey to his pious mother. "Oh," he exclaimed, "*I always told mother I meant to be a christian, some day. Tell her that I want to be a christian, and I pray that God will have mercy upon me.*" He died a few hours after, whether prepared or not is known only to his Maker. But what perilous and wicked presumption this is, to be always "meaning" and promising to repent, and yet always postponing the work until death brings home its necessity!

There are thousands in the army and out of it who are continually "meaning" to get to heaven, but who will never reach it because they are always neglecting the solemn promises made to God and pious friends, that they would secure their salvation. Sinner, deal honestly with God and men, and do not keep saying that you mean to be a christian while you are daily and hourly refusing to yield to Christ. It is difficult to repent in a death hour,—the hour so fraught with pain and weakness, with dimness and horror!

Christian Banner.

DEATH OF JOHN HUSS.—When John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, was brought out to be burnt, they put on his head a triple crown of paper, with painted devils on it. On seeing it, he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ, for my sake, wore a crown of thorns; why should not I, then, for his sake, wear this light crown, be it ever so ignominious? Truly I will do it, and that willingly." When it was set upon his head, the bishops said, "Now, we commend thy soul to the devil." "But

I," said Huss, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit into thy hands, O Lord Jesus Christ; to thee I commend my spirit, which thou hast redeemed." When the fagots were piled up to his very neck, the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said Huss, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

THE BLESSINGS OF THE BIBLE.—

What an illustrious book is the Bible! It rises like a stream in a desert land—its source in the skies, and its fountain in the valleys of the earth. It has rolled on, century after century, enriching every land with verdure and beauty, reflecting all the glowing sky above it, diffusing "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report," around it. It shines into the casement of the widow, like the light of the morning sun, and makes her heart sing with joy, and enables her orphan to lift its eye to the wide shore of the eternal sea, and to say, Immensity is my home; eternity is my lifetime; the mighty God that built the universe is my Father, my Portion, my Friend. It plants in man's heart the hope of joy, the halo of glory and of immortality. It erects in man's conscience the rule of right and wrong. It is emphatically the standard of Christianity. Wherever that standard is unrolled, there freedom finds its noblest footing.

To be holy is to put on Christ, (Rom. xiii. 14) to resemble Christ in your spirit and carriage, as one man resembles another when he puts on his dress or imitates his manners.

Harvey.

PERSONAL EFFORT AMONG LAYMEN.

The English Correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal in speaking of the wonderful revival in Nottingham under the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer notices the activity of the members as a principal agency in carrying on the work of God. The writer says: It is the custom of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer before visiting a place to have a certain number of the members of the church pledged to active co-operation, to personal effort in bringing sinners to Christ. In Nottingham one hundred had pledged themselves to bring one person to the Chapel at each service. And it was not a little interesting, as the prayer-meeting commenced, to see them moving about the sanctuary in pursuit of their friends, in order to bring them to the altar. Now, suppose the church, individually, could be brought up to this high standard of action, to rescue men from impending ruin, what would be the result? It is to be feared that in these modern days the pew transfers its legitimate responsibility to the pulpit. But it is undoubtedly the purpose of Jehovah that each converted individual should be a missionary of the cross. And if such action could be induced, universal and constant, there would be a perpetual revival in the church. The triumphs of apostolic days would be witnessed, and even greater triumphs. There would be "added to the church *daily* multitudes such as should be saved." This is the true philosophy of Zion's extension. O Lord, revive thy work!

AN old writer speaks thus sweetly his experience to sorrowing souls who bend under the burden of great griefs: "In every affliction I seem to hear my

father say, 'Take this medicine my child, just suited to thy case, prepared by my own hand, and compounded of the richest drugs that heaven can afford.'"

CHRIST.—Oh, but Christ hath a saving eye! Salvation is in his eye-lids! When he first looked on me I was saved; it cost him but a look to make Hell quit of me. Oh, but merits, free merits, and the dear blood of God, were the best gate that ever we could have gotten out of Hell; Oh, what a sweet, oh, what a safe and sure way is it, to come out of Hell leaning on a Saviour! That Christ and a sinner should be one, and have heaven betwixt them, and be halvers of salvation, is the wonder of salvation. What more humble could love be? and what an excellent smell doth Christ cast on his lower garden, where there grow but wild flowers, if we speak by way of comparison, but there is nothing but perfect garden flowers in Heaven, and the best plenishing that is there, is Christ. We are all obliged to love Heaven for Christ's sake. He graceth Heaven, and all his Father's house with his presence. He is a Rose that beautifieth, all the upper Garden of God.—*Rutherford*.

LIFE ILLUSTRATING THE GRACES.

Men talk of their faith, repentance and love to God; these are precious graces; but why do not such persons let us see those graces walking abroad in their daily conversation? Surely if such guests were in thy soul they would look out sometimes at the windows, and be seen abroad in this duty, or in that holy action.

HE who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.

The Guide to Holiness.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

CHARLES FURLONG DEGEN.

Again has the angel of Death visited our domestic circle. Charles, was our second son, and died in full manhood at our house in Watertown on Wednesday evening Sept. 16th aged 27 years, 6 months and 6 days. Though confined to his bed for some ten days or more, his death was sudden and unexpected, the fever (typhoid) having been subdued and the general symptoms, pronounced favorable by the attending physician. His life like thousands of others during the past two years, was given as a sacrifice to his country. Possessed of a warm impulsive nature, he evinced during his sickness the tenderest affection and gratitude and bore his sufferings with the patience and meekness of a lamb. Delirium prevented an expression of his feelings but circumstances of the most comforting character give assurance to his parents and friends that God has been preparing him for his great change. He leaves a young widow and infant daughter to mourn his loss. Bitterly as we feel the stroke we are quieted by the assurance that "It is the Lord!—Let him do as seemeth him good." While death is thus sundering earthly ties, we trust that these chastenings are rendering us more meet for a heavenly inheritance. At all events by participating in the general baptism through which our country is now passing, God is fitting us to sympathize with others. Our prayer is, and we trust our readers will join us in the petition, that we may by this trial be more and more weaned from earth and attached to Jesus and his cause.

REV. C. W. SEARS.

Our readers will recollect an Article in the Sept. Guide entitled "Perfect through Suffering." It was embraced in a private letter to the Senior Editor from Rev. C. W. Sears of the Ohio Conference, communicating his design of visiting our city and annual Feasts of Tabernacles. Day after day we looked for our friend, who, though we had never seen in the flesh, we had learned to love for his whole hearted devotion to the cause of holiness. God had willed that we should never meet. The church through the Guide were to learn the process through which God had prepared his servant for

himself and now the tidings reach us that he has gone to be "forever with the Lord." The melancholy intelligence is thus communicated by his widow. May the arms of Infinite Love be beneath and around her.

EDS.

Dear Bro.: In looking over the late number of the Guide my eyes fell upon the last lines, I think my dear husband ever penned. "Perfect through Suffering." Yes indeed; and that perfection was so beautifully illustrated in his last illness that my heart prompts me to send you a few lines more.

After the receipt of yours, often did he speak with joyful anticipation of joining in your feast of tabernacles; but it was not his to enjoy on earth. He has gone to join in the great feast above, with all those who have been made "perfect through suffering, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Disease seemed to fasten upon him, and he gradually sank till he passed peacefully away Aug. 29th.

His soul was triumphant in God, and at times his enjoyment was unbounded. So patient, and childlike, and happy was he, it was delightful to be in his sick room.

He did not feel till nearly the last that it was God's will to take him home, but thought the Lord was preparing him for greater usefulness on earth, and often expressed himself that he would recover and preach *Christ more fully* than he ever yet had done. His greatest desire was to be raised up to labor for the Lord, and he expressed the deepest sympathy with the Saviour for the salvation of souls and the hope that when raised from his bed of sickness he would be a much more efficient minister of the Gospel.

Often did he say, "If I should pass away, *all is well, all is well.*" At one time when conversing with me in regard to our mansion prepared above, and the possibility of his soon entering his, he exclaimed: "That would be glorious." His language was praise till the last. At his request several hymns were sung in which he joined in ecstasy of soul, though his voice was too feeble. At the very last the spirits flight was so gentle, that all present seemed to feel that it was an easy thing to die.

Holiness of heart was ever a definite subject with Mr. Sears. Wherever he labored he endeavored to preach it, and enforce it as a present matter. Now to be sought; now to be attained; now to be enjoyed. And he felt

should he be restored to health, it would be his theme more than ever.

Of my own experience since I enjoyed the blessing of Perfect Love I could speak much, but will only say, to the praise of this great salvation that *by grace* I am wonderfully sustained and kept, while passing through this deep *deep* affliction. God's ways concerning me have been mysterious. Three times have the dearest earthly ties been sundered. When called to follow my first companion to the silent grave I enjoyed justifying grace. But when called to the second great trial, I had taken Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, and language would fail to describe what grace did for me while passing through such deep waters. So remarkably was I sustained that when I saw any one in deep affliction I wanted to fly to them and tell them what Jesus was able to do for them. And now when left in still more desolate circumstances than ever before with a little dependent one, the power of that same grace sustains and keeps me.

I know not why I am subject to such peculiar chastenings, and were it not that I knew that it is the Lord that doeth it I should sink.

But when I remember "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind," I bow in humble submission to His holy will; and can say "Do what seemeth thee good, so I but gain my rest at last. How very transient are all earthly joys. O, how it draws my soul upward. While I dare not look ahead *I can look* to my precious Saviour *every moment* and lean upon His strong arm and feel that He upholds me and leads me, step by step, and *will* lead me to the end, when I shall join my loved ones in praising the Lamb forever and ever.

LAURA A. SEARS.

HOLINESS AND SELFISHNESS.

A friend has requested the expression of our opinion on the question "Does the experience of perfect love exclude selfishness from the heart? or is the extinction of selfishness an attainment reached subsequently to that experience?"

Our correspondent, who proposes the two questions above, might perhaps find some light on the subject by considering that selfishness is "the excessive regard of a person to his own interest or happiness; or that su-

preme self-love or self-preference which leads a person in his actions to direct his purposes to the advancement of his own interest, power or happiness, without regarding the interest of others."

Does our brother doubt whether *such* an affection as that is cast out by perfect love; that love which in its own nature is love to God with all the heart, and love to my neighbor as myself? Surely, there ought to be no doubt on that question.

Perhaps our correspondent has his eye on what would be defined rather as pertaining to self-love than to selfishness. Look then at self-love for a moment "the love of one's own person or happiness."

This is an affection with which, as it seems to us, God endows the mind, *all* mind; for the purposes of self-preservation and efficient action. If this be correct, then self-love is not in itself sinful and no measure of grace can or should remove it from the soul or weaken its power.

A late author calls selfishness depraved self-love; a definition well adapted to convey the truth to many minds. Self-love is never sinful; selfishness is never innocent. The two are related to each other only as temperate eating is related to gluttony, as self-respect is related to vanity, as benevolence is related to prodigality, or righteous indignation to revenge, or economy to parsimony. To a large extent, God has placed the life and well-being of each thing that lives in its own care, and has made the disposition to take care of itself first among its instincts. This, so far as we know, is true of all creatures; a law alike for worm and archangel. This is self-love.

The scriptures have no word against self-love; on the contrary, in all their appeals to us, whether in the way of promise or threat they suppose its existence in each of us; for why is pain more dreaded by any man than pleasure, if he have lost all regard for himself.

On what account shall a man prefer a crown of life to shame and everlasting contempt, if he have no self-love? When the scriptures enforce the injunction upon husbands to love their wives by "he that loveth his wife loveth himself" do they not endorse and cultivate self-love? and when they require us to love our neighbor as ourselves, do they not imply that we are to love him and love him much? Then they imply that we

shall love ourselves much; for that is the measure of our love to him.

This self-love with which every creature is endowed for the purpose of its own perservation and sustenance operates so universally in our life, and at times exhibits itself so prominently, that casual observers might very easily conclude it to have transcended its bounds and so degenerated into selfishness. A man's self-love stands a heaven-appointed guardian over his interests during every moment of his conscious life. Its office is to guard *himself*. In all the great *general* facts of human life and fortune one man has no need to concern himself about his fellow; for wherever he looks upon another man, he sees a man who is provided by his Heavenly Father with the same ever present, ever active instinct of self protection as guards his own steps so that though he love his neighbor as himself he has no occasion to trouble himself with looking after the safety or success of every one he meets by the way, but will best illustrate that love by quietly pursuing his own tasks, and with a cheerful trust in God's providence and grace, attending to his own business. To pursue a contrary course were meddlesome impertinence. But though this be true in regard to the general facts and conditions of those we meet, you will not understand us as discouraging the most prompt and careful attentions to those in trouble or misfortune. On the contrary the love of our neighbor as ourselves will certainly exhibit itself in the ready proffer of assistance to those who cannot help themselves.

Every man should resist the selfishness of his heart, and pray for victory over it and for deliverance from it; but an enlightened self-love will prompt the soul to the holiest deeds to the most self-sacrificing life, and if the exigency offer, to a martyr's death. Hear the scriptures as they disclose the motives of their heroes. Christ endured the cross, *for the joy that was set before him*; the benevolent joy of bringing many sons unto glory. The patriarch's *desired a better country*. *Moses had respect unto the recompense of the reward*; and the martyrs suffered *that they might attain a better resurrection*. Piety itself demands, not that we shall counter-work self-love, but that we shall obey its highest dictates and seek for ourselves the greatest good, the imperishable riches of eternal life.

Some persons have been much perplexed with this question of loving our neighbor as we love ourselves. They have asked "If I love my neighbor as myself, will I not suffer at the death of a neighbor's child just as if were my own? We answer certainly not; for if you must suffer equally with every bereaved parent your life would soon be worn out by the ever recurring agony of bereavement and so yourself and of course all others of like precious faith would be swept from the earth, and human society would be bereft of all its unselfish and most benevolent members. The command that we shall love our neighbor as ourselves requires that we shall indeed rejoice with those that do rejoice and weep with those that weep; but its principal, practical end is reached when we obey that kindred command, "Therefore, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

Perfect love does doubtless cast out all selfishness as it casts out all other forms of sin, while it clears the vision of the soul, and gives scope, and range, and practical value to the action of self-love.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP MEETING AT MARION, MASS.

Its ecclesiastical relations, size, incidents, fruits, personal experience.

Early in August I was waited on by several gentlemen, who presented a request that I would take the oversight of a little Grove, or Camp Meeting, to be held in the month of Sept. at Marion, by a community of Protestant Methodists. After some deliberation I consented to do so unless Rev. Bro. K. whose district covers the territory surrounding M., would consent to take the charge. The gentlemen promised to see him and report to me. Owing to some failure, however, I failed to receive any further direct information on the subject, till near the commencement of the meeting [Sept. 8]. Then I learned that it was to be *wholly* under my charge! I learned on inquiry that no adequate announcement of the meeting had been made, nor any suitable preparations for a Camp Meeting proper; that in fact it was but a grove meeting though called by another name and appointed to hold a week.

Well, I found myself committed to it, and with much prayer, though I confess not with-

out fear and trembling, I undertook its oversight and management.

There were not more than a half dozen tents in all and several of these were not up at the beginning of the meeting. The congregations ran from less than 100 persons to about 1000. The weather was propitious. There were twenty-two preachers upon the ground, and nearly all of them labored with efficient zeal, as they had opportunity.

From the beginning a gracious influence rested on the people which exhibited itself, more especially in the prayer meetings. These were, in every case, seasons of melting heavenly power. Several persons were redeemed and several converted; but the work was largely in the church. The searchings of heart and the struggles for purity which we witnessed in some of the prayer meetings we never shall forget; nor the victories of faith which followed.

Several days after the meeting, a letter was handed me to read. It was written by Miss E. D. of Fair Haven to Miss S. D. of Boston. Its perusal gave me much joy, as the writer did not appear, up to the close of the meeting to have fully entered the rest of faith. I append some passages.

Dear sister:

"Tis done, the great transaction's done.
I am my Lord's, and he is mine."

Did you ever think how sweet to the worn mariner, storm tossed for years upon the sea, must be the rest of home? As calmly as he rests after the weary voyage; yes, more calmly, more sweetly does my soul rest in God through Christ. My soul has been heavy-laden for long years, but I have given all to him and I dare believe the word which says "and ye shall find me when ye search for me with all your heart." No doubt there; "*ye shall find me.*" I rest in this; and though I do not feel that ecstasy of joy of which many speak yet I do feel what that one word expresses—"rest;" rest in God a perfect confidence and trust in his promises, and in the merits of the dear Redeemer. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give me all things?" Emboldened by this promise, I approach God, I believe that he will give me even as he has promised, that entire dependence upon Christ, which, setting aside self and creature things, enables me to live a life of faith on the Son of God. Duties and crosses, shunned for years seem easy with the Saviour's presence, in whose strength I will go forward.

O! it seems so easy to believe God now. For years I have been puzzling myself about the way of faith, and I have at times been making a mighty effort to believe; but now, ceasing from my own works, I just simply cast myself on the merits of

Christ and trust him for every blessing. 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' My prayer is O blessed Saviour, help me to abide in thee; keep me close to thy bleeding side, and let me every moment feel the merits of thy death.

I thank you and your friend for the kind interest which you took in a stranger. Will you please tell our good brother Degen that his words were indeed most blessed to me; and that, in the day of eternity, I shall rise up and call him blessed.

Yesterday, more than ever before, I commenced the life of faith. I did then, I do now, reckon myself indeed dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ my Lord. I know the word of God cannot fail and I am content to follow Christ even though as the remark was made to you, the dainties and sweet-meats of religion may be denied me. Yours in Christ. E. D.

Fairhaven, Sept. 19, 1863.

May the Lord keep the writer of the foregoing, and all the other dear friends who were made partakers of like precious faith at the late Camp Meeting, unto *that* day when he shall make up his jewels.

I have been requested to hold another meeting on the same ground next year. If Providence permit, I intend to do so, namely, sometime in the latter part of July. Due notice will be given. B. W. GORHAM.

Newark N. Jersey. Oct. 3, 1863.

P. S. I learned yesterday that our dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, are daily expected to arrive from Europe. The Lord, who has so wonderfully blessed their labors abroad, grant them a safe and happy return to their loved country and home. G.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

In the departments of "Personal Experience" and Obituary notices we frequently find more matter on hand than we can judiciously put in the Guide at any one time and we are therefore obliged to presume on the indulgence of our friends, the writers, in the exercise of our judgments as to the propriety of inserting their respective articles.

M. H. of E., Canada West has sent us a sweet account of her early life—baptism—and conversion—subsequent vacillations—attachment of a steadier faith—experience of perfect love—which she lost by refusing to confess it—regained and held. But we have several letters already in type for Nov. on the subject of Personal Experience and must therefore pass this by.

M. E. of Q. has written us 9½ pages of

matter on his Conversion for which we cannot find room. The Department of Personal Experience is the Love Feast and we must have short talks in the Love Feast.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

TO THE CHILDREN WHO READ THE GUIDE.

BY E. L. E.

My dear little friends: I love you all dearly, so will you not lay by your play for a while and listen to what I have to say? It is not of my love, I would tell you but of that dear Saviour who once took such as you in his arms and said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

I suppose that most, or all of you who read the Guide have good christian friends to teach you how to love this Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, the beloved Son of God. You cannot be like one who once lived in this land of Bibles, and Sabbaths and yet grew to be a larger child than any of you before she ever heard of her Maker. Patia's parents were not christians and I presume she had never been to church though meetings for God's worship were held every week not farther from her house than she could easily walk. One morning she was sent early on an errand to a neighbor's house and it so happened that the family upon whom she called were engaged in their morning devotions. She must have gone in without knocking, as no one seemed to know that she was there. All was still, only the master of the house was talking very earnestly with closed eyes. Patia wondered to whom he was speaking, for no one answered a word he said. She looked this way and that, peered behind the door and out the door but could see no one at all. So when her errand was done she took a young girl of the family aside, and asked her who her father was talking to when she came in, for his eyes were shut and she could not see anybody.

This was many years ago, but even then it seems strange that so large a girl, with pious neighbors, should have no idea of the meaning and attitudes of prayer. I hope it is not possible that one to whom you could speak the words of holy truth should live near your dwelling and yet know no more of God than a heathen. Those blessed words which call

the little ones unto Christ would be a sweet message for your lips to carry to such as do not hear them at home.

You do not know, dear children, how much the Redeemer loves you—how much he desires to have you love him. Were you never sick when your mother sat anxiously and tenderly by your bedside through all the gloomy night lest you should feel a want she might not know, or sadder still, lest you should be taken from her forever? Have you not at times been sad or weary, or disappointed and she has spoken such loving words to you as made all the joy come back. And yet her love is nothing to what Jesus has for you; the good things she gives you are small and poor to the peace and happiness which Jesus offers to an infant's breast.

He tells you that your hearts are sinful, filled with all naughty passion which would make you grow up wicked, hardened, and unlovely; and he sweetly asks you to repent and be made holy by his Spirit in your hearts. He tells you also of another world when death has closed your eyes upon this—a home of all holiness, and beauty, and joy; and then he says, Come unto me and I will make you ready for that beautiful land. You have only to give your hearts to Christ, and he will come and dwell with you, and make you good and happy because of his presence. And this is the first thing to be done in coming to Christ. Nothing less than the whole heart will Jesus accept from you, and when that is given nothing more is required. You have evil tempers, selfish wishes, and proud, vain thoughts. Jesus promises to help you overcome the hasty anger, the ungenerous desire, and the wish to seem better or look prettier than your neighbor. The love of Jesus will make you humble, and every one loves an humble, meek and loving child; it will help you to do good and that is why you have a being to serve the Father in heaven by doing good to his creatures upon earth.

Perhaps some of the children to whom I am speaking have found forgiveness by the mercy of God. I hope many of the little ones have indeed given their hearts to Christ, and will live henceforth as christians should live, trying to conquer every naughty feeling and to grow wiser and better, and more in spirit like the blessed Saviour all their lives.

Jesus has a work for all the children to do. There is not a disciple however young or poor

or weak, but may do something to make this world a better world. Not one is there but may speak some word of kindness or do some little act from love to Jesus. All at least can pray, and God will as soon hear the prayer of a little humble child as a strong wise man. You can pray for your friends and God in answer to your prayers may change some proud cold heart into a meek and loving one. There was once a little boy whose heart the good Spirit had renewed, whose father was a wicked drunken man. It was not much the poor boy thought he could do for the wicked father, but he prayed for his salvation. One day the miserable man overheard his son praying "O Lord have mercy on my poor father! O Lord have mercy on my poor father!" He listened to the simple earnest words, and as he did so thought, "What, is my poor boy praying for me and I never prayed in my life!" And when he went away the same thought kept always in his mind and God was pleased to make it the means of bringing him to true repentance.

It is sweet to think that Christ was once a child like you. I suppose he loved innocent play as you do. He ran and sang and may be plucked lilies for his mother's hair and smiled to see her wear them. O what a son was he—what a companion and friend! No disobedient act or unkind word, or careless disregard of another's happiness ever stained his beautiful life. And if a grief was ever felt for him, it was no neglect or wrong of his that brought the pain. He is your example; so when your evil heart tempts you to a naughty thing, just think what he a holy child would have done, and say at once, "*No no; Jesus would not, nor will I.*"

And now, dear little reader, whoever you may be will you not go at once to Jesus and give up all your heart to him? Ask him for his mercies sake to have mercy upon you, and make you one of his dear lambs. Tell him how much you need a Shepherd and a Saviour such as he, and you may be sure he will hear every honest prayer you breathe, and answer to your hearts in peace and love.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE WESLEYAN DOCTRINE OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. By REV. N. M. STEELE of the N. Eng. Conf.

Art. II. in the Christian Examiner for March 1862.

This Article, which we should have been glad to see before, was put into our Box lately by some friend who will please accept our thanks.

Taking the relevant works of Wesley, Fletcher, Watson and Peck for his text books, Mr. Steele has presented to our Unitarian friends a very clear, candid and correct statement of his topic.

On the question whether, as an item in the progress of a believer, the attainment of perfect love or entire sanctification is a distinct and instantaneous experience the author says, "On this point, there has been some difference of opinion among the followers of Wesley, and much discussion. Still the denominational standard in the main, and a very large proportion of the testimony from experience, so far as given, go to favor the idea of an immediate second experience."

The article concludes with the following well chosen words which the writer calls a brief recapitulation of the elements and limitations of the theory.

"Christian perfection is synonymous with entire sanctification, and is attainable by every true believer. It is subsequent to justification. It precedes death. It is not absolute perfection for this is confessed to belong alone to God. Nor does it imply absolutely perfect human powers. It is *perfect love*. 'This is the essence of it; its properties, or inseparable fruits, are *rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in everything giving thanks.*' It is *improvable*. 'It is so far from lying in an invisible point, from being incapable of increase, that one perfected in love may grow in grace far swifter than before.'

It is amissable, or capable of being lost.

It is constantly both preceded and followed by a *gradual work*."

HOSPITAL SKETCHES, by M. L. ALCOTT. Published by James Redpath.

This is a book that will be read. The subject is one just now of painful yet universal interest, and the racy sprightly style in which it is written will invest it with great popular attraction. Some of its pictures are most graphic in delineation. It has some admirable hits at red-tapeism and we are sorry to add, some things which if not intended as direct thrusts at religion will nevertheless be so considered by many who will read its pages.

WE WILL PRAY.

WM. L. WOODCOCK.

1. We will pray for our Brother, we will pray : You are not alone, my Bro - ther, in the

2. We will pray for our Sis - ter, we will pray : Tho' you meet with ma - ny tri - als on your

way. The Saviour's by your side, and the Bi - ble for your guide, If you

way. If you sit at Je - sus' feet, and, like Ma - ry, oft - en seek, You will

CHORUS.

live by faith and prayer every day. We will pray—and we'll press on, till we all get Home!

find his promise sure every day. We will pray—and we'll press on, till we all get Home!

3. We've come out as Volunteers for the Lord,
And many are the Battles we will fight;
For to obtain the Crown, we have the race to run,
If we thus obtain the Crown, it will be bright.
CHORUS.—We will pray, &c.
4. Then together in faith let us pray;
For by faith and prayer we get the victory;
Although it may appear, that we have no Saviour near,
Yet to us a present help in need he'll be.
CHORUS.—We will pray, &c.

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

DECEMBER, 1863.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER'S LABORS.

BY REV. G. HUGHES.

Having occasion to return to Manchester for a brief period, I had the privilege of enjoying some of the refreshing company of our dear American friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. Having been associated with them in early days, in the Allen-street Church, New York, where we used to enjoy many seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, I was glad to meet them on this side of the Atlantic, and to find them so actively and successfully engaged in building up the "City of our God." They were then laboring in the "United Methodist Free Chapel" in Grosvenor-street. This is a branch of the great Methodist family, an offshoot from the old body. The Wesleyan Conference has, I am sorry to say, manifested a disposition of late to commit spiritual suicide, by putting the veto on special revival services and "evangelists," whom the Lord has ever, at times, thrust out into the great harvest field. Richard Weaver, a converted collier and successful revivalist (Wesleyan), was recently excluded from one of the Wesleyan chapels, and, strange to say, "The Church" opened its doors or him to declare the Word. Well,

our Wesleyan brethren may ignore revivals if they choose, and so do violence to Methodist history, and they will have their reward in wide-spread moral sterility. I heard the chairman of one of their districts, a few Sabbaths ago, preach a soul-stirring sermon on the good old doctrine of Christian perfection. His text was: "Let us go on unto perfection." And, judging from the attention given, and the deep solemnity in the congregation, it seemed as though the people almost felt that this was the resurrection of a doctrine which had been a long time buried under a heap of formalism and cold generalities. He expressed in strong terms his conviction that Methodists in that section were not retaining their true experimental status. And are these days in which to ignore revivals and special revival services? God forbid. If Wesleyanism follows the example of "The Church," reading prayers, as is now done in many of the principal places, and becomes formal in worship, it may be necessary at some future day for God to raise up some bold revivalist like John Wesley to awake the dead among the very people designed to be pre-eminently alive from the dead.

The meetings held in Manchester by

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were full of interest, and well calculated to profit all who are sincerely desirous of being profited. Hundreds of souls, in a few weeks, professed to find pardon, and many entered into the liberty of full salvation. I enjoyed the services so much, that learning that they were under engagement to go to Nottingham to labor there a few weeks, I determined to go, and endeavor to catch some of the hallowed influence, and at the same time witness the work of God, as it might progress, through the labors of these chosen instruments. It was manifest at the commencement of the services that the Church had been praying earnestly for an outpouring of the Spirit, and the brethren were harnessed for the battle. To open a Gospel commission under such circumstances is delightful work. The first service was on Sunday afternoon. The chapel (United Methodist Free) was completely filled. The doctor gave out that good old hymn, commencing :

“Lord, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given,” &c.

The pastor, the Rev. T. Newton, offered a fervent prayer. Dr. Palmer read Acts ii. interspersed with appropriate comments. Mrs. Palmer then addressed the congregation in a very impressive manner, exhibiting clearly the Christian privilege of “an inward baptism of pure fire,” and relating interesting portions of her own experience. The people heard the truth attentively, and good impressions were certainly made. The closing exercises were marked by “an unction from the Holy One.” It was a pentecostal season indeed, and many hearts realised the descent of the Holy Ghost, my own soul richly participating. Shouts of praise went up from every part of the house.

The evening service was conducted in a similar manner, the chapel being thronged. As the prayer-meeting commenced the battle was glorious, and victory already perched on Zion's banner. Quite a number presented themselves as seekers of pardon and purity. The altar was surrounded by a band of zealous laborers, and foremost among them was one who is said to have been a poacher, a vile character, but rescued from the depths of iniquity as by a miracle of grace. He is a man of powerful frame, and serves the Lord with all his might. When in prayer he catches the heavenly influence, he lifts up his voice like a trumpet, and generally finishes in a shout of triumph. Having full confidence in him, the people gave him full liberty to shout. The meetings from that time have been kept up day and night for three weeks with wonderful success. A noon-day meeting was held each week-day. At these meetings individuals would rise and ask prayer in behalf of their friends, or send in their requests in writing. And others would testify of the grace received, and invite the lovers of Jesus to unite with them in thanksgiving. These were precious means of grace. I was greatly interested in the deportment of a gentleman engaged in the manufacturing business, a Wesleyan. He rose one day and asked prayers in behalf of about forty of his work-people, whom he expected to bring to the chapel that evening. What a noble example! God honored the effort, for nearly all of them were converted that night. On each Saturday evening, what was denominated a “Praise Meeting” was held. And they were rightly named. Many present were filled with love and praise, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth was ready to speak. One of

those occasions I shall never forget. More than two hours had been occupied in testifying. Some remarkable testimonies had been given, both in reference to justifying and sanctifying grace. I never heard more clear and satisfactory statements of an experimental acquaintance with the all-cleansing efficacy of the Redeemer's blood.

When Dr. Palmer rose to close the meeting, many were anxious to speak. Just at that moment, without invitation, a brother came forward and threw himself down at the altar in an agony of spirit. In a few minutes the altar and surrounding space were filled with those who were deeply moved by the Holy Ghost. The individual who first came was groaning for full redemption, and many others were similarly exercised. The result was, that in *about half an hour* more than fifty professed to know by happy experience that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin," and several received the witness of pardon. It was a glorious hour. There was an "overcoming through the blood of the Lamb." We had a sublime example of the true attitude which the Church should assume. Indeed our whole history, as a people, is a comment upon the fact, that just in proportion as the children of God come up to this high standard, is the power of the cross manifested in bringing rebels to the feet of Jesus. It really seemed as though a convoy of witnessing angels hovering over the scene were mingling their sweet hallelujahs with the triumphal songs of those now in the first gush of this glorious Gospel experience. Oh, this is the great need of the times! a holy ministry and a holy membership. With such a combination the world would soon yield to the sway of its rightful sovereign. As a Church we

are highly favored, in the present age, with material resources and educational advantages. If with these we maintain our ground doctrinally and experimentally, especially adhering to the central idea of the immortal Founder of Methodism, that our mission is "to spread scriptural holiness," we shall be mighty in the work of evangelizing the world. But if we ignore these fundamental principles we shall be like Samson shorn of his locks. To our rising ministry I would say, "Get knowledge," especially that which may be turned to practical account; but above all get inward power, the power of a full salvation. Then will you hold up the bleeding Lamb, and great will be the company of the saved. One good brother at Nottingham, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," particularly attracted my attention. He is called by his friends in the Church "Happy William;" and really I thought he was well named. His face shone with unearthly lustre, both in private and public. He was "full of the Holy Ghost and power." His words fell like burning coals upon the hearts of those who heard, and his prayers took firm hold of the throne. All who see him must say "Happy William" has truly been with Jesus. I witnessed one evening a very sweet conversion, in the case of a little boy. He was perhaps ten or twelve years of age, and was found near the door in the crowd, weeping as if his little heart would break. He was taken by a friend to the altar. Very soon he found Jesus, and was unspeakably happy. Before the meeting closed he rose before the whole congregation, and told in a very artless yet intelligent manner what the Lord had done for him. He had been led to the chapel strangely. A domestic in the

house had been converted. He thought he would go and see what was going on. A voice said to him, "Don't go, Joe; don't go, Joe." But he said, "I will." He asked his mother to get him ready. He came, found Jesus, and went home to tell his mother the pleasing story. But I might fill many pages in relating delightful incidents. I was not able to remain until the close of the services, but have been informed that over six hundred professed to find pardon, and more than one hundred entire sanctification, in about three weeks. If asked to account for this wonderful divine manifestation—for wonderful it was, gainsayers to the contrary—I answer, 1. An extraordinary measure of divine unction attending the instruments; 2. The hearty co-operation of the Church. The two conjoined will ever produce like results.

Westgate Hill, Yorkshire.

Wesleyan Times.

TO DIE IS GAIN.

Throughout the Bible it is declared that the things that we are permitted to see in this life, are but imitations, glimpses of what we shall see hereafter. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." There are times when it seems as though our circumstances, our natures, all the processes of our being, conspired to make us joyful here, yet the apostle says, we now see through a glass darkly. What, then, must be the vision which we shall behold when we go to that abode where we shall see face to face! What a land of glory have you sent your babes into! What a land of delight have you sent children and companions into! What a land of blessedness are you yourselves coming to by and by! Men talk about dying as though it was going to a desolate place. All the past in a man's life is

down hill and toward gloom, and all the future in a man's life is up hill and toward glorious sunrising. There is but one luminous point, and that is the home toward which we are tending, above all storms, above all sin and peril. Dying is glorious crowning; living is yet toiling. If God be yours, all things are yours. Live while you must, yet yearn for the day of consummation, when the door shall be thrown open, and the bird may fly out of his netted cage, and be heard singing in higher spheres and in diviner realms.

H. W. Beecher.

ASPIRATIONS.

Father! a weary and broken heart
Now comes to thee—
To thee for rest;

Oh! do thou comfort and sweet peace impart,
And bid me flee
To thy fond breast!

Why should I hover round the things of time
That but deceive?
Oh! how the chain

Of earthly baubles doth my heart entwine!
I would believe
Thee mine again.

Yes, mine; to call thee Father, Saviour,
Friend;

Thy child to be
In hours of shine;

Or when the clouds of grief a storm portend,
To look to thee,
My will resign.

When wilt thou call me from this earth away,
To joys on high?
My weary feet

Shall mark few footsteps on the softened clay,
For I draw nigh
Thy judgment-seat.

Great God! a worm to stand before thee
there!

Oh! shelter me
Beneath thy wing!

When I shall in thy heavenly courts appear,
Sorrow shall be
An unknown thing.

Clementine.

MAY THE BABE IN CHRIST BE
PERFECTED IN LOVE.

BY ETTA.

Let the following simple relation of Christian Experience serve, as a reply to the above interrogation. Five years ago last December, after a severe mental conflict, I resigned my all to Jesus, and obtained salvation through the blood of the Lamb. I was the happiest of mortals. I felt myself no longer to be an alien to God, but an accepted and beloved child. For about six months after my conversion, I enjoyed much of the love of God in my heart, and held sweet communion with my Saviour. "Jesus all the day long was my joy and my song." During that memorable period of my life, I was active and devoted, and God blessed my efforts in the salvation of some souls. Praise be to his holy name, he has always blessed me, when I have been faithful, and endeavored to serve him. I think that I had some of the true Missionary spirit at this time, for I know I would willingly have left home and friends, and sundered all the fond ties that bound me to my native land, and gone to the most remote and benighted spot on this earth, to spend and be spent in the glorious cause of Missions, if such a path of duty had been made plain before me. Thus for a few months, my glad spirit basked, in the clear sunshine of God's approving smile; he called me to walk in another path with him, but my faint heart shrank from the duty, and my feet strayed from the green pasture of the Lord.

"I was a wayward lamb,
And wandered from the fold!
I would not heed my shepherd's voice.
Nor by it be controlled."

O, may my sad experience serve as a

warning to the youthful disciple! I do not think that God dealt with me in an unusual or a peculiar manner; doubtless my experience is that of many of the youth of our Church.

Two or three months after my conversion, owing, no doubt in some degree, to the prayerful perusal of good books, I became deeply interested in the subject of holiness. I read a variety of excellent books, bearing directly upon this theme, and explanatory of this doctrine,—viz., Wesley's, Upham's and Mrs. Palmer's Works, the Memoirs of Mrs. Fletcher, H. A. Rogers, Henry Martyn and others which I do not now call to mind. I was very desirous to obtain knowledge upon this subject, far more anxious to acquaint myself with these books, than I had ever been, to pore over the pages of the wildest romance, a few years ago, when a thoughtless school-girl. I had now an object in reading, beyond the mere pleasure of the passing hour, as in the former case. So true it is, that God can make his behests more attractive to the regenerate heart, than the most fascinating pursuits, devised by either men or devils, for their enjoyment, can ever be made to appear to the vain and frivolous pleasure-seeker. The careful study of these works had, of course, a tendency to augment daily my interest in, and desires for the blessing of Perfect Love.

Just about this time, our Pastor, a holy and devoted servant of the Lord, commenced a series of discourses upon the subject which was uppermost in my thoughts. He was himself a living exponent of the doctrine he preached, the truths he sought to promulgate. I received much instruction from this course of sermons. I had now no

lack of light upon this all-important theme, and I was now clearly convinced in my own mind, of what was duty in reference to the matter.

Christian privileges are duties, and never should be regarded as mere matters of choice. Though but a youthful disciple both in years and christian experience, yet, like Caleb and Joshua, I felt, through grace divine, "well able to go up and possess the goodly land." Would to God I had done so! What a blessed five years these might have been. But no! I dared not. My courage failed me, when I attempted to make the consecration. I cared not for the scoffs or sneers of the world, but I could not brave the cold looks and heartless criticisms of the lukewarm professors in the church. For me, a mere babe in Christ to come out boldly and profess to enjoy more of the love of God in my heart, and to have obtained a greater victory over the evil besetments of my nature, in less than six months, than they dared hope to have received, perchance in twice the number of years, how absurd I knew it would appear! But it was my duty and God would have sustained me amid persecution. O, I was young and he has since forgiven me, but I have been most severely punished for my sin. When I had reached this point in my experience, I was very much troubled in spirit. I felt convinced, that I never should take another step in advance, until I could gain my hearts consent, to come to God's terms and be saved fully. For some little time, I continued to feel an interest in this subject of full redemption; then gradually, and almost unconsciously, to myself, at first, grew skeptical in regard to it.

I began to cherish doubts concerning its existence, as a distinct blessing, making the two terms,—conversion and sanctification synonymous. I verily believe now, that this was a persuasion of my own intellect to quiet conscience.

After a few months had passed, I seemed to lose all my interest upon the subject of holiness. Doubtless the Spirit was grieved and took its flight. Thus five years passed away. Where was my poor heart wandering all these years? Groping in thick darkness, seeking rest, but finding none; rest from doubts and fears; rest from the upbraidings of conscience; rest from sin. I daily went through with the forms of prayer, read my Bible and generally attended the social means of grace. Occasionally I took part in the meetings, but never could speak of much enjoyment. I lived a life of sinning and repenting, and a most dreary life it has been. Truly hath the poet said,

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

I have been most mercifully preserved. God has spared the barren fig-tree; for what purpose he alone knoweth. Yea, more, he has carefully pruned it, lopped off all the needless branches, which would not "yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness," purged it from all the noxious insects, which formerly destroyed the young and tender buds and leaves. In a word, to drop the figure, he has cleansed my heart from all sin. O, blessed be the name of the Lord.

Two weeks ago, at the Yarmouth Camp Meeting, God, in great mercy suffered his spirit to strive once more with my poor heart. While attending some blessed meetings, in a certain

tent, where the two holy brethen, Rev. G—— and W—— (Heaven bless them forever) were clearly expounding the doctrine of Perfect Love, and urging the people of God to seek this priceless pearl, I felt all my old interest in the subject revive. My former longings after all the fulness there is in Christ, seemed to come back to me with redoubled power and intensity. I felt that I must have the blessing then and there. I was not willing to leave the Grove until I had received the holy baptism, the Spirit's anointing. As the meeting progressed during the week, my desires grew more and more intense; my constant prayer, "Lord save or I perish." Several times, at the meetings held in the tent above-mentioned these dear bretheren invited all who would have full salvation to single themselves out from the company, and kneel together in a certain part of the tent. It was a long time before I could make up my mind to do this, not because it was a cross, but I fear I was not willing to make the consecration, much as I craved God's blessing. O, there were idols in my heart; there were some dearly cherished plans for the future, which must be forever relinquished. I felt that it was far more difficult to make the consecration, than it would have been five years previous.

Old habits had been strengthened and confirmed; new ties of friendship formed; different tastes acquired. All these I knew must be laid upon the altar. I well understood the doctrine of holiness theoretically; what it involved, and what were the initiatory steps; but I was not willing to take these. Thus I suffered day after day to pass, and the last evening I was to remain upon the ground arrived. I

repaired to the tent where the good brethren always talked and prayed for sanctification. It was Sabbath eve; again the invitation was extended to those who would have the holy baptism to kneel together in a group. After a desperate struggle with my own heart, I knelt among them there. The company began to sing,

"Here Lord I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

Could I adopt this language? I looked within my heart and began to take an inventory, as it were, of my "little all." I cried, "Lord, I give thee my time, my talents, my influence my reputation (?)" Ah, here was a struggle. Was I willing to have my name "cast out as evil?" or could I consent to be

"Little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone?"

Finally I cried, although it seemed almost to break my heart to make the surrender, "Yes, Lord my reputation." My friends? this was even worse than the former, but by this time my poor heart seemed all broken to pieces, and I said "Yes, Lord everything, friends and all." Thus I gave my "little all" to Christ, consecrated my soul and body's powers to Jesus for time and for eternity, and entered into a solemn and everlasting covenant with my God. I now perceived that they were singing, on their knees,

"I can, I will, I do believe
That Jesus saves me now."

I began to sing it with them, and the Lord blessed me in a moment. It was always easy for me to exercise faith; I knew that I should have no difficulty, if I once could make this surrender. Just then a sister began to shout glory, most energetically. I could not shout. I felt more like the mariner, who after struggling

mightily, amid the dark and stormy waves of some tempestuous sea, finally reaches the shore in safety. There was a deep peace, a perfect quietude, a blessed consciousness of safety within my heart. At last my troubled spirit had found sweet and perfect rest in Jesus. There was nothing in my heart but love—love to God and all his creatures. Others were testifying of the work wrought in their hearts, and I was about to do the same, when Satan assaulted me with a powerful temptation, to doubt my own sincerity and the reality of the work done in my soul, alleging that I was under the influence of excitement.

At the close of the meeting I left the tent in sadness, almost in tears, but after a few hours I obtained the victory over my foe. I returned home praising the Lord. A week has passed away, a week of blessedness and peace, seemingly worth more than all the other weeks of my life summed up together. O, it is passing sweet to live wholly consecrated to Jesus; to have no desires, wishes, or purposes at variance with the will of God.

"Lord I am thine, entirely thine.
Purchased and saved by blood divine."

Blessed be God for salvation, full, free, present salvation; full, for it hath power to cleanse my heart from all sin, to purge out the inbred leprosy and make it pure and clean; free, for it is without money and without price, and all who will may step into the troubled pool; present, for it saves me in the present tense, this moment, by faith, I feel the blood applied. O, blessed be the name of the Lord, from this time forth and forevermore. Amen.

Aug. 1863.

Ye shall walk after the Lord your God.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HEREAFTER.

An aged man, who had served the Lord for sixty years, was asked, when near his end, if he had any doubts. "Doubts!" he repeated, "How can I have doubts? I have the eternal promise."

"Have you any darkness?"

"How can I have darkness? I dwell in the sunshine of His glorious countenance."

"Are you afraid to die?"

"Afraid to die! no; death will be my birth-day in the palace of glory."

Truly, the Christian's anticipation of his hereafter is a very different thing from that "dread of something after death," which so often leads the impenitent sinner to start back at the thought of dying, and renders death at best, "a fearful leap in the dark." L. T.

POPULAR CHRISTIANITY. — The most humiliating, the most alarming symptom in the popular Christianity of the day, is, that baptized christians claim the privilege of friendship with the world in everything short of actual vice. Let a stranger go into the families of these christians, and sit at their tables, and be with them morning and evening, and see their way of bringing up children, and follow them into their places of business, and go with them to all their recreations, and see them everywhere except in the house of God; and what would he find that proves them christians? In what do they differ from the world? What have they renounced? What do they forego? In what respect does their baptism separate them from the world? Where are the holy fruits of a living faith displayed in their lives, so as to bear them witness that they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty?

LOVING GOD WITH ALL THE MIND.

As the mind or intellect is the power of perception and the receptacle of knowledge rather than the source of emotion, the love required of it in Matt. xxii. 37, simply means the entire consecration of all its attributes to God. The mental faculties are to engage in nothing that does not have some relevancy to his glory.

But in view of the great variety of intellectual pursuits, the question may probably arise, is it possible to glorify God in all of these? Certainly it is not, for many of them are wrong—wrong in their origin and wrong in their results—yet we can safely take this position, that all intellectual pursuits worthy of the human mind, and essential to the happiness and improvement of man, may be engaged in, to the honor and glory of our Creator.

All avocations require more or less the exercise of mind, and the humble mechanic who makes a shoe, builds a house, or exercises his mind in any useful art, may do so religiously, and feel that God approves his work. There is a disposition among us to overlook or under-estimate the importance of these common pursuits, and hence we see so much aspiration in our young men to become lawyers, editors, and doctors. In nearly all our county capitals the "learned professions" are represented by many who do little or nothing from year to year. The plain truth is, one-half of the pettifoggers who lounge around court-houses, rejoicing in the title of "lawyer," have not the intellectual ability to make good mechanics and farmers. No wonder that Daniel Webster said, in answer to a young man desirous of knowing whether there was room for him in the law, "Sir,

there is plenty of room *above*, but it is awfully crowded *below*!"

How few among those who succeed in intellectual professions keep in view the honor and glory of God! What proportion of those who become eminent in literature are urged on by the high and holy incentives which ought to govern the minds of men? Alas, love of distinction and desire for wealth too often take the place of motives presented by the religion of Christ!

Even in the Gospel ministry, which is more favorable to the consecration of the mind to God than any other calling, how often do we see an unhallowed ambition to become popular take possession of the heart, excluding vital godliness, and making the salvation of immortal souls a secondary consideration!

We believe in genuine Methodistic earnestness—without it the world will never be converted to God—and we rejoice in the prosperity and popularity of those who place themselves in the background and Christ in front while proclaiming the glorious truths of his redemption. But we have never yet obtained grace enough to be in the least degree patient with that class of preachers who study their gesticulations before a looking-glass, that they may be able to please their fastidious audiences in their motions, and who select soft and tender words with which to rebuke sin. If all such effeminate, clergymen were but silenced and their places filled with solid, earnest ministers—men who would preach against slavery, adultery, fornication, thieving, lying, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking with the plainness and power of Baxter or Bunyan, the work of human reformation would go on with greater rapidity. It is the electricity

of earnest souls that purifies the moral atmosphere, and without earnestness, without *self-forgetfulness*, no man can be truly eloquent.

It may be profitable to inquire how far are the reading and writing of *novels* consistent with scriptural consecration of the mind to God? We do not propose to enter upon a crusade against fictitious literature indiscriminately merely because it is fashionable for good moralists to do so, but we enter a solemn protest against all books included in Webster's definition of novel—"A fictitious tale in prose intended to exhibit the operation of the passions, and particularly of love."

Love is a very common emotion. All persons with hearts are sensible of its realities. Its fictitious operations are simply operations that never had existence. If any one can prove to me that in all this matter-of-fact world Miss ——— Tearful is unable to find something *real* to cry about, I will freely give my consent for her to read and weep profusely over a "fictitious production." The impression seems to be general that novels truly represent and make us familiar with the different passions of humanity—that they teach us human nature. This we positively deny, but claim, on the contrary, that the majority of books called novels are calculated to blind our eyes relative to what is in the human heart. And to sustain this position we have only to refer to common observation. Who are the young ladies so easily captivated by strangers—whose romantic elopements we frequently read about in the papers? They are those who are enamored with and cry over this kind of literature in the parlor while their mothers are occupied in the domestic duties of the kitchen. They get their knowl-

edge of human nature from novels—run off with the first genteel-looking deceiver they meet, and waken up from their romantic dream to find themselves disgraced for life by being united to a gambler and inebriate. And how well do such heartless men understand their victims! They intuitively shrink from the presence of sensible young ladies who are familiar with the Bible and truthful literature just as a demon shrinks from the presence of purity—sentimental novel readers are the objects of their seduction.

But the evil influence of novel reading is not confined to "femininity." There are many young men in the world who get their wisdom from the kind of books in question, and it is not a hard matter to distinguish them. They are easily disgusted with the practical affairs of life—they avoid the society of truly-educated people, fearing the exposure of their intellectual barrenness. As "birds of a feather flock together," they generally marry those of like tastes—but, ah! this ends their romance. However ethereal they may be, they cannot get along very well without food and clothes—they find that, while a novel is interesting, the demands of nature are more imperative—and sentimentalism will not satisfy them. Sighs and tears produced by "fictitious productions" will neither fill up an empty larder nor satisfy the many wants of children, and with the exhibition of poverty, discontent, and wretchedness the curtain falls. How well prepared are such persons for the training of young immortal souls! With diseased imaginations and perverted tastes, the Bible appears to them an insipid book—they can see no beauty or grandeur in the scheme of redemption, and hence

the spiritual welfare of their children is neglected.

What a mystery it is that highly-colored works of fiction are more attractive to many minds than books of truth! The Bible would be a grand book to some people who never read it if it were a fiction instead of the Word of God. They would be found at midnight poring over Joseph and his brethren—Ruth and Naomi—the history of Daniel, and all the other thrilling biographies of the Old Testament. And with what emotions would the lovers of tragedy peruse the “story of the Cross” were it a novel! The trial and condemnation of the innocent Saviour, and especially his crucifixion on Calvary, would be pronounced the acme of tragical romance!

We regard it as one of the strongest evidences of human depravity that, in a world where the beauties and wonders of science will never be exhausted—where we have the great works of God to explore—where we have more truths relative to the *real* actions of angels, devils, and men, than can be comprehended or remembered, *the human mind requires lies for its food!*

As we are creatures whose immortality links us to two worlds, we should be careful that all our intellectual tastes and attainments be of such a character as to make us happy, not only here but hereafter.

Western Chr. Advocate.

“DO.”

“To chase thy gloom, go fix some weighty truth;

Cham down some passion, do some generous good;

Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile;

Correct thy friend: befriend thy greatest foe;

Or with warm heart and confidence divine,

Spring up and lay strong hold on Him who made thee.”

Young.

NOT JOYOUS? NO MARVEL.

BY D. F. N.

How can you be joyous Sister, unless you make others joyous? The way to be joyous is to labor to make others joyous. A beloved sister said to us recently she loved the Lord with all her heart, and yet she was not full of faith and the Holy Spirit. She lacked power with God also. Her prayers seemed powerless, often dry and formal. What's the matter? Matter enough—“faith without works is dead, being alone.”

Sister beloved, rise and walk. “Take up thy bed and go to thy house.” “Stretch forth the withered hand and it shall be restored, “whole as the other.” “Go forward.”

“Why stand ye here all the day idle?”

You want faith do you, power with God, prevailing? “to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might?” to be filled with joy? Well, obey God,—“If ye love me keep my commandments; and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter, that he may abide with you forever.” John xiv. 15, 16.

You have presented your body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God. You have given up all for Christ, laid all upon the altar, come out from the world, resolved henceforth and forever to be separate and “touch not the unclean thing” All right thus far—what next? Faith? yes, faith. Any thing more? Your faith is not perfect? is it? “No.” Well, it never will be perfect till you “go forward,” take up the cross, follow the leadings of providence, the Holy Spirit, deal thy bread to the hungry, bring the poor that are cast out to thy house, when

thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning and thine health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward. Then shalt thou call and the Lord shall answer, Thou shalt cry and he shall say: Here am I. * *

If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday." Isaiah lviii. 7, 8, 9, 10.

"Live for something; be not idle;
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming;
Labor is the only joy."

Here is the secret of secrets. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." Prov. xi. 24, 25, 26.

Abraham was never so joyous, never so strong in faith giving glory to God as after he had offered Isaac his son upon the altar. Seest thou how faith wrought with his works and by works was faith made perfect?" James ii. 21, 22.

"You wish you had the Christian faith
The Christian's peace, his joy, his love;
That you were in the secret path,
Which leads to endless joys above.

You wish to die the Christian's death
Like his you wish your life to end;
But every wish is wasted breath,
If only wishing, life you spend."

Sister dear, "go forward" in duty in deeds merciful; seek out objects of charity as Job did. "I was eyes to the blind" said he "and feet was I to the lame, I was a father to the poor: and the cause I knew not I searched

out." "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Job xxix. 13, 14, 15, 16.

"Go forward," impart what little you have and more will be given. "To him that hath shall be given and he shall have more abundantly, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath." "Go forward."

Cut off right hands, pluck out right eyes. "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." "Go forward" Sister, "fight the good fight, lay hold on eternal life, and your faith will increase, become stronger and stronger. Your peace will soon flow as a river, your joy be unspeakable and full of glory." Try it, beloved, try it. "Go forward."

Many are standing, perishing for lack of bread, mere skeletons or dwarfs in the divine life, when they might eat to the full, have the richest supply of milk and wine. "The finest of the wheat, and honey out of the rock."—"Wherefore spend ye money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not! hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Isa. lv. 2, 3.

"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives.
Whom none can honor, none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

But they who mark, from day to day,
In bounteous deeds their radiant way,
Tread the same path their Saviour trod,
The way of peace—the way of God."

SAY not that thou hast royal blood in thy veins, and art born of God, except thou canst prove thy pedigree, by daring to be holy in spite of men and devils.—*Gurnall*.

CHRIST THE BELOVED.

BY E. L. E.

Is there any greater enjoyment upon earth than to spend a day with the friend we love best? Its pleasant intercourse, its undoubted confidence, and its union of feeling make it the luxury of life. Then all the experiences of the past, the duties, trials, and blessings of the present, and the hopes of the future are rehearsed, and the heart gains strength for its burdens, and light for its shadows.

But do those who love Christ more than all others feel their hearts glow with rapture at the thought of spending days in his exclusive companionship? On the contrary, does not the heart, which at times has laid itself deliberately upon his altar, too often forget to seek light and strength in his immediate and continued presence?

How exquisitely sweet must be a day spent with the Beloved! How sweet to feel that he is near in every event of its passing hours; to look out upon the beauties of earth and sky, and talk to him of things his hand hath formed; to execute the daily recurring duties, knowing that he is near to look approvingly at the patient toil. And in the times of relaxation and refreshment to share the music, or the walk, or the refinements of art, with one who delights in every pure and beautiful thing.

An earthly friend comes in; Christ is there, and the heart can not slight so dear a guest by refusing an introduction to the newly arrived. The soul that dwells with Christ will find little pleasure in any companionship where the Beloved is not admitted to full confidence. No talk of other friends will be sweet if Jesus is excluded or slighted in the conversation;

no plans for the future will be attractive if he does not share in the purpose; no source of enjoyment will promise a pleasure if the light of his countenance does not smile there. But where Christ abides is always joy; in the presence of the Beloved, sorrow loses its sting, and adversity loses its bitterness.

Then how sweet is rest after a day spent with Christ! The voice of the Beloved hath sweetly whispered, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee," and there is no thorn in the sleeper's pillow, no unhallowed emotion is there preparing future pains, no sad forebodings of tomorrow stealing away the ability to repose. "He giveth his beloved sleep."

What different Christians should we be, did we thus spend all our days with Christ! How should we grow in holiness, in every grace of mind and heart! And how might our usefulness to others be increased, did we remember, in all our intercourse with our companions, that Christ also is our guest! Then there would be no place for the idle word, the ungenerous remark, the unreasonable wish, the frivolous song, the envious glance, or selfish aspiration.

Will we not strive to remember that Christ is always near, whether we desire his companionship or not? Or rather, shall we not so yield up our hearts to his love, that there shall be no need of *striving*—the presence of the Beloved being so felt and cherished that it is at all times a reality? Just as though his form was one our eyes could look upon, and the voice of the Beloved was continually heard repeating that blessed assurance, "My peace I give unto you—I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you."

Tract Journal.

RESOLVED, Frequently to renew the dedication of myself to God.

SCATTER THE SEED.

The following from Rev. J. W. F. Barnes, well known for many years as the associate of "Father Taylor" at the Seamen's Bethel in this city, besides furnishing great encouragement to the Publishers, contains incidents which cannot fail to interest the general reader. To God be all the praise. Ebs.

MALDEN, Sept. 28th, 1863.

Dear Brother Degen: I have often thought—when some of my experience with the "Guide" has been before me—that I would tell you of it, for the reason that I love to do what I can to encourage every good work.

For the last few years I have been in the habit of doing up stray numbers of the Guide in packages of reading matter for the use of seamen on their long voyages. From time to time since the breaking out of the war I have sent them to the soldiers, also, in different departments of the army.

Occasionally word has come back from them until I am satisfied that the Guide is one of the very best "Tracts" I can give them. For it has been as "food for the soul" when alone in mid-ocean, in foreign ports, and on wearisome voyages.

Only recently the 1st officer of a noble Boston ship, passing down the coast on his way to the Chincha Islands, in endeavoring to hold up the standard of the Cross found himself beset with difficulties and discouragements which well nigh swamped his little bark in the wild sea of temptation. It seemed as if every one but him might be a successful Christian; for him however there was not strength. Let me just introduce him to you by one extract from his last letter to his wife, which was sent me in a letter of gratulation and praise for the Lord's work in her husband's heart. I quote

from her letter. "I think that W— never has felt just as he wished to since he made a profession of religion. He has never had that clear evidence that he often heard other people speak of, and oftentimes he says he almost doubted his conversion; and in my letter before the last he says. 'I am trying very hard to *live just right*, and *do just right*, but sometimes I get dreadfully discouraged, and long for some one to talk with—that I can tell just how I feel, and see if other people ever felt as I do.' He says, 'I ask myself, am I a child of God? I cannot answer the question as I wish I could.' And I knew by his letters that he was having a terrible struggle. In the last letter he says, 'you know I told you in my last how perfectly miserable I had been feeling. That feeling continued until June 16th, when I found a Guide to Holiness which you put among my papers. In my watch I was reading it. I came to some questions and answers, just what I wanted to know.' One was 'Take God at his word.' He said he dropped his book—went into his room—and kneeling, prayed as he never had before. He gave up everything and said 'I come to take thee at thy word, Father,' and his Father met him there. He was so happy! he wanted to shout Glory! Glory! He wanted to write to every one he knew and tell them just how he felt. For a few days he was as happy as he could be. Soon began to come *clouds* and *bad feelings*, but still my letter was ended by his saying he 'was really happy.'" As I read this I said, Thank God! Knowing the gentleman, I know how to prize such a bit from him. It means a world of blessing to him.

I have been in the habit, as before stated, of sending packages of reading

matter containing—always when I had them—a few copies of the Guide, and the memories of the second Bull Run and Antietam are sanctified in my mind, through their influence. What warm thanks have I received from the poor soldier for copies of the Guide! It has so often been called for by seamen going from port, or those staying by the ship in port, that we used to save up all we could find in order to supply them as demanded. That, and the Memoir of Carvosso would be read with the greatest eagerness by many men, and gratitude of the warmest kind would make us know how much they were prized.

I have specially mentioned but one sailor in his experience, but if I had kept items coming to me, I could set before you how greatly men have been blessed in many other instances and places. In Sierra Leon, on the coast of Africa; in Calcutta, on the Ganges; in Smyrna, the site of the Apocalyptic Church, and from thence to the Nestorian settlements and schools; in the West Indies, and along our coast from Central America to Labrador, light, the blessed light of the glorious gospel of the Son of God, has sprung up through the instrumentality of the Guide.

Its voice has also been heard with joy in the hospitals of New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, and elsewhere in Gen. Banks' army.

I find often that men who would not read the book here upon shore for the first time, will without hesitation pick up one at sea when every thing else is "played out," and there through sheer loneliness or need of something to occupy the mind, the pages telling of purest joys will be perused; when lo! a new thought is put into the mind, and new desires are awakened, and old

memories of home and mother or sister, and the prayers and exhortations which fell from their lips which for years have been unheeded, once more stand in full life before them to lead them to God. The same is true of men's experience in the army.

An officer who went into the Army of the Potomac, a Second Lieut., but for bravery at Fredericksburg and Antietam has been made a Capt. writes to me in almost extravagant terms of thanks for a package containing some Zion's Herald, Guides, and a Ladies' Repository; saying that "all reading matter was used up when yours arrived; since then we have feasted; and now while I write the voice of one of my men falls upon my ear as he is reading to a tent's company next to head quarters. It will afford matter for enjoyment at Co. head quarters for some time, during which I shall not forget to thank you."

The deeply religious tone of the reading was the thing specially prized and it is spoken of as refreshing the soul for all its duty; strengthening it for the deeds of the field as Elijah was strengthened for the slaying of the prophets of Baal.

A young man of the 39th also writes me for reading of this kind. He says that he wants something that will lead his soul into the sanctuary and fortify him against the evil he must contend with.

Another in the 11th Kansas Regt. writes, from the wilds of Arkansas, thanks for two or three copies I sent to him. It cheers me to see his piety strengthened by perusing its pages. In all the toil of the terrible campaigns under Gen. Blunt he felt its influence and was drawn nearer to God.

So I might go on to particularize,

but I have said enough I hope to move all who may have spare copies of the Guide to keep them from harm in order to send them to soldiers in the Army or the men in the Navy.

This work should be done with discrimination. Let some one who loves Jesus, be it ever so little, become the recipient of your favors with the understanding that whoever wishes to borrow of him is not to be refused while his stock lasts, and many men will be reached who otherwise would never know that such things were sent to camp.

"Anything to read, I don't care what" is often heard in the camps of our Army and that very cry can be satisfied, and has been satisfied many times by presenting the Guide, and it will be read; questions will follow; more is wanted and here is opportunity for work—"the work of God." O! let it be done.

ALL-SUFFICIENT GRACE.

God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all-sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.—2 Cor. ix. 8.

"All-sufficiency in all things!" Believer! surely thou art "thoroughly furnished!" Grace is no scanty thing, doled out in pittances. It is a glorious treasury, which the key of prayer can always unlock but never empty. A fountain "full, flowing, *ever* flowing, *over* flowing."

Mark these three ALLS in this precious promise. It is a threefold link in a golden chain, let down from a throne of grace by a God of grace. "All grace!" "all sufficiency!" "in all things!" and to "abound!" O precious thought! My wants cannot impoverish that inexhaustible treasury of

grace! Myriads are hourly hanging on it, and drawing from it, and yet there is no diminution: "Out of that fullness all we too may receive, and grace for grace!" My soul, dost not thou love to dwell on that all-abounding grace? Thine own insufficiency in everything met with an all-sufficiency in all things." Grace in all circumstances and situations, in all vicissitudes and changes, in all the varied phases of the Christian's being. Grace in sunshine and in storm—in health and in sickness—in life and in death. Grace for the old believer and the young believer, the tried believer, and the weak believer, and the tempted believer. Grace *for* duty and *in* duty; grace to carry the joyous cup with a steady hand; grace to drink the bitter cup with an unmurmuring spirit; grace to have prosperity sanctified; grace to say, through tears, "Thy will be done!"

"Remember *this* word unto thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope!"

CHRISTIAN JOY.—Inquire of saints yet militant on earth wherein their happiness consists? Their answer will be, "In having fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." Again, could we ask those saints, whose spirits are now glorified and triumphant in heaven, what is it that renders their heaven so glorious and their glory so incomprehensible? They would answer, that it is because they have now attained a complete enjoyment of that all-sufficient, all-satisfying, ever-blessed and ever-blessing object, God in Christ.

A PROMISE is a just debt which should always be paid, for honor and honesty are its security.

FAITH AND SELF-SACRIFICE.

These words have come home to me with new force in the past few days. I have been "entertaining angels unawares," while receiving a brief visit from a returned missionary, the wife of a laborer in one of our most distant and least interesting mission fields. She has been absent many years, and would still cheerfully have toiled on; but Providence sent upon her an illness which could only be removed by a return for a season to the bracing air of her native land, and as she would only be a burden to the mission, if she could not get strength to help them, she consented to come.

"But how *could* you leave your husband and those five little ones for a year and more?" I inquired.

"At first I said and felt that I could not," she replied; "but soon the sweet thought came to me that it was my Heavenly Father's care which kept them even while I was with them; and that he was surely competent to keep them in my absence. So I cast my burden on the Lord, and I have not taken it up since."

Ah, what a rebuke was that to me. I, too, have trials. Some of them seem too heavy to be borne. I desire and profess to cast them on my Heavenly Father's care; but I am constantly taking them up again, and staggering under the weight of them. Something of this I said to the dear sister, and then she added some further items of her experience which set the whole subject before me in a clearer light.

"When we went to —, I supposed I had counted the cost. I knew that to be a missionary to the heathen meant to give up home, friends, and native land, with all their dear and

abounding privileges. This I felt willing and joyful to do for the love of souls and of him who had died for them and for me. But I did not at that time see how entirely, also, I was called to give up SELF. This has been taught me on missionary ground.

"Our station is nearly a hundred miles from — —, the nearest point where supplies or comforts, or medical aid could be procured. It is a four-days' journey to reach the place, and for provisions and lodging by the way, we must depend upon our wagon. My husband thought it indispensable that I should go to town for my confinement, and accordingly our three eldest children were born there. But I could not go without *him*, and that broke up for at least two months the labors of the mission.

"This grieved me greatly. The more I reflected upon it the greater appeared to me our distrust of God, and our want of self-sacrifice. If he had called us to this distant and destitute field, then surely he was able to take care of us. Could I think of what God had done for my soul, and not believe that he would provide for the body also? I resolved to trust him with both, and the mission has not since been interrupted by a journey to the doctor's."

"But when your children are sick, Mrs. —?"

"Ah, dear friend, I trust them to the same kind hand. They are mostly well. I praise God for this, and ask him to keep them so. If they are sick, I ask him to heal them. It is true that in such a case I administer such simple remedies as my experience has proved useful; but I feel none the less my entire dependence on the Lord. And when they die, for I have buried two, it seems to me only as if he had come

to take the treasures which he had lent me for a season, and I can cheerfully give him back his own. *Oh, there is no such sweetness as this giving up of self to Jesus!* We can not, it seems to me, be unhappy so long as we feel ourselves to be in the love and care of such a Being, so tender, so gracious, and so powerful."

"And now that you have recovered your health, you are going back to —?"

"Yes, on the wings of the wind."

"But do you not dread that wind,—those ocean tempests?"

"No. He 'holdeth the winds in the hollow of his hand, and can say unto the tempests, Peace, be still.' Why should I fear?"

"And you will probably never come home again!"

"Home? *mine is in heaven!* and heaven is as near to — as America."

Happy sister! go back to thy labor, and from thence to thy "home." But, oh, leave to me a corner of thy mantle, this new lesson of faith and self-sacrifice.

C. S.

Tract Journal.

WHEN DO WE KNOW CHRIST?—When we think as Christ thought, do as Christ did, live as he lived; when, like him, we are patient, meek and humble, are about our Father's business, are heavenly minded; when, like him, our wills are lost in the will of God; when we sympathize with the suffering, raise the fallen, comfort the afflicted, forgive as we hope to be forgiven; when we feel thus, and do thus, then we know Christ; then we are united to him as the branch is united to the vine; then we know what it is to have our lives hid with Christ in God.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER NEAR MANCHESTER.

Dear Brother Stevenson: We came here last Monday morning after enjoying a few days of comparative quiet at Southport. We had promised to labor a few days among the Independents, which of course must be our last field of labor before setting sail for America.

The Independent friends with whom we are laboring were many of them attendant on the services we held in Manchester about a month ago. Several of them became deeply interested with the doctrine of Christian holiness as held by the Methodists, and the best of all is, became experimental witnesses of the grace.

A new chapel was then in the course of erection, which has since been completed; the largest part of those interested in the new chapel enterprise being interested in the character and doctrines of the meetings held in Manchester. The enterprise seems to have been identified with true revival principles.

And what is the principle of true revivalism, but an experimental recognition of the doctrines of heart holiness, or in other words the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, such as the 120 received on the day of Pentecost! Had not the 120 believed and waited for the baptism of fire, the 3,000 would not have been pricked to the heart, neither would the result of daily additions to the Church have been witnessed.

I am thankful to say that there seems to be a church founded on these principles here. And though on leaving Louth we felt we had for the present ended our labors in the Old World, yet we seemed constrained to yield to the importunities of these beloved friends in Jesus. We have therefore come

over to help them for a very few days before our departure.

The meetings are increasing in interest each day. Between twenty and thirty have professed to find peace in believing, and are enabled to testify of the power of Jesus to forgive sins. Our home is with a very interesting intelligent family in the outskirts of Manchester, where we are surrounded by pleasant prospects and green fields. I presume we shall feel ourselves constrained to remain till Monday next, as the work seems to be progressing with increasing power, and the friends are exceeding urgent.

The 30th of Sept. was the day when we would have started in the *Great Eastern*, but she seems destined not to sail for America again this autumn. We have secured our passage in the *City of New York*, which leaves on Wednesday, the 7th inst., and expect to slip away quietly, leaving our hearts' best benedictions on dear old England.

We shall prize highly the weekly visits of your excellent paper to our home, 54 Rivington-street, New York, and shall esteem it a rich treat as we have done ever since we have been in England. Yours as ever,

WALTER C. PALMER.

Blackley House, Harpurhey, Manchester,
Oct. 2nd, 1863.

Wesleyan Times.

REST.

BY A. B. C. LYMAN.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Precious words! from the lips of him who spake as never man spake.

Who, in this world of toil and care, does not know how sweet is rest to weary limbs and aching heads? To lie down upon a soft couch, and in rest and sleep to forget for a time all labor and perplexity, how refreshing! But

how many who thus physically rest and are refreshed rise to go forth again to their various employments with no mental or soul rest.

The spirit, anxious and troubled, the temper, it may be, sour and irritable, full of disquietude, and rendering those about them uncomfortable.

"O, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?"

And the echo from all of earth responds "where?"

A sweet voice from Him who is Love whispers, "come unto me, and I will give you rest." Methinks every heart should leap for joy and every soul *haste* to drop its burden at his feet and "bear a song away." "Let not your heart be troubled" says the same kind voice.

Some weeks since these words were in my mind when awaking from my morning slumbers with a vividness and power never felt before, as if spoken directly to my heart by Jesus himself. Very precious have they been to me every day since. When the tempter comes to make me impatient and disquieted, again the voice returns, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." And, dear reader, *this is rest—to believe in God, and in his Son Jesus Christ. Is this rest yours?*

"Believe, and take the promised rest,
Obey, and be forever blest."

A SERMON, properly considered, consists of two parts, *exposition* and *application*. The truth lies in the text, like a sword in the scabbard.—The business of the minister is to draw the sword, that is *exposition*; and next to cut and thrust with it on the right and left, that is *application*.

AN INCIDENT.

Importance of definite views on Holiness.

I was much impressed, on hearing a young minister relate an item of his experience yesterday, with the importance of definite views and definite terms on the subject of holiness.

The relation was given in a meeting of ministers and was something as follows. "I had been feeling deeply my want of power for a good while. I felt that I wanted more grace and *must* have it. I prayed, and prayed a great deal for a closer walk with God, for I wanted to be baptized with the Holy Ghost. But, a while ago Bro. L. made a casual remark in one of these meetings which revealed to me my difficulty. I had been desirous of more power because I wanted to preach great sermons and so make an impression for myself. I then tried to humble myself and repent of my folly and vanity, and after a while the Lord blessed me greatly. I had wonderful peace of mind and a much higher degree of communion with God than I had ever before enjoyed. Thus time passed on for several weeks and I found greatly increased liberty and power in preaching the Word.

But last Sabbath evening after preaching, I requested my brethren to tarry for a short prayer meeting: when they just left the house and marched off with the exception of two persons. I was out of patience with them and felt completely disappointed and discouraged; and this morning I am *all down*."

My heart was drawn toward this intelligent and ingenuous young minister and I was saddened to see how lightly he and his brethren present seemed to estimate both the acquisition he had made and the loss he had suffered.

Yet the grace of God had evidently inaugurated a process which if not unfortunately arrested would have given to that dear brother a measure of light to see the devices of Satan, and of power to counterwork him, incalculable in their glorious results all along the future of his ministry and life. He sat down, evidently not displeased with himself, and apparently more regardful of the interest which his narrative might have awakened than penitent at the thought of his sin and failure. I meant to have seen him and urged him to rally at once and seize again the forfeited blessing; but in a few minutes he had arisen and was gone.

The incident impressed me more than ever with the importance of magnifying the blessing of holiness as a distinct experience, marking an era in the history of its subject. BETA.

TWO DEATH BED SCENES

CONTRASTED.

NO FICTION.

BY REV. D. D. SPEAR.

Much is said about happy dying. To die well, one must live well. We cannot expect that our end shall be calm and peaceful, if our whole life is a turbulent sea of sin and wickedness. To die in Christ will surely be our gain. If then we wish eternal good, we must live in Christ. If we meet the "King of Terrors" without the whole armour of God—the panōply complete, we shall be unable to stand in the trying hour.

I would like to give you an account of two Death-bed scenes, which came under my notice, only a short time since. They may be of some interest.

Brother C. was a man of deep piety. In early years he had given himself

wholly to Jesus. Twenty-five years he had tried the happiness of Christian virtue, and nearly as many years had enjoyed that "perfect love" which casts out all fear. In the social meeting his prayer, in faith, and his exhortation, full of hope and love, were always heard.

He is now upon a bed of Death; now trying the reality of the religion he has so long professed. His wife and children stand weeping around the dying couch. He is speaking to them and giving the last counsels. They are eager to catch every word. Silently I enter the room and listen. What are the words I hear? "I am sorry, very sorry I have been so devoted to Christ? Would that I had enjoyed the pleasures of the world before they had all receded from me, but alas! they are gone? My children, I advise you to have nothing to do with Christ. Seek the pleasures of earth and you will be happy?" Are these the words I hear? No; *a thousand times, No.* One by one he takes his wife and children by the hand. Weeping they kiss the husband and father. I hear his voice. It is low, very low, but firm. "I'm happy in Jesus' love. I have been trying to serve my Saviour these many years. In trial and affliction He has been my refuge. O Blessed Jesus! He is with me now. Remember the instructions of your father. Shun the path of vice. Give the whole heart to Jesus. I'm-going-will-you-meet-me-in-Heaven?—'Tis-all-well—

The sand is running low in the hour glass. In a moment more a deep stillness fills the room. We are with the dead. Weep on dear wife, thy companion is gone. Weep on dear child. Thou art with the cypress crowned—thy father, with eternal life.

The other death-bed shows a different scene.

Mr. M. at the age of twenty sought, and it was evident to all, found forgiveness of his sins. He began to live an exemplary life and bade fair to be a man of usefulness, an honor to society and a blessing to his friends. For two years he lived a faithful Christian; his prayer and exhortation among the first that were heard in social meetings. But soon he begins to shun the Cross. Doubts and fears come in upon him. He is overcome by his easily besetting sin. The place of worship is entirely abandoned, and he is back in the world again. In vain are the admonitions of his friends. His former light has become darkness and O, how great is that darkness.

Fifteen years pass away. I enter a workshop. In the tall smith I recognise that youth who once promised so much. The form and look are noble still; but harsh and grating words salute my ear. That heart which once poured forth effectual prayer is now full of darkness. The bitter water flows from the impure fountain. I am shocked at the fearful oaths and curses I hear.

Six weeks pass swiftly by. We are standing by his bedside, he is dying. The faithful pastor inquired of him, "Are you willing to die." "No I can't die." We kneel around his couch in prayer. But to him there is no hope. Mercy is gone. The door is shut—the spirit quenched. We tell him of the beauties of Heaven, the joys of the Redeemed, the willingness of Christ to save. We lead him to the garden of Gethsemane; we show him the cross on Calvary; we tell him of the Risen Saviour. In vain—a thick cloud has settled upon him. Convulsed in the ago-

nies of death he groans in despair, "I have buried my talent. O, I have buried my talent." Thus he dies.

What a warring to the disobedient and what an encouragement to the faithful is here given in these two scenes I have related to you. May I and every reader of the Guide improve the talent which our Master has committed to our trust so that when our stewardship is done we may hear "well done" spoken unto us and be admitted to the presence of Him who hath redeemed us with his own precious blood.

North Berwick, Oct. 14, 1863.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

BY D. F. NEWTON.

Oppose it? Oppose what God loves, one of the most glorious gifts he ever gave to the children of men, one which causes all heaven to rejoice? Oppose what God commands us to be on pain of exclusion from glory eternal? "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Oppose that, and only that which qualifies us to glorify God, makes us happy here, happy forever. Is not sin the greatest evil this side of hell?—The bane of life, the tormentor, the only thing that renders us wretched, and miserable—hateful to God and every holy being? What objection can we possibly have to being "delivered from the body of this death?" The very *thought* of being saved from sin in this life, through the blood of the Lamb, should fill us with ecstasy, joy unspeakable; cause us to shout hallelujah, glory to God in the highest! All heaven is in jubilee, at the mere name of holiness. The heavenly host rest not day nor night, saying, "holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was,

and is, and is to come." Rev. iv. 8. Holiness is the only thing that makes us like God, and like the Heavenly host. Nothing short of this can remove the curse of the fall, heal our spiritual maladies, and restore us to the Eden lost. President Edwards says, "It was a part of God's original design in the work of redemption, to destroy the works of the devil and confound him in all his purposes. "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." 1 John, iii. 8. It was part of his design to triumph over sin, and over the corruptions of men, and to root them out of the hearts of his people by conforming them to himself. He designed also that his grace should triumph over man's guilt, and sin's infinite demerit. Brother, instead of opposing this blessed doctrine of the Bible, you should advocate it, publish it, sound it out to the ends of the earth; pray for it, beseech God to perfect holiness in your own soul, and in the souls of his people, that the earth may "blossom as the rose." Oppose the doctrine of holiness? You oppose that which must prevail to save the world. This opposition to holiness, the doctrine of entire sanctification in this life, is what retards the glorious work of salvation, and perpetuates sin, misery, death, ruin, all the works of the devil. Let holiness prevail in all the churches, entire consecratedness to the work of saving souls, and millennial glory dawns. "Satan falls as lightning." Hallelujahs sing, from pole to pole "the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." "Glory to God in the Highest," let it come—"Holiness to the Lord,"—let it come. It must come; "Yet a little while and he that

shall come, *will* come, and *will* not tarry."

This blessed doctrine of purity, entire consecratedness to God, should now *especially* be the watchword. Never was there a time that called more loudly for its continued, uplifted advocacy. Every sermon, prayer, exhortation, should be well spiced with the immediate, entire renunciation of the old man and his deeds. The new converts should be pointed *directly* to this open fountain: justification and sanctification should go hand in hand. Sanctification should follow justification as quickly as *possible*. Established on this rock of assurance, the waves of temptation dash harmlessly. Young converts in the field, thus armed, will chase a thousand, and two, put ten thousand to flight.

"Wake up, brother! wake up, sister!

Seek, O seek this holy state;

None but holy ones can enter

Through the pure celestial gate.

Can you bear the thought of losing

All the joys there are above?

No, my brother; no, my sister,

God will perfect you in love."

HOW "MOTHER" DID IT.

Although our Magazine does not usually extend its range of topics to matters such as is presented in the following little domestic scene, yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of presenting the beautiful illustrative fact it records to our readers. Let all who are charged with the training of children read and ponder it.

Eds.

A MOTHER, sitting at her work in her parlor, overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining room, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, "No I don't want to say my prayers."

"How many," thought the mother to herself, "often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal, even

from themselves, the feeling!"

"Mother," said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlor door; the tone and the look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

"Good morning, my child."

"I am going out to get my breakfast."

"Stop a minute; I want you to come here and see me first."

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran toward her. She took him up. He kneeled in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward.

"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she, in a kind, gentle tone.

"Yes, mother, I am very well."

"I am very glad you are well. I am very well, too, and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy, in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it. Conscience was at work.

"Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a moments silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

"No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine now? How it goes beating!"

"Yes," said the child.

"If it should stop beating, I should die at once."

"Should you?"

"Yes, and I cannot keep it beating."

"Who can?"

"God."

A silent pause.

"You have a pulse, too, which beats

in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"

"I don't know, mother," said the child, with a look of anxiety; and another pause ensued.

"So, when I waked up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me and all the rest of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought you would ask him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves."

A very long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance showed that the heart was reached.

"Don't you think you had better ask for yourself?"

"Yes," said the boy, readily.

He kneeled again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his own simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of heaven.

Suppose another case. Another mother, overhearing the same words, calls the child into the room. The boy comes.

"Did I not hear you say you did not want to say your prayers?"

The boy is silent.

"Yes, he did," says his sister, behind him.

"Well, that is very naughty. You ought always to say your prayers. Go right back now, and say them like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again."

The boy goes back pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his

heart is full of mortified pride, vexation, and ill-will.

Mother's Magazine.

SERGT. CHARLES F. DEGEN.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

Not on the field of bloody strife,
By foeman's hand he fell,
For native land he gave his life,
Our Father—it is well!

True friend and loving son was he,
One fond heart's earthly stay,
Alas! that with the falling leaf,
He, too, must pass away.

Sad hearts must mourn his early loss,
Yet smile through falling tears,
For faith in God's great goodness takes
From human hearts their fears.

He loved the good—he sought to win
A high and pure renown,
And God, to whom all hearts are known,
Hath given him a crown.

Then will we calmly linger near
This honored patriot's grave,
And bless the God who heareth prayer,
And heareth but to save.

And when upon the sea of glass
The heavenly choir shall stand,
May there his welcome voice be heard
And clasped again his hand!

Beverly, Mass., Oct. 20, 1863.

Zion's Herald.

THE SUBURBS OF HEAVEN.—One thing I want truly to learn; that is, that men and visible things are but shadows, and that God is God, Jehovah, the true eternal substance. To live practically in this truth is to live in the suburbs of heaven. Really to believe that we live, move, and have our being in God, is to find and enjoy the root of our existence; it is to slide from self into our original principle, from the carnal into the spiritual, from the visible into the invisible, from time into eternity.

FILL up the void space of your time with meditation and prayer.

The Guide to Holiness.

DECEMBER, 1863.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR AND VOLUME.

With the present number we bid farewell to the year 1863. Twenty-four years and a half have passed since our Magazine, then issued under the title of "Guide to Christian Perfection," first saw the light. During more than half that period the present publisher has been associated with it. The retrospect, while it furnishes grounds for deep humiliation in the very imperfect manner in which his duties have been performed, affords also occasion for heartfelt thanksgiving. That God has blessed these humble endeavors to advance his glory is too self-evident for dispute. From Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from foreign lands testimonies, unsolicited and of the most encouraging character, have stimulated us onward in the work to which we believe God has called us. Side issues have been raised and repeated efforts put forth to draw us from our distinctive mission, but we have been enabled by divine grace to maintain a unity of purpose and God has blessed us in it. From a subscription list of 3000, we have through the Divine blessing and co-operation of friends steadily extended our influence, so that at the time the present war broke out, we were scattering *fifteen thousand five hundred* Guides monthly all over the world. Besides this there have been issued from our press *thousands upon thousands* of works bearing directly on the precious doctrines of Christian holiness. Though the war has greatly interfered with our work, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the seed has been scattered, and the delightful evidence that even in this season of strife and mortal conflict, it is bearing fruit unto eternal life. Scarcely a day passes that we have not assurance given us, that amid the bereavements and trials incident to the war and even the dangers of the battle-field, the principles which have been implanted by the Guide are a source of infinite comfort. Beloved, if you agree with us that ours is an important mission, aid us, as you may very effectually, in diffusing a SANCTIFIED LITERATURE.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It will be remembered that in our September issue mention was made of a contribution of \$4 from a widow for the Guide, to be sent to the soldiers. We wrote to a brother in the army of the Cumberland who though a private, had himself contributed some \$10 for that purpose and have just received his reply. He writes as follows from

WINSTON, Ala., Sept. 16, 1863.

Dear Brethren: I have received the copies of the Guide for July, Aug. and Sept., and they have been read over and over by the soldiers with great satisfaction. I sent \$50 more by an officer going North which I suppose had not reached you when you mailed the Sept. Guide, with which I instructed you to send \$3 worth of old back numbers of the Guide and \$30 worth of the Guide commencing with July.

With reference to the "widow's mite" I will gladly take it in charge, hoping it will do great good. We are having a good time and many are uniting themselves with the Christian Association. Yours in Christ,

M. W. WHITTENBERG,
25th Ill. Vols., 14th Army Corps.

Our brother's remittance has not reached us, but we doubt not it will come to hand. In the meanwhile we will fill his order as far as his instructions in this letter will admit.

ITCHING EARS.

In glancing over the morning papers, a day or two since, our eye fell on the accompanying paragraph. It discloses a painful state of things and we fear the counterpart will be found in many other places and among all denominations. May the apostle's prediction to Timothy serve as a warning to rouse us to a sense of danger. "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."—2 Tim. iv. 3, 4.

ECCLESIASTICAL.—The council convened in Fall River last week, to consider the case of Rev. Mr. Fay, who had asked a dismission from the pastorate of the First Orthodox Church, recommended that the pastoral connection be sundered. The council, in coming to this conclusion, say:—

"The ministry of this pastor has fallen among a people, some of whom indulge great fastidiousness of ear and taste, and are sharply critical in all the qualities of literary com-

position, and with not a few others of whom the standard of ministerial accomplishment and acceptableness is not so much the possession of the spirit of the Master, the determination to preach the truth of His gospel, boldly, simply and directly, and an unstained record of personal purity of life, and earnestness of pastoral labor, as the ability to prepare and preach brilliant and scholarly discourses that shall charm the intellect, conciliate criticism and build up a reputation for learning and ability."

DR. AND MRS. PALMER have arrived at New York, and were last Sabbath tendered a good religious welcome by Allen St. Church, of which they are members. The pastor of the church congratulated them on the glorious results of their labors abroad. They recounted in reply the work of grace they had witnessed, and great peace in the meanwhile dwelt upon the congregation. The exercises, morning and afternoon, were closed by inviting penitents forward for prayer, and quite a number accepted the invitation.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LITTLE ANNA.

She was the pet of the household. Her gentle, quiet ways won every heart. And then so thoughtful. Only six summers had come since she was a tiny infant, but how many cares she had lightened, how many steps saved by her considerate ways. Even the house-servants shared her thoughtful kindness and care. Her little feet would run here and there to save poor old Doty a step or two. Ah! Anna was a treasure rarely found in household groups.

She had such a sweet face. We do not know how angels look, but think she must have had some of their sweetness and purity stamped upon her brow.

Her mother had soon learned to lean upon and value her society, she was so mature. The Sunday School was her great delight. Here she learned the little songs by which she sung out the joyousness of her nature, and cheered the hearts of her friends.

God had given her a delightful home, just a mile from the city, and surrounded with greenness and beauty. The other day she was selecting flowers in the garden for a bou-

quet. Flitting here and there, her little voice singing,

And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land that has no storm,

her mother, attracted by the peculiar richness of the melody, paused to listen, and still she sang over and over again,

And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land that has no storm.

Those words were a sure prophecy of what is now reality. That little song ended her earthly minstrelsy, blest prelude of the angelic which now she joins. To-day we placed her in her little coffin, covered her with flowers, and laid her away in Oakwood to rest till Jesus comes. Precious Anna! Thy memory will be green and fresh way down life's pathway; all who felt thy gentle influence, so birdlike and so pure, can never cease to cherish it as a precious treasure. Sing on, blest one, in that land that has no storms! We'll not wish thy music hushed among the angels by calling thee back to our embrace, but when the storms of life are ended will meet thee there.

Ah! if every child was like little Anna, what a paradise would our homes all be. How many a parent's heart would cease its aching, how many weeping eyes be filled with delight. Children, you little know what a power you have to bless. The king on his throne, the President in his chair, and the beggar in the street, are alike influenced by these little ones. Be good, be gentle, be kind, and then all will be loving toward you, your homes will be blessed, and earth brightened by your smile and love.

CONTRABAND CHILDREN.

BY E. E. ROGERS.

Dear Children: I doubt not you all feel an interest in the contraband children. Having visited their schools, and having had the privilege—though only to a limited extent—of teaching them to read and sing, I can tell you from experience some interesting things concerning them.

I have always found them very eager to learn, and usually possessed of a very retentive memory, so that their improvement in many instances is perfectly astonishing. You would be most delighted to hear them sing. The negroes are a music-loving race. The younger children show their natural

characteristic, by "catching" tunes and singing them with great delight. They have a few wild strange songs of their own such as their fathers and mothers sing in their prayer meetings but I think they love best the sweet Sunday School songs we are teaching them.

With the few dark faced children, whom our Chaplain has recently gathered in a Sunday School, the well known hymn "I want to be an Angel" is a great favorite. They sing this and others at their homes, and their parents get the benefit of the pious sentiments that they contain.

In many places these little contrabands are persecuted by the children of those whose sympathies are with secession. I saw a little girl in Portsmouth, Va. whose face bore a shocking scar—the mark of a brickbat thrown by a white child. I hope none of you, my little friends, would have done such a thing. We should pity them, and instead of persecuting, try to comfort them. Who made their faces black? Would you blame the creature for what the great Creator has done?

O, let your young heart be touched with pity for those less fortunate than you. God in his providence, is opening the door of freedom to multitudes of slaves. These are to be in a great measure dependent upon the charity of generous and christian people, for months and years to come. They must be educated and made better. Their children must be trained and cared for by christian teachers.

Now ask yourselves, what can I do for them? You can pray for them. You can speak noble and philanthropic words in their behalf. You can deny yourself, and send the penny or dime thus saved, to be used for their welfare.

O, I know you would feel sorry for these poor children, if you could see them in their poverty and rags. Your heart would be touched with precious sympathy. Thank God that you have been so highly favored. Improve the blessings he has conferred upon you, and try to live usefully and nobly; and thus you will at last die peaceful and happy.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL CAN DO.

A little girl of my acquaintance in Preston County named Susan H. Bonnifield aged six years had been taught by her mother the degraded and unhappy condition of heathen

children without the Bible or any moral or religious training, and exposed to be forever lost. Her little heart was stirred and having a good use of the needle she resolved, with her mother's permission so to do, to piece a quilt and appropriate its avails in sending the the gospel to the heathen. She immediately commenced the work, and prosecuted it with unwearied industry and it was completed before she was seven years old. This quilt I had the pleasure of presenting to the mass meeting with a statement of its origin and object and also a notice that it would be publicly sold the next day. The effect was electrical. Hundreds of hearts were moved and melted. But few dry eyes could be seen in that large assembly. The direct avails of that quilt were fifteen dollars and fifty cents nearly twice its value. In the light of a little child's example many have seen more clearly their duty to diffuse the gospel, have felt reproved for past negligence and resolved to be more faithful in the future. What christian does not admire the devotion of this little girl bending day by day over the tedious quilt, urged on by the remembrance of the degraded heathen and as we trust animated in her self-imposed task by the love of Jesus. Reader, have you ever made so self-denying an offering to relieve their miseries? Are there not other little girls who will pity the heathen children, and give something to send them the gospel?

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A little boy had died. His body had been laid out in a darkened room, waiting to be laid in the cold, lone grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved sister went in to look at the face of the precious sleeper; for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing on the face of one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to shake his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it; she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through tears and love, and said:

"Mother, this hand never struck me."

What could have been more touching and lovely?

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

Lively.

A. HULL.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye

2. O the transporting, rapt'rous scene, That ri - ses to my sight!

F.

FINE.

To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

Sweet fields array'd in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of do - light.

Cho. Where joy will ban - ish ev' - ry pain, And sor - row come no more.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Then let us count our loss as gain, To reach that hap - py shore ;

Then let us count our loss as gain, To reach that hap - py shore ;

THE PROMISED LAND.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Then let us count, &c.

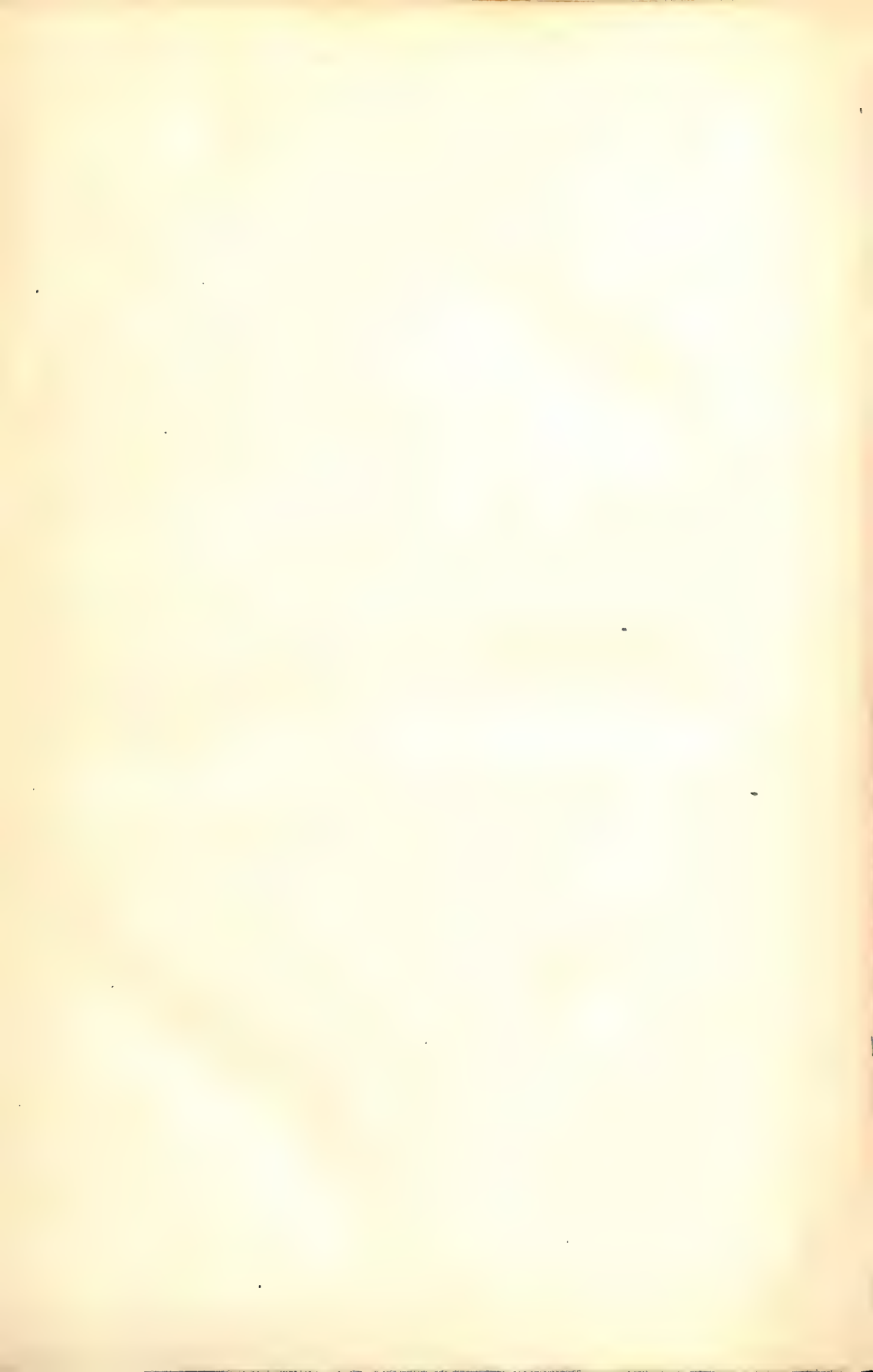
2.
O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.
Then let us count, &c.

3.
O'er all those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;

There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
Then let us count, &c.

4.
No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
Then let us count, &c.

5.
Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
Then let us count, &c.



DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

